THE LIVING AGE

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THE WORLD OVER

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND

It is a dreary reflection that the House of Commons should be at its best in discussing Prayer Book revision — a subject upon which many competent authorities believe that the House is unqualified to pass — and at its worst on many important matters of more immediate concern. One can only conclude that pure reason functions much less skillfully when vital issues are involved.

Nevertheless, the debate has attracted world-wide interest, and in England itself the subject is still being discussed by people in every walk of life. Although the defeat of the Book occasioned small surprise, it called forth a variety of comments and suggestions. The *Manchester Guardian* remarked: 'A House of Commons overwhelmingly Conservative in politics, and therefore representing as fully as any House of Commons can the special interests of the Established Church, has stepped forward to resist and defeat a measure of the first importance promoted in the interest of the Church and supported by the full weight of Church authority.'

The reason for this action is described as follows: 'Its rejection was due to one thing, and to one thing only — to its handling of the burning question of the Eucharist. Against that the whole feeling of the nation rebelled.'

In a leading editorial entitled 'What Next?' the Conservative *Saturday Review* indicated a number of possible developments. There are some who favor submitting the Book again with the Reservation of the Host omitted, but such a small technicality would hardly satisfy the Low Church party. Another group advocates giving the re-revised Book episcopal sanction and having the bishops authorize the Church to use it in defiance of Parliament. Such action might logically lead to Disestablishment, for the next move would then be up to the State.

The *Saturday Review* itself prefers the following remedy — 'for each bishop individually, on his own responsibility, to call his diocese together in conclave and give it his personal sanction to adopt the Revised Book. He can use the opportunity to appeal

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for loyalty and discipline, pointing out that the challenge of Parliament calls for a demonstration of essential unity, and accompanying his appeal by a promise to name before the Diocese any priest who goes beyond the sanctions of the Book. We believe, with many others, that such an appeal would not go unrewarded. If successful, it would have two important results. It would tide over the interval — so filled otherwise with the menace of chaos — between now and the time when the controversy must be resumed, and tide it over in a manner not unfruitful of progress in loyalty and cohesion; and it would demonstrate to the extremists, as nothing else could, the power of moral suasion among men of good will. Practical demonstration might succeed where reasoned argument has failed.'

The *New Statesmen* points out that the bishops made a fatal blunder by bringing up the matter at all, and draws this comparison between the Established Church and the House of Lords: —

'Its existence may properly be compared with that of an hereditary legislative assembly. There are very few people who are prepared to defend these ancient institutions in principle. Nevertheless, they may both last a long time yet, if they are not tinkered with. Such institutions cannot be "reformed" either from within or from without; for if their constitutions once become the subject of active public controversy, the end can only be abolition. Moreover, the present position of Anglicanism has features which must make any agreed reform — such as was supposed to be embodied in the new Prayer Book — no more than the most temporary of compromises; for nearly all the real vitality of the Established Church to-day resides in that section of it which is tending more and more toward Roman ceremonial and doctrine.'

The *Morning Post* does not share this skeptical view. Ignoring the fact that only a small — almost an insignificant — minority of Englishmen attend the National Church regularly, this Conservative journal devotes a leading editorial to a stirring defense of the established religion: —

'The present is big with fate, and the future will show whether the Church within itself is dying or alive. It is not in the palaces of bishops, or in the High Court of Parliament, that real religion is pursued. That tremendous labor must be carried on in the parishes and in the homes of the people. Ministers must labor either in fashionable suburbs, or in the slums of great cities, or in the quiet fields of an English countryside. And wherever destiny designs their lot, they must labor with similar means to the same end, believing that it is the spirit, not the letter, which maketh alive. To-day the people ask for bread. Shall they be given a stone?

'The Church has, not less, but more than ever, a great part to play in our national and imperial life. It has its place beside King and Parliament in the social and political order. It has a mission to humanize the life we all lead in common, and to see to it that the beliefs on which it was founded are not hazarded by any default of its own making. So long as children of our race can grow up without any sense of religion, so long as men can die without even a hope that their spirit is held up in the Everlasting Arms, the Church cannot pretend that its work is even well begun. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, the sinful lusts of the flesh, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness — these things belong continuously to our baser selves. We need, each one of us, the consola-

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tion of such religion as our faith can reach, and we could neither live nor die in any spirit that befits created man without the ministrations of a faithful and devoted Church.'

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UNREST IN INDIA

THE succession of big strikes in India that marked the second quarter of the current year assumed such proportions that the London *Times* itself had to admit that the workers of India were suffering even more than usual. Its condescending attitude, however, aroused the *Daily Herald*, which quoted from the report made by two delegates of the Trades-Union Congress who spent three months traveling twenty-seven thousand miles and mixing with both Englishmen and natives. 'Indian workers,' said this report, 'are half-starved, badly clothed, and horribly housed.' They have been 'dragged through blood and dirt, misery and degradation.' And they live in 'a morass of filthy and ghastly conditions.' The infant mortality rate in the slums of Bombay stands at eight hundred per thousand.

The *Morning Post* directed its attention upon the 'Red' gold that is said to be pouring into India. A letter published in the *Calcutta Statesman* shows that a Communist strike leader received no less than seven hundred pounds from Moscow, and that nine tenths of the income of the Indian Trades-Union Congress came from the Russian capital. The truth of the matter would appear to be that India is passing through the early phases of industrialism, and thus provides excellent raw material for expert agitators.

The Trades-Union report itself substantiates some of Miss Mayo's assertions, but with a vital difference. Miss Mayo's book has rightly or wrongly been described as veiled British propaganda, since she dealt with certain aspects of Indian life that no Englishman would dare to touch upon, and at the same time blamed the Indians themselves for their misery. The Laborites take a different stand, as the following excerpts from their report would indicate: —

> Speaking generally, the wages question can be reduced here to a fairly simple statement. All inquiries go to show that the vast majority of workers in India do not receive more than about one shilling per day.
>
> Upon these miserable pittances the workers are expected to keep body and soul together and labor throughout the whole working day, — often in a vitiated atmosphere and under most irksome conditions, — which, on the average, cannot be less than one of ten hours.
>
> The story of the poor laborers in the tea gardens of Assam is about as sordid a one as could possibly be related.
>
> If the highest official wage figure is taken, the combined labor of husband, wife, and child brings this human trinity only one shilling and threepence per day!
>
> We refrain from narrating the many other facts which were garnered, except the significant one that we witnessed a group of men, women, and children working away together, while about five yards away was a planter's young assistant proudly hugging a whip.

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ITALY ABROAD

MUSSOLINI's first pronouncement on Italian foreign policy in two years aroused general approval in the British press, and slight consternation on the Continent. In surveying the relations between Italy and the rest of the world, the Duce laid special emphasis on the cordial relations between Rome and London, protesting, perhaps too much, that Downing Street exercised no tutelage over him. The tone of the following statement in the London

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Times is perhaps just a little too good to be true:—

'Most welcome to English ears is his strong assurance that the friendship between Italy and this country is no mere official arrangement between governments, but is a real feeling with the Italian people, as it has ever been with us. His assurance that it implies no "tutelage" by the Foreign Office is, it need hardly be said, surprising to English readers who know that the idea of such a relationship is wholly alien to our habits of thought, but it was doubtless intended to soothe the susceptibilities of hearers very jealous of the dignity of Italy as the Great Power we have long recognized her to be.'

The *Saturday Review*, an equally conservative but rather more stimulating organ, takes a less smug attitude. It feels that the last ten years of Italian history 'do not make pretty reading.' It criticizes the seizure of Fiume, and the Fascist attitude toward Yugoslavia. 'A heavy responsibility,' it continues, 'lies on this country. No one who has been in Italy lately can have failed to observe that the one European Power that has any influence on Fascist policy is England. Hitherto that influence has been wisely used in the cause of peace, but it has been used in such a tactful way that the Fascist rank and file are firmly persuaded that Italy enjoys the full diplomatic support of this country. There are many questions in the Adriatic that cry for urgent settlement and have been allowed to drift. There are some grounds for believing that more energetic British action in Rome would be the best means of effecting an amelioration in Italo-Yugoslav relations. Much as one may admire the achievements of the Duce, there is nothing to be gained by closing one's eyes to the fact that Italian imperialism constitutes the greatest menace to European peace to-day.'

American taxpayers will not be greatly surprised to learn that Volpi, the former Finance Minister, was praised by his Premier for the settlement of the Italian war debt, or that our immigration policy was not criticized, since the present aim of the Fascist Government is to keep Italy plentifully stocked with Italians and not let too many of them slip away.

Italian Balkan ambitions still cause some consternation. Here Mussolini is skillfully playing his cards, having for the past two years kept Paris on pins and needles with his activities in Albania, Hungary, and Bulgaria. On the present occasion the French press is particularly alarmed at his inconsistent demand for treaty fulfillment in the Tirol and treaty revision in Hungary. The outsider, however, finds it hard to imagine that the Italian attitude on the latter subject is anything but a bargaining point to be used at the psychological moment.

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MEDITERRANEAN RIVALRY

HECTOR BYWATER, the naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, has given an alarming description of the maritime rivalry between France and Italy. France, on the one hand, feels that she must depend on North Africa for her reserve man power, and therefore bends every effort to keep open communications with her possessions there. Italy, for her part, discovered the importance of sea power during the war, and now understands that certain sea routes must be kept open. To Britain the Mediterranean is also an important link in her chain of communication with India, Australia, and the East.

Shortly after the war Italy enjoyed an advantage over France in that she possessed more light craft than her

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rival, but the French building programme of 1921–22 has restored the balance, leaving Italy with fewer heavy ships. The newest French and Italian cruisers are the fastest warships ever constructed, and can attain a speed of forty-two miles an hour. When France launched her big programme, Italy, being financially unable to compete on a ton-for-ton basis, went in for a fleet of light cruisers that Mr. Bywater refers to as 'destroyers of destroyers.' They are fast enough to run down, and powerful enough to overwhelm, the latest French torpedo craft — a fact that is by no means lost on the naval experts of France. Mr. Bywater concludes as follows: —

Both Powers are strong in submarines, but the vast programme upon which France has been working since 1922 has already given her a margin of supremacy, and it is increasing year by year. According to the latest Admiralty 'Return,' France at the present moment has no less than forty-six submarines under construction! Adding to these the forty-two boats already completed and eight new ones projected, a grand total of ninety-six submarines is reached — about two thirds of which are of post-war design. Compared with this imposing mass of submarine tonnage the Italian underwater fleet makes but a modest parade, yet it has over thirty boats completed, — some of which are obsolescent, — nineteen on the stocks, and others projected.

The magnitude of Franco-Italian naval preparations may be gauged by the following figures of new construction begun or authorized during the last six years: —

	France	Italy
Cruisers	10	6
Flotilla leaders	24	15
Destroyers	26	26
Submarines	58	22
	118	69

With few exceptions all these new vessels are large and powerful specimens of their respective types.

Concurrently with this expansion of naval tonnage, both countries have been steadily augmenting their air fleets. Italy already claims a definite preponderance in aircraft suitable for marine operations. Within the same period progress has been made in the improvement of naval and aircraft bases, particularly on the part of Italy.

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POLAND'S TWO FRONTS

Polish relations with Germany went from bad to worse as a result of Foreign Minister Zaleski's attempt to cash in on the defeat of the German Nationalists at the polls by suggesting an Eastern Locarno as a necessary preliminary to Rhineland evacuation. The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent offers this comment: —

'There is no responsible person in Germany to-day who regards the eastern frontiers as determined. There is also no responsible person who wishes to modify them by warlike measures. Germany quite sincerely holds herself pledged by the League Covenant to respect the existing territorial integrity of Poland. She is prepared to bind her hands still further by a war-outlawry pact. But the different character of the western frontiers which she has morally accepted as Locarno, and the eastern frontiers which she has only undertaken not to alter by force, is the basic doctrine of German foreign policy, and it is a doctrine in which the Allies are taken to have passively concurred.'

Editorially the same paper takes an even more severe tone: —

'When he [Zaleski] was still in Paris he informed the French press that "it is easy to evacuate a province, but difficult to reoccupy it if the other party does not keep its engagements. . . . Before evacuating the Rhineland sure guaranties must be negotiated." In other words, Poland, as an Allied Power (a dignity which she shares with

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Cuba, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Siam, and Uruguay), claims the right (which any one of these Powers could with equal justice claim) to keep British, French, and Belgian troops in the Rhineland beyond the year 1935. What she means by the "sure guaranties" on behalf of which she asserts this right emerges from multifarious comment in the French and Polish press. They amount to a so-called "Eastern Locarno." This Eastern Locarno is a sheer absurdity. The essence of Locarno (there is no need to call it the "Western Locarno," for there is, and can be, only one Locarno) is the German renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine and the British military and naval guaranty. Alsace-Lorraine was territory not simply surrendered to France, but restored to France. None of the territory lost by Germany to Poland has this character.

'As for the British guaranty, it is already much, perhaps too much, that England should have promised to make war on the violator of the Locarno Treaty. But that she should similarly guarantee Germany's Polish frontier is simply not to be considered. The very notion that Englishmen should die so as to save Poland's frontiers from a much-needed modification is preposterous. Or does M. Zaleski really imagine that English soldiers are willing to suffer death and mutilation, English families bereavement, and the English Treasury heavy losses on behalf of Polish desires that are not even reasonable?'

Poland's eastern frontier is also subjected to severe criticism, for there she deliberately overstepped the so-called 'Curzon Line' which marked the provisional Russo-Polish boundary. The back-and-forth fighting that followed, culminating in the Russian defeat at the gates of Warsaw, left Poland in possession of considerable tracts of White Russian and Ukrainian territory, which she has been administering with inexcusable brutality. Whereas the Russians treat their Polish subjects with some consideration, a veritable terror holds sway on the other side of the frontier, where members of the Hromada, or Home Rule Movement, have suffered grievously at the hands of the Poles. The *Manchester Guardian* describes their tribulations as follows: —

'Hundreds of members have been arrested. For them arrest may mean the Third Degree in its extreme form, or rather what in the Middle Ages was called *la peine forte et dure* — that is to say, physical and mental torture until guilt, whether real or unreal, is confessed and accomplices, whether existent or nonexistent, are denounced. The victim, often bruised, bleeding, and unconscious, is thrown into prison, where he may spend a year or more before he is brought to trial. Thirty-seven members of the Hromada were sentenced at Vilna a few weeks ago. The sentences varied from three to twelve years' penal servitude. The prisoners included four members of the Polish Parliament, whose immunity as deputies was disregarded. So far from being dismayed by the terrible sentence, the prisoners sang the song of freedom that begins, "We slept for centuries, now we are awakened," while the public cheered and threw flowers at men who to the White Russians have become what Tone, Emmet, and Conolly were to the Irish.'

The obvious lesson is that the Poles must learn to administer justice if they expect to receive it themselves.

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CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS

THE correspondent to the *New Statesman* who signs himself J. D., and whose

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article on Englishmen in China we printed in our June issue, has come forward with an attempt to expound 'What the Chinese Think of Us.' After explaining that no foreigner can possibly answer this question, the gentleman proceeds to give an amusing picture of the relations between the natives and the outsider.

Curiosity, it seems, is one of the most important traits of the Chinese character. 'Many foreigners,' we are told, 'when they are surrounded by a lot of Chinese all staring at them and following them, at once get alarmed and cry out, "A mob, a mob!" If they are unarmed when this happens, it does not matter, as they can then only keep on walking, and the crowd will gradually break up. The trouble is when they are armed. If an English sailor walking down a Chinese street is followed by a crowd of people pointing at him, he at once thinks, "Ah, the devils, they're going to mob me." He may do no more than think this, but there have been times when British sailors, totally misunderstanding that the Chinese are merely curious, have hit out with their batons or even threatened to fire. Then the crowd really does get angry, and on all sides the cry "Foreign devil!" is heard. It is not the fault of the sailor any more than of the Chinese; it is purely and simply a case of misunderstanding.

'Why then, it may be asked, is there this extraordinary misconception of what a Chinese crowd really means? The answer is twofold. In the first place, it arises because the foreigner, who feels infinitely superior to the Chinese "rabble," fails to do the one thing that would reassure him as to the "rabble's" intentions — make them smile. In spite of all one may hear about their age-long civilization, the Chinese are in many ways a nation of children. The slightest thing will amuse them. If you are taking a photograph of a Chinese street you are bound to have a crowd round you. All you need do is to utter the one Chinese word known — "Good," "Camera," "Finished," "English," or anything else — and the whole crowd at once breaks into one broad grin, and the "incident" is over. But most foreigners are too superior to do this.'

The concluding paragraph explains the antiforeign feeling of the Chinese as follows: —

'Firstly, because the intellectuals, who have been to Europe and America, dislike us for various reasons. Secondly, because the mass of the Chinese people has heard about foreign invaders — Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan, and others before them — and imagines that these modern foreigners will try and sweep over the country as the Tatars did of old. Thirdly, because the Chinese know that they have a very fine civilization, handed down from father to son for many thousands of years, a civilization based on veneration for the past and for their own forbears, and they want to be left alone to carry on that civilization — which is only disturbed on its surface by the present civil wars — and to hand it down through their sons and grandsons to their remotest posterity.'

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BUSINESS ABROAD

World Economics

During the past year economic progress has been more marked in Eastern and Central Europe than in Western Europe, and more pronounced in Europe as a whole than in America, concludes the Consultative Committee attached to the economic organization of the League of Nations. Comparative monetary stability and a halt in the construction of trade barriers have helped Europe recover her pre-war position. Most-favored-nation and other commercial treaties have counteracted tariff advances in some countries. As a matter of fact, the Committee characterized the past twelve months as 'the year of treaties.'

The Committee also suggested an inquiry into the possibility of collective action against dumping. Other recommendations sought a reduction so far as possible in fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold, as well as a study of the economic tendencies affecting world peace. The Committee has been proceeding slowly, and the effects of its recommendations are not immediately felt, since a long-distance policy is being pursued. Nevertheless, it forms an important link between the commercial world and the economic organization of the League.

British Business

Board of Trade returns and other statistics indicate a setback in British business during the early summer months. In May exports of domestic manufactures were about 20 million dollars less than they were during the corresponding month last year. Iron and steel and cotton yarns and textiles were largely responsible for these lower returns. After noting that England still has more than one million unemployed and that her share in the world's total foreign trade has declined from 13 per cent in 1913 to 11 per cent in 1927, the London *Times* remarks: —

'The causes for this decline are far-reaching and complicated; some of them were already operating long before the war; others are the direct consequences of the changed world equilibrium to which we have been struggling to adapt ourselves. That the difficulties with which our staple exporting industries have had to contend have been formidable no one would venture to deny; but it may well be questioned whether they have shown the readiness that has been displayed by some other countries in remodeling their organization to the changed circumstances of the post-war world. Methods and habits which were highly successful half or even a quarter of a century ago, but have outlived their usefulness, are still too prevalent. The individualist tradition of the nineteenth century, for all its virtues, has undoubtedly proved an impediment in many of our older trades — such as cotton, coal, iron, and steel — to new forms of organization more fitted to modern needs.'

The future, however, does not appear so gloomy. Iron and steel prices are higher on the Continent following the advance in German coal prices. Industry also took heart when the rise in the New York rediscount rate failed to affect the British money market adversely. The Government's Rating and Valuation Bill, which does not go into effect until October 1929, improves the industrial outlook.

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Rating Relief

The new measure seeks to rehabilitate England's industries by reducing taxes on agricultural land and buildings, industrial hereditaments, and freight-transport hereditaments. All property falling within the agricultural category will be completely de-rated, while the present rates on the other two categories will be reduced by three fourths. A tax on gasoline will meet these losses. The Bill attempts to define the three classes of hereditaments, which makes the measure replete with complications and technicalities. A method must also be devised whereby local authorities will be reimbursed for their losses.

Mr. Snowden, the Labor financial wizard, declared that the Bill secured its end by 'methods which will give a greater relief to flourishing industries than to those which are depressed.' Mr. Churchill denied this, and the London *Daily Telegraph*, which has been ardently supporting the Government, said: —

'It is a monstrous doctrine that is now being freely disseminated that if an industry is flourishing it ought not to be helped, but rather penalized. Why should it be thought a scandal for the balance sheet of a great company to show profits running into millions? Good balance sheets make good employment figures and good wage tables, which in turn mean industrial happiness and prosperity. Undoubtedly hard cases will arise under this scheme; they cannot be avoided when dividing lines are drawn. A few firms may receive substantial rating benefits which they do not require for the maintenance of already good profits. That cannot be helped. It is not possible to discriminate between prosperous and unprosperous firms in the same industry. But it is possible to discriminate broadly between productive and distributive industry, and it is also possible to give an extra advantage to the basic industries which are in direst need, by the arrangement requiring the railways to pass on whatever benefits they receive through being classed as productive to the heavy industries by reducing their freight charges. Sir John Simon considered the scheme "fundamentally vicious and wrong." From a pedantic standpoint it may be. But its merit is that it recognizes distinctions and differences where they exist, not in theory, but in fact.'

The practical difficulties of the Bill prompt the *Manchester Guardian* to suggest: 'The whole purpose of this gigantic piece of machinery could be quite simply achieved, as proposed by the Liberal Committee of Inquiry, if the State assumed the administration of relief to the able-bodied poor. Not only would this be a far simpler method of relieving industry, but it could be brought into operation at least as soon as the funds were available; it would entirely avoid the absurd and unfair discriminations between individuals which Mr. Churchill proposes to enforce at such immense cost; and it would automatically and without the need for definitions or discriminations of any kind give relief to industry where it was most needed.'

In the debates on the Currency and Bank Notes Bill, which were discussed in this department last month, Sir Hilton Young let it be known that mercantile bills of exchange will be legitimate cover for the new combined fiduciary note issue. This is a revolutionary change in British currency policy, since the Bank's note issue in the past has been primarily covered by British Government securities.

Since the Stevenson Scheme is to be abandoned in November, efforts are being made to forecast the future of the rubber industry. Reclaimed rubber,

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which played an important rôle in breaking rubber restriction, is expected to meet with severe competition from crude rubber. Another factor in thwarting the British restriction policy was the growth of plantations in the Dutch colonies. It is interesting to learn from recently published statistics that greater increases were made in British-owned acreage in the Dutch East Indies than in native Dutch. British subjects owned 28.9 per cent of the total acreage in 1922 and 31.8 per cent in 1926. If large stocks are liberated in November rubber prices may decline, but it is generally conceded that producers and consumers have discounted the present position. Many coolies have returned to Java from the Sumatra plantations. Some estates that combine tea with rubber cultivation are retaining their labor and restricting tapping.

British Industry

Imperial Chemical Industries, the great British chemical combine, has published its first annual report. Profits, after income-tax deductions, amount to about 22 million dollars. Considerable progress has been made in consolidating the interests brought together upon the formation of the company, and further developments are indicated by the proposal to increase the company's capital to 75 million pounds.

Although many oil companies have been forced to reduce or pass their dividends this year, Shell maintained a rate of 25 per cent and Royal Dutch raised its distribution to 24 per cent. This is taken to indicate confidence in the management's ability to curtail production and to stabilize prices in the future. The basis of participation between Royal Dutch and Shell is 60 per cent and 40 per cent respectively, and since their revenue consists chiefly of dividends from widely distributed subsidiaries a fairly even tenor of profits may be maintained. At present prices Royal Dutch shares yield more than 6 per cent. It has been estimated that about 50 per cent of the profits of the Royal Dutch-Shell subsidiaries are annually written off for depreciation. The Anglo-American Oil Company, on the other hand, suffered a 30-per-cent decline in profits and a final dividend cut from 12½ per cent to 5 per cent. The firm is purely a marketing company confined to Great Britain.

The *Survey of Textile Industries* by the Balfour Committee declares that the depression in the British industry 'is not a reflection of general conditions affecting the cotton industry of the whole world.' British yarn exports have maintained their place in a diminished international total of foreign trade in textiles, but British exports of piece goods have declined more than exports of foreign competitors. The Committee is pessimistic regarding competition in cheap goods with India, China, and Japan. Lower labor costs may prevent Lancashire from regaining lost ground, or 'even perhaps' from retaining 'all the trade which she still holds.' The large spinners of fine cotton, such as Messrs. J. and P. Coats, the cotton-thread giants, the Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, and Crosses and Winkworth Consolidated Mills, have enjoyed a very prosperous year. Crosses and Winkworth are attempting to remove some of the water from their capital structure, but the scheme proposed at the last annual meeting has aroused considerable adverse comment from shareholders.

Peace has been restored between the unions affiliated with the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades and their employers. The workers wisely accepted the employers' offer when fresh shipbuilding orders began

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to decline. English iron and steel producers do not experience such severe competition from Germany as from Belgium and France. Of 252,700 tons imported into the United Kingdom in April, 67 per cent came from France and Belgium and 9 per cent from Germany.

Although the consumption of beer in England has fallen from 32 bulk gallons per person in 1913 to 23 bulk gallons in 1927, many British breweries are earning profits to-day, whereas before the war heavy losses were the rule. Rationalization, greater discretion in acquiring licensed properties, and economies in manufacture are some of the factors in this improved and paradoxical position. It has been observed that economic depression does not seem to affect the leading companies engaged in the food and drink trades.

French Finance

France recognized an internal bankruptcy of 80 per cent when she stabilized her currency at one fifth the pre-war rate. The hesitancy of some Deputies to assume responsibility for stabilizing before revalorization prompted the *Kölnische Zeitung* to speak of French sentimentality and the 'comedy of stabilization.' Anglo-American finance is credited with having hastened the process. London and New York are also resting easier, since the French move is expected to make for more normal credit conditions throughout the world. Poincaré, moreover, has indicated that America and England have gone almost the limit in supplying France with gold, and consequently gold movements to France are expected to be slacker in the future. The Conversion and Consolidation Loan, a necessary preliminary to stabilization, is said to owe some of its enormous success to the conviction that it would be the last opportunity for buying a gilt-edged security yielding over 5½ per cent. Thanks to Poincaré, the French Budget for 1928 balances. In the Budget for 1929 he is expected to deal severely with the demands from the various ministries and to pursue an intensive economy programme.

Optimism prevails in French industry. A coal revival is in prospect, and iron and steel have prospered. Since the war the French heavy industry has shown remarkable progress. In 1914 the French output was only one half the English tonnage, but to-day the production of iron exceeds the English total, and the output of steel approaches the English figure. In having vast supplies of iron ore near their plants the French possess an advantage of about 100 francs per ton over their German competitors.

Reparations Reports

In his latest report to the Reparations Commission, Mr. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations Payments, cautiously acknowledged an improvement in Germany's financial condition. Transfers in foreign currencies have increased 'until they are now running at somewhat more than half the total transfers.' The Agent-General repeats the opinion expressed in his last report that at a suitable time the entire reparations problem should be reconsidered. Fundamentally, he points out, the purpose of the Dawes Plan was to reëstablish confidence and to permit the reconstruction of Germany as a going concern. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* concludes that 'a suitable time' means after the American elections, and *Le Temps* feels that the entire reparations and war debts question lies in America's hands. M. Jacques Seydoux, in *Revue des Vivants*, suggests putting reparations and debts on a commercial basis and fixing the total sum which Germany must pay. The London *Times* remarks: 'Since all parties

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would stand to gain from the transaction, it follows that all must be prepared to contribute toward a settlement.'

Foreign loans, the Agent-General's report said, have stimulated economic expansion, and the formation of capital within Germany has been larger than the accumulation of new debts. On the other hand, there are signs of the home capital market drying up. In May, for example, home loans totaled only 67 million marks as compared with 180 million marks the previous month, while foreign loans increased to about 431 million marks as against 71 million marks in April. Most of the borrowing this year has been for public or semi-public purposes. Foreign money flows into Germany despite restrictions on foreign loans. Municipalities have been issuing loans or Treasury bills at home, which are later sold abroad. There has also been heavy buying on foreign account on the Berlin Stock Exchange. Speculators and investors hold out hopes that such German industrial stocks as Farbenindustrie, Karstadt, A. E. G., and Siemens may be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Such listing, however, is not expected in the immediate future.

Before the war Germany's exports of electrical machinery equaled the combined exports of Great Britain and America, but since then all three countries have been almost on a parity. Wage concessions in Germany may raise production costs there sufficiently to provide serious competition from the United States. The *Berliner Tageblatt* reports that the great banks of Germany, particularly the Deutsche and Darmstädter, are acquiring stock control of the German automobile industry. American competition is one of the chief reasons behind a trust movement in this industry. Ruhr coal production fell in May to about 369,000 metric tons. Sales declined by about 15 per cent in noncompetitive districts, and 25 per cent in competitive districts, partly for seasonal reasons and partly because of the Rhine shipping strike.

Baltic States

Oil shale, of which there is 5000 million tons available in Esthonia, provides one of the most important economic problems of the Baltic States. Shale has been used for fuel since 1920 by the railways of the country, but satisfactory retorts for the economical extraction of petroleum are still being sought. The shale land can only be exploited under State concessions, several of which are held by strong financial and industrial interests. The big oil companies have not as yet entered the field.

Having obtained control of the Esthonia match industry, the Swedish Trust has begun acquiring Latvian factories. Sawmills in Finland, upon the advice of the Council of the Association of Finnish Sawmill Owners, are restricting work this summer in order to maintain prices on lumber and to create a demand for 1929 sales. In Sweden the iron industry is still suffering from the effects of post-war depression. During the past year orders were scarce and prices low.

Foreign trade in Poland is very unsatisfactory, being marked primarily by declining exports. The stabilization loan has not produced the expected results on the rate of discount, which remains officially at 8 per cent, with the market rate as high as 18 per cent.

The stability of the Czechoslovakian currency together with the progress in consolidating the economic situation has been a large factor in developing that country's market in general and her iron industry in particular. The adoption of American methods of manufacture is well illustrated at the factory of Thomas Bata. Dr. Alfred

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Schoner, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, calls him the Czech Ford, since he manufactures 75,000 pairs of shoes daily with 6000 workers, or more than 12 pairs per man per day. In Germany two or three pairs daily per worker is considered a good output.

Austria and Russia

According to the Annual Report of the Wiener Bank-Verein of Vienna, 'economic conditions have been distinctly improving throughout Europe during 1927, and, to some extent, also in Austria. As time goes by the effects of the crisis that visited this country in 1924–25 are gradually subsiding. Notwithstanding sundry encouraging features, the trade revival in Austria during 1927 did not generally keep abreast with that of other favored European countries.'

Failure to secure the sanction of Congress for an American loan has increased Austria's economic difficulties. It is generally felt that the loan will be forthcoming later, and meanwhile the State is postponing all investments and collecting taxes more rigorously. Economically the nation lacks life, and most industries show profits far short of expectations. The electricity works have an order from the Municipality of Vienna amounting to 33 million schillings, although the orders expected from the Federal Railways have not materialized.

Austria has attempted to improve her economic situation with trade treaties. An agreement on tariffs has been reached with France. A satisfactory commercial treaty may be signed with Yugoslavia before the end of the summer, although it is hardly likely that a new treaty with Germany will be concluded before autumn. Sugar, which formerly figured large in Austria's unfavorable balance of trade, is now being produced almost entirely within the country. Russian business continues to decline despite the guaranty of the Municipality of Vienna against losses on delivery or nonpayment. During the first quarter of the present year Russian trade amounted to only 9 million schillings, as compared with 11.8 million schillings for the corresponding period last year.

Although the Soviet budgetary year begins in October, for the first six months of the current year the finances of the Union were managed without Parliamentary sanction. Most of the income is derived from indirect taxation, and 30 per cent of this comes from the State vodka monopoly and from the beer excise. The chief point of criticism related to the Peasants' Loan, which is increased this year and redistributed so as to impose heavier burdens on the better classes.

Around the Adriatic

The dinar will be legally stabilized in terms of gold when the political situation in Yugoslavia becomes quiet enough to give foreign investors sufficient confidence to subscribe to an external loan. The London *Statist* declares: 'The dinar has been stabilized in terms of gold currencies for three years, and there is nothing in the present economic situation of the country or in the credit policy pursued by the National Bank to imply danger to this stability of the currency.' The foreign loan depends upon ratification of the Nettuno conventions and the settlement of certain outstanding claims. Yugoslavia is engaged in transforming herself from a 'Balkan state,' with all the latent reproach usually implied in that term, to a 'modern state.'

An investigation by *Trgovinski Glasnik* reveals that Yugoslavia's imports from the United States have been increasingly favorable to America since 1919, whereas American imports to Yugoslavia remain irregular. Our chief imports from Yugoslavia have been

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bauxite, cellulose, copper, and sheep and goat skins. Better organization is said to be the chief need of Yugoslavian exporters.

The Bank of Italy in its latest report admits the hardships attendant upon the appreciation and stabilization of the lira. Appreciation, the report says, 'was not immediately followed by corresponding changes in the price levels, and still less by changes in the wage levels.' Definite improvement has been noted for the first part of the present year.

The Italian Government has granted extraordinary facilities for the establishment of new industrial enterprises in Fiume, whose factories have been working considerably below capacity since the war. Foreign machinery for the equipment of factories may be imported free of duty, industrial enterprises are to be exempt from a number of taxes for the next ten years, and the Fiume Municipal Savings Bank is ordered to grant credit on favorable terms to manufacturers. The industrial undertakings must be established before the end of 1929. The regulations also apply to foreigners who wish to establish factories in Fiume.

The Annual Report of the Suez Canal Company indicates economic prosperity in the territory east of Suez, for never before has the net tonnage of shipping passing through the canal been so high as in 1927.

Africa

A new railway which is expected to play an important part in the development of East Africa is about to be opened. The line runs from Tabora, on the Central Taganyika Railway, to Mwanza, at the south end of Lake Victoria. It provides an alternative outlet to the coast for the important cotton exports of Uganda and the increasingly valuable coffee crop of Bukoba. Major Walter Elliot, who has recently made a trip to West Africa, reports that Nigeria will absorb new and increasing quantities of goods. Settled rule throughout the territory has released great masses of men for productive labor. The country now relies upon palm oil as its chief export commodity, but tin and coal will be developed in the near future.

South America

The annual reports of five of Chile's greatest nitrate producers have recently been published, and their accounts indicate that the outlook still contains many elements of uncertainty, although their financial position is better than it was a year ago. One of Colombia's chief difficulties is admitted by Mr. Norman Thomson when he writes in the *Anglo-Colombian Chamber of Commerce Journal:* 'Up to the present the productive capacity of the country has been limited to, and adversely affected by, the means of transportation available.'

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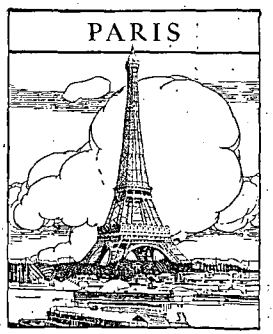
METROPOLITANA

The Invisible Aristocracy of Paris — Graybeards and Beggars in Madrid — Greater Privacy for Cairo's Royal Mummies — The Women Workers of Berlin — Ricksha-Crawling in Singapore — Crime Thrillers in the London Theatres



PARISIANS recognize only two seasons—the season of the Society which Proust, the introspective novelist, loved and described so well; and the season of the foreigner. At the present moment the latter is in full swing.

Life in Paris during the summer months is not confined to *bistro*, Louvre, Montmartre, and Montparnasse, as so many visitors believe. All these places attract their quota of curious tourists, but the more experienced traveler will be found dining at Ciro's on Friday evenings, and at a table in the small room if Julien recognizes him as a gentleman of worth. Here he will meet all the dukes who allow themselves to be known by sight, all the foreigners carried to fame by their reputed bank balances, and all the movie stars who may be in Europe. The Americans may usually be found in the Florence, the Argentines in El Garron, the English in the Blue Room. Less outwardly dazzling but more inwardly distinguished is the Ritz, although its famous bar often attracts such international celebrities as Peggy Hopkins Joyce and her many admirers. Still more distinguished is the Plaza Athenée, just off the Champs Élysées. More raffish is the assembly at Maxim's. Americans of note or notoriety may also be discovered hovering in the lobbies of the Crillon and the Continental. The racing people may still be found at Fouquet's, for in some respects they are a conservative fraternity who are slow to change certain of their habits.

There was a time when it was social suicide to be seen in Paris after the Grand Prix, but to-day the season of Society drags on until well into the middle of July. In the quiet days before the horseless carriage, if your affairs brought you back to the French capital from Vichy, Deauville, or Le Touquet it became necessary to lurk behind the shuttered windows of your apartment or house in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

Some casual observers of French life declare that Parisian Society should be spelled with a small *s* because it has been essentially democratic since the Revolution; and from reading the French newspapers one would never discover the existence of real French Society. It exists none the less. There are still a few clubs whose membership is limited to those old families who give the Republic no notice and read the Royalist *Action Française* religiously. At the family mansions of these distinguished people dances and parties

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are held which the French newspapers and the French public ignore, and which the hosts and guests are glad to have ignored. Last winter the Comtesse de Louvencourt and the Comtesse de Chabrillan gave musical parties, the Marquise de Versainville-Odoard entertained with a dance, and the Princesse de la Tour D'Auvergne-Wagram invited nearly two thousand guests to a ball. We learn that other balls were given this spring by the Comtesse Étienne de Beaumont, the Baronne André de Neuflize, and the Duchesse Pozzo di Borgo, whereas the Duchesse de Dudeauville invited a limited number of friends to a very select fancy-dress dance at her palatial house in the rue de Varenne. But there were no pictures in the newspapers, nor long lists of guests' names. The average Frenchman is more interested in Deauville than in Dudeauville, since he may hope to visit the former but makes no pretensions of becoming intimate with the latter.

Perhaps some of this peculiar remoteness of French Society arises from the fact that the descendants of the old nobility remain aloof from State functions. Although official entertainments are held in January, well within the social season, they are attended almost exclusively by members of the Government and their wives. The few persons of elegance who are servants of the State may often be heard deprecating the fact that they must appear at such gatherings. Titled Society in Paris, like the aristocracy of Mexico City, does not choose to associate with the people who govern the nation.

Burke's Peerage and the *Almanach de Gotha* play a comparatively unimportant part in the life of France to-day, and the season of French Society usually passes quietly in Paris. The tourist season with its many foreign notables and a few foreign notoriety seekers is much more important to the average Frenchman.

MADRID

'THE air of Madrid will kill a man when it won't blow out a candle,' goes an old saying. And any *Madrileño* will tell you terrifying stories of the intense cold when the January wind sweeps down from the snow-covered Guadarramas. Indeed, when one sees on the streets of the city on a winter's day pedestrians tightly *embozados* — the lower three quarters of the face closely wrapped in a scarf or cape — one is tempted to believe the stories of the malignancy of the air. Yet the temperature at night rarely falls below twenty degrees, and even more rarely is it below fifty at noon.

The municipal authorities, with a bigger, better, more popular city in view, are investigating this fabled deadliness of climate. They are looking for octogenarians and even centenarians as living proof of its salubrity. So far they point with pride to more than four thousand of the former and fifteen who have passed the hundred mark — a percentage almost exactly the same as that found in the United States by census tabulators. No sooner were the hale and hearty old men found than a selected group of them made their appearance at a specially arranged spectacle on the stage of one of the city's big theatres, where they quaveringly sang the glories of the air and sunshine of Madrid.

Also, the city must be kept clean to make it attractive — clean not only of dirt and muck, but of the human

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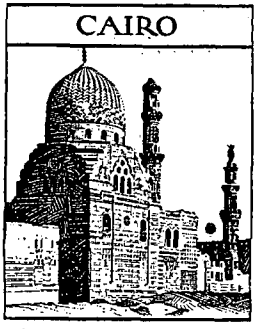
riffraff that clogs the sidewalks and street corners, where the destitute, the halt, and the blind display their condition, pitifully extending their hands and whining for *una limosnita por el amor de Dios*. These unfortunates create the impression that Madrid has more mendicants than any other metropolis. Another calumny, say the city fathers. And whoever has seen a six-year-old boy on a winter's night remove his shoes and hide them carefully up an alley before embarking on his barefoot begging expedition will agree, at least partially, with the authorities.

So the beggars must go. An asylum at Pamplona is provided for the blind and badly crippled. The others are being forced to find work, on pain of banishment to their native towns.

One possible complication arises. If Madrid loses all its beggars, where will Their Most Catholic Majesties, Alfonso and Victoria, find the twenty-six mendicants whose feet — carefully bathed and perfumed in advance — it has long been the custom of Spanish sovereigns to wash each Maundy Thursday in token of Christian humility?



AMASIS I of Egypt led his bowmen, horsemen, and charioteers against the Asiatic Hyksos who had conquered and were ruling the fertile valley and delta of the Nile. Amasis, one hundred per cent Egyptian, prevailed and drove out the foreigners. He established the glorious Eighteenth Dynasty, under which Egypt's power extended from a point twelve hundred miles up the Nile, past Jerusalem, as yet unoccupied by Joshua and the Hebrews, across Syrian deserts, and as far eastward as the muddy, slow-flowing Euphrates. Amasis I, the liberator, was one of Egypt's great kings. This was about 3600 years ago.

Now Amasis — all that is left of him — lies black, shriveled, and filled with bitumen in Gallery M on the second floor of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. He is only exhibit No. 3894 for the herds of weary tourists from America and Europe who shuffle through the corridors, gaping at the visible remnants of a gorgeous empire.

The people of Cairo — some of them — take offense. 'If Julius Cæsar's body, or William the Conqueror's, were in existence, mummified, would they be exposed to the facetious comments and impertinent stares of all comers? No! Italy and England would preserve the dignity of their great heroes of the past.'

So Egyptian nationalists, with pride of race and ancestry, are taking steps to dignify their own past. The dried remains of King Amasis I, along with those of Amenhotep I, Rameses III, Seti I (father of the Pharaoh of Moses' time), and others, — names meaning much to Egyptian patriots as well as to learned foreign Egyptologists, — are to be shielded from the vulgar gaze. The royal mummies have been placed in a separate hall of the Cairo Museum. There they rest in peace and relative privacy, visible only to visitors of mark, armed with a special authorization from the Minister of Public Works.

It is only six years since Egypt regained her nominal independence, of which she had been deprived since the time of Augustus Cæsar in 30 B.C. Cairo, the capital city, harbors a particularly strong nationalist feeling

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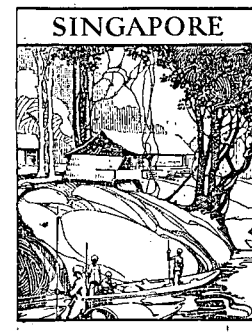
to-day. The return of the royal mummies to dignified seclusion is one sign of it.

Is the bovine German Hausfrau, placid slave of her husband, still content to stay at home to serve his every need? Or is that reputation an illusion transmitted to us from the days of our grandmothers? Already the Hausfrau has surprised observers by the influence and independence of her vote in German elections, in which she has often indicated a complete indifference to the political opinions of her husband, and in many working-class districts has managed to bring victory to the conservative party though the male vote was predominantly socialist. Now a survey, conducted with true German statistical fervor and thoroughness, and reported in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, indicates that over one third of the wage-earners in the German capital are women. In the United States, traditional birthplace of the emancipated woman, the last census shows that the women of New York, for example, make up only a little more than a quarter of those there gainfully employed.

In choosing their occupations, Berlin women, with some notable exceptions, differ little from their sisters in other large cities of the world. As elsewhere, the largest group — 25.27 per cent — is engaged in office work. Next in line are the unskilled manual workers, constituting 21.41 per cent of the total. Then come household servants, 16.03 per cent; seamstresses and needlewomen, 8.58 per cent, with others scattering. One type of work which is little carried on in America — independent home labor, in which a woman goes out to get her work, brings it home, and later delivers it completed to her employer — includes nearly five per cent of Berlin's working women. Machine workers in factories make up less than one per cent of the total. But most unusual, from the American point of view, is the surprisingly small group of women, less than a fifth of one per cent of the total, who are waitresses. (The proportion is eight times as great in New York.) For in Berlin, as in other German cities, your cry for beer and Wiener Schnitzel is almost invariably answered by a man — the quick, polite German waiter who is to be seen in fine restaurants throughout the world.

Perhaps the growing part that German women are taking in business and their increasing influence in politics are not without an effect one upon the other. In Germany as elsewhere, women who are financially independent tend to want a hand in running things; and, in general, the woman who works for a living will consider the consequences of her vote more carefully than the woman whose activities are confined to the home.



'A HORDE of several thousand rickshas, hundreds of snail-like ox-carts, a multitude of flivver buses, plenty of thundering trucks, thousands of pedestrians, and no sidewalks.' Add to this the fact that there is no speed limit, and it is small

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wonder that the traffic problem in hot, damp Singapore is becoming so serious that newspapers are discussing American methods of regulation, such as arterial highways and automatic signal lights. Why, people are asking, should not an arterial highway be made, for example, of Raffles Quay — named, by the way, not for the amateur cracksman, but for Sir Stamford Raffles, who began to fortify Britain's crossroads of the sea over a hundred years ago? Perhaps it might be difficult to compel a wild-eyed Chinese bus-driver to come to a full stop before crossing an important street, but might not the diminutive Malay policemen teach him that he who hesitates at a crossing is not lost?

Some order might be brought out of the traffic chaos, irritated correspondents suggest in the newspapers, if 'ricksha-crawling' could be stopped. The 'cruising' of empty taxicabs about the streets of American cities in search of fares congests traffic badly, but Americans would resent being compelled to trudge several blocks through the rain in search of a taxicab stand. The ricksha, however, does not even cruise; it literally crawls, and its crawling obstructs the ship-bound trucks carrying coffee, rice, sugar, nutmeg, tapioca, sago, and spices for all the pantries in the world. The path of commerce must be cleared of empty rickshas, even if this means that the Singaporean in search of sheltered transportation must open his umbrella against the rain and splash along to the ricksha stand.

He is already becoming inured to such a procedure, to judge by a recent report of the United States Chamber of Commerce which states that $1,330,000 worth of umbrellas are imported annually into Singapore area. Of course, the Straits dollar is equivalent to only about 56 cents, but nevertheless that represents a good many umbrellas to be brought into an island only twenty-seven miles long and fourteen miles wide. Which suggests that there may be real passion behind the simple lines:

> It pours, and pours, and pours
> In Singapore.

THE dramatic season just past has seen a large percentage of its successful plays imported from the United States. Though the successes of all have not been in equal degree, American theatregoers will recognize such names as *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, *The Second Man*, *The Spider*, *The Road to Rome*, *Show Boat*, and *The Silver Cord*. Londoners complain, however, that there have been no plays of native origin this year which can be considered permanent contributions to English dramatic literature.

Two very good musical potpourris have appeared. One of them, *This Year of Grace*, with both words and music by Noel Coward, who is best remembered in America for *Hay Fever* and *The Vortex*, is reported to be going to New York next season as a vehicle for the ever-entertaining Beatrice Lillie.

The real keynote of the theatrical year, however, has perhaps been sounded by crime thrillers. *Dracula* and *The Spider* of course come in this category, but even more lurid were two English productions, *The Man with the Red Hair* (adapted from Hugh Walpole's novel) and *The Monster*. These two derived most of their suc-

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cess from scenes of terrific horror, of flogging with a huge whip and murder with an electric chair as a means of crime instead of punishment. The Grand Guignol, Parisian house of dramatic bloodcurdlers, was equaled for the first time.

The largest amount of serious comment has been aroused by *The Road to Rome*. The American playwright, Robert Sherwood, receives high praise in some quarters, and almost everyone compares his play to Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*. The critical consensus seems to be that a very amusing play, insulting to no intelligence, has been produced, without, however, any considerable addition to dramatic ideas.

An innovation is being attempted by the little Adelphi Theatre in the Strand, almost directly opposite the Hotel Cecil. Seats, if booked there in advance, can be purchased on the installment plan in minimum blocks of six. Six seems to be the magic number, for the total cost must be paid in six installments in a period of six weeks. There is some doubt as to whether the novel scheme will work. People do not like to buy tickets long beforehand. Something else might turn up in the meantime.

For theatrical people the biggest thrill of the year was the reception of the accomplished mimic and monologuist, Ruth Draper, — recently returned to America, — by the King and Queen at Court. It has been an established custom that actresses are not acceptable for presentation, at least until they leave the stage and marry a 'nob.' Is it, the stage folk ask, because Miss Draper is an American; or is it because her art is of an unusual type that she was thus received; or (and they wonder hopefully) has the first dent been made in the prejudice which has heretofore marked them as not quite suitable for such an honor?

PERSONS AND PERSONAGES

Interesting Figures Who Achieve Prominence As They Move Across the Foreign Scene

LORD BEAVERBROOK

SOMEONE asked young Max Aitken to consider the desirability of amalgamating three Canadian cement mills. Not long afterward he announced the amalgamation — but it was not confined to three mills. It included the whole Canadian cement industry, with Aitken himself at the head.

The boldness of his decision and the speed with which he carried it out are typical of the methods that have transformed the country boy from Beaverbrook, New Brunswick, into Lord Beaverbrook, one of the richest men in the British Empire, owner of three London newspapers, peer of the realm, maker — and unmaker — of imperial cabinets.

His parents had christened him William Maxwell Aitken. The name, this energetic youth felt, was too long. He had never been the kind of boy you can

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call Willy, and so he adopted the only possible abbreviation of his baptismal name. As simple Max Aitken he won wealth and fame, and to his monosyllable he clung even when knighthood had transformed him into Sir Max. Only with his elevation to the peerage did he abandon it, and even then he chose for his title the name of his little native village in New Brunswick.

Lord Beaverbrook is one of two Canadians who, reversing custom, have sailed from the New World to the Old, and found their fortunes there. The late Prime Minister, Bonar Law, was the other. Each was a 'Bluenose,' as natives of the other Canadian provinces derisively call New Brunswickers. Each was of Scotch descent. Each was a minister's son. Each was Conservative in politics. Each was an imperialist — with that intense enthusiasm for the Empire that only colonials ever feel to its fullest extent. And each had a wholesome appreciation of the other's talents. It was Bonar Law who helped Max Aitken make the right acquaintances in his early days in London. It was Beaverbrook who, when Balfour resigned, pulled the wires to make Law leader of the Conservative Party, and eventually Prime Minister.

Feeling, after his success with cement, that even the Dominion of Canada hardly gave scope for his talents, but rather suspecting that the British Empire might possibly be big enough, he arrived in London in 1910. London heard about it at once.

In those days, all the bright young men were joining the Liberals, and Conservative leaders were perturbed. Aitken appeared to them at this critical moment as a welcome recruit — with some not wholly unwelcome millions. The bright young man from New Brunswick found himself standing for Parliament in Ashton-under-Lyne, with only three weeks in which to familiarize himself with the complexities of British politics. But he did not worry unduly over such details. Instead, he conducted a whirlwind campaign with the glories of the Empire as the chief theme of his speeches. Ashton-under-Lyne cheered for the Empire and sent him to the House of Commons, where it kept him until he went to the House of Lords in 1917.

Not until after the war did Beaverbrook take his first plunge into his new career — publishing. The London *Daily Express* was losing $200,000 a year. Beaverbrook bought the controlling shares for $85,000, and speedily set the paper on its feet. The tale of his purchase of the *Evening Standard*, one of the Hulton newspapers, is already a legend in Fleet Street. The owner showed him a contract giving the Hulton group to a rival newspaper owner. It was not yet signed. Beaverbrook sat down and casually wrote out on a sheet of ordinary paper a check for $1,400,000, explaining that the London Joint City and Midland Bank would honor it at sight. The Hulton group was his. That afternoon he calmly resold all but the *Standard*. Later he bought the *Pall Mall Gazette* less dramatically.

Knighted a year after his arrival in England, Sir Max won fame as an advocate of imperial unity. When the World War came it seemed to him a mere extension of the struggle for his old ideal, the Empire, and he went to the front as official representative of the Canadian Government. But it took more than a world war to interfere with his love for the political game on the imperial scale, as London plays it. It was he, as he reveals in his book, *Politicians and the War*, who helped to form the coalition which compelled Asquith to resign as Prime Minister, in favor of Lloyd George. Later, it was

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Lord Beaverbrook who greased the skids which Lloyd George, with no particular grace, descended when his turn came.

To-day, in his great office atop his newspaper building, with its grand piano and its rows of books and its view of St. Paul's, he works as hard as any of his staff. Power is his, title and wealth and fame. The policies of State are partly of his shaping, but Lord Beaverbrook is still the boy from Beaverbrook, New Brunswick — wearing 'the broadest smile with the least brushed hair visible to-day in Europe.'

MANUEL QUEZON

For thirty years the name of Manuel Quezon has been linked with the cause of Philippine liberty. As a major in Aguinaldo's Filipino army he fought the Spanish and later the Americans. Again and again since that struggle failed he has reiterated his demand for 'the immediate, complete, and absolute independence of the Filipino people.' Each time he has seen its realization postponed. To-day, as President of the Philippine Senate, he remains so slim, so alert, with hair so black, that it is hard to believe he will celebrate his fiftieth birthday this month. But if one looks more closely, one discerns in the tightly pressed lips, the jutting chin, the flashing eyes, the determined and slightly scornful and imperious expression, a man of settled purpose and long experience in conflict and command.

Quezon has been called 'the Machiavelli of the Philippines' and 'the Gandhi of America's possessions in the Far East.' He is a little of both,— a born politician: good-natured, charming, but resolute; shrewd in thought and clever in compromise, but devoted to his cause; persuasive in speech, but capable of grim earnestness when his subject is Filipino independence.

His heritage is triple: Latin temperament from his half-Spanish mother; Oriental shrewdness from his Filipino school-teacher father; knowledge of mass psychology perhaps gained in America. He prefers to speak Spanish in his interminable chats with his henchmen, but has — when he chooses to reveal it — remarkable command of English, which he speaks with an agreeable accent, and also of his native dialect, Tagalog. When quizzed about his policies by Americans, he answers shrewdly and carefully, in his deliberate English. Ordinarily he is calmness itself; but on the rare occasions when he grows angry, you may see that the muscles at the back of his neck are taut as steel, that he quivers like a light field piece in recoil.

When he was twelve, Quezon was given what money his parents could scrape together, set on the back of a horse, and started off from his native village of Baler across the high and wild Sierra Madre mountains toward Manila to seek education and whatever fame and fortune would follow. For Quezon, college, law school, the insurrecto army, and political office followed in fairly rapid sequence, until at thirty-one he was appointed Resident Filipino Commissioner in Washington, a post wherein he made his persuasive voice heard for seven years.

It was when he returned to the Philippines in 1916, with the Jones Law in his pocket and the new Governor-General Harrison by his side, that he achieved eminence as the idol of the Filipino people. The Jones Bill (which the Spanish-speaking Filipinos turned into 'El Bill Jones') contained the first explicit affirmation of future independence ever elicited from the United States Government, and, whether he deserved it or not, was a bright feather in Quezon's cap. As for Governor-

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General Harrison, he put his arm around Quezon before a great crowd that gathered to greet them and said he owed his appointment to the young Filipino. Whether — if true — this was another feather in Quezon's cap we need neither affirm nor deny.

But while Harrison remained Governor-General, Quezon was 'the little tsar of the Philippines,' and as President of the Senate held a more influential post than any other Filipino in the islands. If you called at his office for 'Mr. Quezon' or 'President of the Senate Quezon,' you got no answer. He was 'President Quezon.' When automobile license plates were given out each year, the Governor-General received number 1 and Quezon received number 2. They got along well together, and independence seemed surer and closer at hand.

Back in the United States, however, the voters changed their minds. Another party came to power, and in 1921 General Leonard Wood replaced Harrison as Governor-General. Under the uncompromising soldier the power which had been allowed to slip into Filipino hands was steadily withdrawn. Quezon, slight in build and cool in manner, usually wearing a cream-colored alpaca suit, fought Wood tooth and nail — always urbane, always impeccably courteous, but blocking the General's budgetary measures and declaiming against his 'encroachment upon the constitutional rights of the Filipino people.'

Meanwhile Quezon was steadily consolidating his own influence over the Filipinos, rushing about the islands in a special train equipped with shower baths, an imported jazz orchestra, and plenty of cigars. Sometimes the tireless *politico* would leave his train and start off at four in the morning with an automobile caravan. The roads resounded with shouts of 'Viva Quezon!' 'Viva el Presidente!' from farmers returning from early Mass; and the people flocked to him with the petitions they should have brought to Wood. He in his turn promised them public improvements in the traditional political grand manner, but with an added touch of Latin dramatics. When with his party he crosses an inland river on a primitive bamboo raft, as likely as not he will fling out his hands theatrically and cry to the crowd, 'I will put a concrete bridge here!' His hearers believe him always, though performance may be long delayed.

Now he has a new Governor-General to test his powers — Colonel Stimson. Quezon hailed Stimson's appointment as politely as he did that of General Wood. Will similar clashes follow? There is reason to doubt it. When told that the Filipinos cannot govern themselves, or that Japan will gobble them up if they are turned loose, of course Quezon scoffs. But he has never found an adequate retort when told that the Filipinos are not economically self-supporting, and this is the problem to which Stimson is devoting most of his attention. True, it is Quezon's mission in life to keep the Philippine question always open. If Stimson offers him a compromise, however, Quezon, like a good politician, will probably first say that what he wants is independence; and then with a shrug of his well-set shoulders and a sudden persuasive smile he will add: 'But if you can't get a hundred dollars, it is wise to take fifty.'

SIR HENRI WILHELM AUGUST DETERDING

'You can inform the Standard Oil Company that I shall never make room for their Russian oil. They should realize that I must insist upon oil from American wells taking preference over

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stolen Russian oil, in India and elsewhere. My intention is to fight this matter to the bitter end, if necessary over the whole world, as we wish the public to know who caused this dishonest upset in the petroleum industry.'

This was the opening salvo in a giant oil war that has been worrying the world for more than a year, and only this summer has approached a settlement. The protagonists were the Royal Dutch-Shell Company and the Standard Oil Company of New York. The dictatorial spokesman for the European combine, responsible for such pronunciamentos as that quoted above, is a keen-eyed old Dutchman with a British title — Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding, native of Java, Knight of the British Empire, Managing Director of the Royal Dutch-Shell Company, who is reputed to know more about oil than any man alive.

In 1890, an enterprising Netherlander named Kessler, having accumulated half a million dollars, set up an organization in The Hague with the mouth-filling title, 'The Royal Dutch Company for the Working of Petroleum Wells in Netherlands India,' and started out for Batavia, Java. When he arrived, he looked around for a bright assistant to help him run the new business for the stockholders eight thousand miles away. Deterding, then a clerk in a local bank, was selected for the job. Six years later Kessler was dead, and Deterding, then in his late thirties, had been elected managing director of the young organization. Ever since that day the one-time Batavia bank clerk has been engaged in directing the sluggish current of the world's oil stream to the advantage of the company he helped to establish.

He began by selling cheap Borneo oil in the interior of China, and succeeded in driving the Standard Oil to the coast and its ports. In the course of that struggle, he found himself handicapped because he lacked transportation facilities under his own control. This problem he solved in 1902 by entering with the British Shell Company and the French Rothschild interests into a working agreement by which these companies distributed both his products and their own. The arrangement was not completely satisfactory. After four years of pushing and pulling, the working agreement suddenly became a combine, and the assets of the three companies were merged. In the shuffle the clever Dutchman from Java came out on top as managing director of the whole enterprise, the position he has held for the past twenty-two years.

In 1903 Lord Fisher of the British Navy determined that thenceforward British war vessels should burn oil. It was Deterding who furnished the fleet with the new fuel. The influential Dutchman thus began a period of service to Britain which was to have its dramatic culmination in the World War, when British petroleum and benzine supplies were placed under his control and his figure loomed large on the Petroleum Council of the Allies.

German writers have suggested that the Allies won the war largely because they could transport troops easily and cheaply in trucks or automobiles whose motive power was assured by an unfailing supply of petroleum. After the Armistice Lord Curzon himself said history would record that the Allies were borne to victory on the crest of a wave of oil. For this Deterding was largely responsible; and for this he was rewarded with a British knighthood in 1920.

It has been said that Deterding, machinelike, regards the history of

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lands and of peoples merely as a factor in the calculation of fresh oil developments. Yet in appearance he is attractively human. His figure, though he is nearing seventy, is well-knit and athletic. There is a dignity about his shock of white hair and his broad forehead. Around his eyes are amiable wrinkles; and there is always a cherished pipe between his teeth. It is doubtful that he ever thinks of himself as the 'callous manipulator of all international conflicts' which have their origin in oil.

In Mexico, in India, in the United States itself, 'Napoleonic in audacity, Cromwellian in depth,' Deterding has established the Royal Dutch-Shell interests. He has beaten out and bought up competitors, sometimes ruthlessly. His refineries cover the face of the earth. His ships are on every ocean. Taciturn, unostentatious, he has undoubtedly been the figure in the shadow at many international conferences — Versailles, Lausanne, Genoa, Geneva — where questions involving potential oil lands have been involved. Inexorable, he makes decisions from which there is no appeal. When he wishes to be informed of conditions in a given spot, he goes there in person by the most direct route. There is no escape from his vigilance. He may be wrong when he anathematizes the Soviet Government for selling to foreign — notably American — interests oil that is needed to satisfy Russia's internal demand. He may be laughing up his sleeve when he warns the Standard Oil Company that the sale of this Russian oil will drive the American product from world markets and cause an overflow at home. But Deterding has a reputation for knowing his facts. Until a more accurate and better-informed person beats him at his own game, the world will listen when he talks of oil.

HIPÓLITO IRIGOYEN OF ARGENTINA

When the German Minister to the Argentine Republic advised his home Government in 1917 that Argentine vessels Europe-bound should be *spurlos versenkt*, — that is, sunk without trace, — the message 'leaked,' and was given wide publicity in both North and South America. Argentine national pride was touched to the quick. Mobs howled through the streets of Buenos Aires, destroyed the German Club, stoned everything of Teutonic origin, savor, or character. The Argentine Senate, by a vote of twenty-three to one, passed a resolution calling for war. The Chamber of Deputies approved the resolution fifty-three to eighteen. A single man held the balance between peace and war. Hipólito Irigoyen, then President, to-day President-reëlect, stood firm.

Convinced that to declare war would harm his country and interrupt his programme of labor reform, Irigoyen set his jaw more firmly, knit his shaggy eyebrows, and stubbornly refused to act. He did indeed send the German Minister home as *persona non grata;* but he signed no declaration of war. Argentine mobs hooted him as a 'pro-German!' Irigoyen, calm and unflinching, stood his ground and had his way.

Twenty-seven years earlier, when he was forty-seven, Irigoyen had been a subordinate officer in a revolutionary army which attacked Buenos Aires and forced the resignation of the aristocratic but mercenary and dishonest President Celman. Thereafter Irigoyen, active in politics but never seeking office, worked persistently to advance the cause of labor and aid the poorer classes. A man of independent means, he contributed to the coffers of the Radical Party his entire salary as history professor at the Normal School in

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Buenos Aires, until his election to the Presidency closed his career as an educator. To-day the presidential salary of $55,000 is given to charity. Trained in the law as well as in history, he made a practice of defending arrested agitators. And as the condition of the lower classes slowly improved, Irigoyen was given much of the credit.

In 1912, conservative and honest President Saenz Peña obtained the passage of a compulsory voting law, which, however good for the country, proved disastrous to him and to his party. At the next election Irigoyen, choosing to run for office for the first time in his career, was swept into the Presidency by the votes of the Radical Party. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, that he rode to his inauguration that year in one of the trolley cars whose rails gridiron the city of Buenos Aires. It is certainly true that, however rich he may be, he is unostentatious about it. His private residence, small and unpretentious, is in one of the poorer sections of the capital.

Immediately upon assuming the Presidency, in 1916, Irigoyen began a series of reforms. Most of the time he had the enthusiastic backing of Congress. Whenever the legislators hesitated, he carried them with him with that strength of will and definiteness of purpose which are his outstanding characteristics. During this period he carried out the agrarian reforms which are his most memorable achievement. When he began, the *hacienderos*, owners of vast estates covering thousands of acres, were keeping the laboring classes in practical serfdom. Even to-day, after twelve years of Radical and Liberal government, large landowners still possess eighty per cent of the privately owned land. But as a result of Irigoyen's efforts government land has been opened up for the small farmers, and they have been given many inducements to take up homesteads.

Although in most matters he has been outspokenly 'pro-labor,' there have been occasions when Irigoyen has not hesitated to go to violent and drastic extremes to defeat labor's purposes. A menacing and lawless strike broke out among the stevedores in 1921. When the mobs of strikers refused to disperse, machine guns were trained upon them at the President's command. When they still defied authority, the guns opened fire. Hundreds, some say thousands, were slaughtered. No one claims to know exactly how many. But the gutters ran red, and the quelling of that strike is one of the tragic pages of Argentine history. The iron-willed Irigoyen had again had his way.

At the end of his term in 1922, obedient to his country's Constitution, which forbids immediate reëlection to the Presidency, he went into retirement. This year, however, Irigoyen chose to run again, and has been returned to power by a two-to-one vote. He has 'come back' at seventy-five.

Charles Evans Hughes at the age of sixty-seven said he was too old for the Presidency of the United States, though Governor Lowden, a year older, was an active contender for the nomination, and General von Hindenburg, with undiminished vigor, is President of the German Republic at eighty-two. When his six-year term is ended Irigoyen will be well past eighty. As yet his iron will shows no signs of weakening, and his iron hand can still strike opposition down.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

BRITAIN, ITALY, AND THE BALKANS[1]

[THE author of this article is a professor at the Institut des Hautes Études Internationales, and the views he expresses are colored by French sympathies with Yugoslavia and resentment against Italy.]

DURING the nineteenth century the little Balkan nations were often pawns in the hands of the Great Powers. Russia and Austria played this game most skillfully, alternately favoring or blocking the formation of the modern nations that now exist there. To-day we all know that the war was largely caused by the stubbornness of Austria-Hungary, which had been victimized by both Italian and German unity and was trying to thwart Yugoslavian unity. Yet in spite of all these efforts, the Balkan nations emerged and Austria-Hungary perished. Russia took a new road and continued experimenting with Slavic mysticism in her Sovietized steppes. The only ambitions France had in the Balkans had to do with capital investments and ideas. Her intellectual and economic policy was always to aid the young nations there. She had no territorial designs upon the Near East. The only other Great Powers involved are Great Britain and Italy.

Great Britain likewise has no territorial ambitions, but she believes that she must watch over Eastern Europe, since the road to India goes that way. British diplomats always preserve traditions, and all their problems take a simple form. They believe that Eastern Europe should serve as a rampart against the traditional Russian menace. The English navy always guards Constantinople and the Straits, and Britain is just as terrified by the Pan-Slavic movement as she was in Disraeli's day. Moreover, world markets are growing less inclined to purchase English exports. The United States has conquered the New World, and Asia has been conquered by Japan and by its own growing industries, as in the case of India. Africa does not offer a large market for industrial products. Only the Mediterranean remains.

The Balkans are agricultural countries still living a rural life, and they need manufactured products more than ever. They are not only a strategic point, but also a valuable market. In all recent negotiations the English banks have been playing their part. They are aiding Greece with Refugee Loans, and they are trying to get their hands on the Bulgarian National Bank. They support Hungary in its pretensions against the Rumanians. They wish to extend their powers in Yugoslavia, and they are prospecting in Albania.

But above all, England is following the usual mercenary policy she pursues on the Continent. She tried supporting the Greece of King Constantine, and we still remember the setback she re-

[1] By Jacques Ancel, in *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris Independent political-affairs monthly)

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ceived at the hands of the Turks, who were anxious to preserve Mosul. Bolshevist propaganda and the vague Russian pretensions to control the Eastern Seas must be opposed by some country whose political ideals and economic necessities differ from the foreign and domestic aims of Soviet Russia. At London Fascism obtained a favorable settlement of the war debts, and in the interview at Lavorno on the thirtieth of September, 1926, Sir Austen Chamberlain agreed to the policy of Mediterranean expansion that the Duce propounded.

Ever since 1911 Italy has felt that she was destined to inherit the position that decadent Turkey once occupied in the Mediterranean, where the exuberant, prolific Italians now contrast so strongly with the lazy, despised Turks. Italy has taken possession of the Libyan Desert, of Cyrenika, of Rhodes, and of the Dodecanese, which guard the entrance to depopulated Anatolia. All this is more or less waste land, to which other nations attached small importance. But after the Great War, when Italy had been enlarged by the acquisition of the Trentino and Trieste, and was morally stimulated by Fascism, she began seeking new worlds to conquer. Her journalists opened a campaign for a *mare nostrum* — first the Adriatic, then the whole Mediterranean. In order to win over the English monarchs of the sea, Italy did her best to show how advantageously the two nations could work together.

What does England fear about the route to the Straits and to India? Always the vague Pan-Slavic danger. Russia is absent at the moment, but she may reappear at any time. British diplomats are alarmed by spectres of Yugoslavian or rather Servian imperialism, in spite of everything that geography and history have taught us. Yugoslavia is not yet a complete nation. This 'three-named people' really includes four branches, but the Bulgarians, like the Slovenes and Croats, will some day forget their frontier disputes and merge into a really unified Yugoslavian country. Although this day is not near at hand, a modern nation extending from the gates of Fiume to Constantinople is a real danger to certain interests. Italy sees how it imperils the Adriatic, and England sees how it would affect the Straits.

Hence the necessity of convincing Britain that both sides and both extremities of the Adriatic must be occupied. England does not care much for the Yugoslavs, whom she looks upon as the clients of France and, in some pro-Bulgarian circles, as the despoilers of Macedonia. To distract attention from Italian imperialism the myth of Yugoslavian imperialism has been created, and Belgrade will be represented as desiring to dominate all the Balkans. Athens will be prudently warned of the dangers that her northern neighbor may threaten. Above all, the lawless country of Albania will be represented as having been outraged by the Serbs, and in case of need certain diplomatic incidents will be revived similar to the one that happened last spring, when a dragoman of the Yugoslavian legation was arrested in Tirana.

From the secret conversations at Lavorno a new Italian policy was born. The two Tirana Treaties on the twenty-seventh of November, 1926, and on the twenty-second of November, 1927, made Ahmed bey Zogu president of the Albanian Republic, and guaranteed him Italian friendship and alliance — in other words, an Italian protectorate. And, profiting from the acquiescence, or at least the indifference, of the British, Italy is engaged in the profitable task of making Albania a modern state.

The thing Albania needs in order to

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become a nation is a system of roads. As a grazing country it can now get along with little paths by which the mountains can be scaled in summer. But meanwhile the foreign masters of Albania are busy making big new roads. The Romans built the Via Egnatia from Dyrrachium, as Durazzo was then called, past the Lake of Ochrida, and thence, via Monastir and Saloniki, to Byzantium. The mediæval Venetians, whose merchandise competed with the goods of the Servian Republic of Doubrovinik, as Ragusa is now called, enjoyed economic control over Northern Albania by reason of the Via di Zenta, — Zenta is modern Montenegro, — which went from Scutari to former Serbia, Kossavo, and Vardar. Finally the Turks, desirous of taxing the rich Christian cities to the south, made and supported the Saranda road to Janina and Monastir.

The traces of these roads have not been lost, and although they have sunk to the condition of dusty or muddy pathways the Italians are reconstructing them. All of them, and several others besides, lead to the Greek and Yugoslavian frontiers, especially toward Yugoslavia. They are strategic routes along which armies are already moving. General Camiccio, representing the Italian General Staff, is organizing a militia recruited on the spot, and he is adapting the local customs of these tribes to his new body of troops. The officers and noncommissioned officers are Italians.

Meanwhile the port of Durazzo is being dredged so that ammunition and guns can be landed. The Albanian bank is in the hands of Roman bankers, and in my book entitled *Les Balkans face à l'Italie* I have explained the diplomatic methods and technical procedure that Italy has followed. Albania is a vassal state in the Balkan peninsula, and it is becoming a centre of Italian armament, although the rest of the Balkans are freed from foreign tutelage. This part of the world is always an easy prey to social revolution, and the Albanian shepherd soldiers recruited by Italy and indifferent to political liberty compose an army that is ready to engage in any kind of intervention.

Two questions arise. First of all, the Balkan nations understand the danger perfectly. They have stopped quarreling among themselves. Neither Bulgaria, Greece, nor Rumania has consented to be used as the tool of Italian diplomacy in its task of encircling Yugoslavia. A Balkan pact is in the process of development. Already Rumania is allied to Yugoslavia in the Little Entente, and she signed a treaty of arbitration and nonaggression with Greece on the twenty-first of March, 1928. Yugoslavia and Greece are beginning similar negotiations. The last word was not spoken at Lavorno. As yet the British do not see the consequences of what they undertook, but eventually they will see it through, just like Mr. Britling. London is undergoing a change of heart. Will Fascist imperialism renounce the Balkans?

SCOTTISH GOLF[2]

THE two words, Scottish golf, lead one away into all sorts of agreeable daydreams — of the romantic night journey and the clanking of the couplings at unknown stations in the uncharted hours, of the waking in a new country of gray houses and running streams, of the enormous breakfast eaten on the train, of the getting there, of the meeting of old friends, of the unspeakable thrill of the first round. Mingled with these delightful prospects are two others, which I personally view with some

[2] By Bernard Darwin, in the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly)

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little apprehension — the prospect of the crowd, and the prospect of the caddies. Let me get my mild grumblings over first, in order that I may end on a wholly cheerful note.

As to the crowd, I do not really and seriously grumble at that at all. To be told that it will take you three hours to get round St. Andrews in the season, that if you take only an hour and a quarter to the turn you will inevitably take an hour and three quarters home — this is, to be sure, a little daunting, but the real thing is not nearly so bad as the imaginary picture. In the first place, you have no grievance against anyone in particular. No one tiresome person is keeping you back; you are simply one in a great endless stream which goes round the links all day long at that regular and leisurely pace, and whether you have Braid, Vardon, and Taylor in front of you, or a fat lady with two small children, makes no difference whatever. In the second place, the very slowness of the round saves you from yourself. You cannot play three rounds if you want to, and think how good that is for you. You can, unless you be very young and strong, get stale enough on two rounds a day and a loaf on Sundays. If you played three rounds you would die. Moreover, if you must practise in the evenings, — and I confess to a weakness in that direction, — there is generally a secret somewhere to which you can retire. If there is nowhere else there is the seashore, and I have spent some delicious hours, when the tide was low, beating the ball to and fro on the wet beach — so wet that, if I waggled too long and ornately, the carefully built-up tee subsided under my ball like a shivering quicksand.

As to the Scottish caddie, I remain an impenitent Southerner. He may sometimes be a great man, but he can often be a great nuisance. He is apt to be too stern, possessive, and dominating, too thoroughly convinced of the fact — which I am quite prepared to admit — that he knows better. That, however, is a matter of individual taste, and some people like being dragooned. It is not merely a matter of taste to object to driving bargains with your caddie, to undertake to pay him extortionate sums, and then to find that he has either spent them in advance and so is not well enough to attend, or else that he has merely 'gone with a handsomer man than you.' Doubtless there are great difficulties in the way of the authorities, but I still think that the caddies need not be quite such an uncontrolled rabble as they often are.

Having got that grumble over, I can be enthusiastic over everything else to do with Scottish golf. Not, alas! that I know it all, or anything like all. To my shame I must confess that I have never seen Dornoch or Nairn or Lossiemouth or Machrihanish or, most famous and least known of all, incomparable Islay. My ways have been for the most part the well-trodden ways to one of the three great nests or clusters of courses — to St. Andrews, which 'surprises by himself' one whole nest and is not so very far from Carnoustie and Barry and Monifieth and Gleneagles; to the East Lothian, that is to say, to North Berwick and Muirfield and Gullane with their minor satellites; to the West, which is to Prestwick and Troon, almost innumerable Troons, and Turnberry.

If I had to choose just one day on one out of all these noble links, then I think I should choose Prestwick, but it would not be the Prestwick which is most familiar to me, the one of championships and turmoil and unwieldy crowds. I am writing this before setting out for Prestwick, where the Amateur Championship is held this year,

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and I know beforehand what to expect — heads bobbing up behind every hill, a serried phalanx by the home green, and great swirls and eddies of people round the Cardinal bunker, where one devoted member spends his whole day, trying to direct the torrent. That is not my notion of bliss. But give me Prestwick on an off-day, when there is nobody save one or two of the members who have kindly let me play on their course. I remember one day there when I took part in a five-ball match, when there was nobody in front of us, nobody behind us, nobody on the top of the Himalayas, nobody beside the waters on the Pow Burn. On such a day Prestwick, with its wonderful turf, — the western turf is something softer and more carpetlike than is the eastern, — its mighty hills and little secret nooks between them, comes as near to Heaven as any golf course can do.

Another day that I want very badly is a winter day at St. Andrews. My imagination is quite unequal to the effort of picturing an empty or tolerably empty St. Andrews, with no ballot and no time-sheet, so that one could wander down to the Club, pick up a friend and a match, and start away. It does exist, however, as I am told, and it would be worth the rigors of a journey north just to see it. Perhaps, too, if one were supremely lucky, one might find the left-hand course being played, which is very rare nowadays, and would add zest and novelty to the experience. However, St. Andrews in September is good enough as it is. There is no other such place in the world for anyone with a large golfing acquaintance, and no one course where the shots can vary with such endless interest from day to day. There are times, it must be confessed, when the wind takes the bit between its teeth and blows persistently from the same quarter, battling against us going out and sweeping us into the whins, and then pretending to help us on the way home when we are too much exhausted to care. At such times I have almost hated golf, but as a rule the wind is always shifting, and with every shift there is something new to learn. This fact — that no ordinary person ever knows the course — is perhaps the chief charm of St. Andrews.

As to the East Lothian, I never feel as if I really knew North Berwick, because I have not been there at its smartest time when all the great ones of the earth are depicted in the illustrated papers waiting for their turn to play — and by all accounts they have to wait a good long time. But I know Muirfield well, and Luffness and Gullane, and a kind owner has let me play over the pleasantest of them all, little Archerfield, hidden by its curtain of woods, with the white tails of its greenkeeping rabbits scuttling across the drive. Muirfield is a great course. The American gentleman who gives marks to courses for all their various qualities brings it out at the top of the poll. It is a pleasant, peaceful spot, too, and has the romantic 'Graden Sea Wood' out of *The Pavilion on the Links* running along one side of it, for which no marks are given. I have, I think, tenderer feelings for Luffness, perhaps because it is easier and I have won all my matches on it. Yet if I am to keep that record I must never play on it again, and that would be far too high a price to pay.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF OF AUSTRALIA[3]

[THE author of this article is the leader of the expedition referred to in the first paragraph.]

[3] By Dr. C. M. Yonge, in the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly)

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THE recent departure from this country of an expedition, organized by a Committee of the British Association, for the biological investigation of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia has drawn public attention to one of the most remarkable natural formations in the world. The greatest of coral reefs, the Great Barrier extends for over thirteen hundred miles along the east coast of Queensland, and beyond it to the north, where it is continued across the Torres Straits, finally terminating near the coast of New Guinea.

It must first have been sighted by the Spanish Captain Luis Vaes de Torres, who commanded one of the ships composing a squadron which was sent out from South America in 1605 to explore the South Pacific, but his discovery was kept a close secret by the Spaniards until in 1762 the British captured Manila and found a full account of this century-and-a-half-old discovery in the Spanish archives. But it is to Captain Cook, the master mariner who laid bare so many of the secrets of the South Pacific, that the honor of discovering the reef rightly belongs. After charting, for the first time, the east coast of Australia, he worked northward, between the Barrier and the coast, — though quite ignorant of the presence of the former, — the first coral formation he encountered being the Low Islands, where, just one hundred and fifty-eight years later, the British Association Expedition will have its headquarters. A few miles north of this point Cook's ship ran hard on to a reef forming part of the Barrier, and now called Endeavor Reef. Fortunately he was able to repair the leak sufficiently to enable the ship to be taken to the land, where, on the site which Cooktown now occupies, it was beached and made seaworthy once again. From the hills above Cook surveyed the reef and saw clearly its unbounded extent. After many hairbreadth escapes from shipwreck, he at length reached Torres Straits, where he hoisted the British flag on Possession Island and took possession of the east coast of Australia, or New Holland as it was then called, in the name of His Majesty King George III.

The more detailed exploration and charting of the Great Barrier was left to Cook's pupils and successors, notably William Bligh — famous also as the commander of the Bounty — and the greater Matthew Flinders, but even to-day, although the main channel is well charted and lighted and is perfectly safe for navigation, many parts of the reef remain practically unknown, and the surveying ships of H. M. Australian Navy are kept busy, and are likely to be so kept for many years to come, with the exact surveying and charting of this maze of reefs and islands.

The highway for ships passing up and down the coast of Queensland is within the Barrier, which provides a natural breakwater against which the great Pacific rollers break in vain. The channel varies between twenty and eighty miles in width, is seldom, except during occasional hurricanes, very rough, and has an average depth of some thirty fathoms, while beyond the barrier the bottom drops quickly, so that a few miles outside the water may be many hundred fathoms deep.

The Great Barrier Reef is not a single coral wall, but is composed of an almost infinite number of reefs, with all manner of variation in shape, size, and appearance. Some few, which are ring-shaped, with an enclosed lagoon, are called 'atolls,' but the majority are 'cays,' which are solid islands with no standing water. Some of the older reefs have been built up well above the surface of the sea by the action of the waves, which pile up on them sand and

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boulders, which finally become capable of supporting vegetation, but many others are awash at high tide and only exposed for a limited time when the tide is out.

The imagination is staggered by the realization that the whole of this natural breakwater, range after range of submarine mountains, is composed of the limy skeletons of animals and plants. Of these, corals are, though not the only agents by any means, certainly the most important ones. The 'coral insect' of popular belief does not exist, the animals being in reality members of the same great group of comparatively lowly organized creatures which includes the common sea anemones and jellyfish of our own seas. Indeed, the corals bear a very strong resemblance to the former, although this fact is somewhat obscured by their limy skeleton and their almost invariable habit of growing in great colonies which increase by budding. But a young coral when examined is seen to consist of a cup-shaped skeleton of limestone, enclosing the soft, often beautifully colored, body of the animal, whose mouth, surrounded by a ring or rings of tentacles, projects from the opening, within which it can be quickly withdrawn when touched.

From this simple beginning the coral develops by budding — in different ways in different species — until finally a great rounded or branching mass of limestone is formed, perforated everywhere by the openings through which project the mouths of the animals or 'polyps.' These openings may be rounded or slitlike, in which case they meander over the surface as in the case of the familiar *Mœandrina* or 'Brain Coral,' in which the meanderings simulate the convolutions of the brain.

Apart from these true or 'stony' corals there are others, known as false or 'horny' corals, which are important constituents of reefs, while there are others again which have limy skeletons but are allied to the common hydroids of our shores. In all cases, however, the final form of the colony is dependent almost entirely on the conditions under which the corals live. Should the water be still, then the coral may be branching and very delicate in structure; but should the water be rough, then the branches will be broken off almost as soon as they begin to appear, and the final form of the colony will be rounded and massive, and the only resemblance to a similar coral growing in calm water will be the shape and color of the living 'polyps.'

Reef-building corals can only exist in warm water, and never below depths of about thirty fathoms, although other kinds of coral are found in almost all regions of the sea. It is not known exactly why this is so, but it is probable that falling sediment — a deadly foe to coral growth — and the lack of light are the chief factors. Light is important for corals vitally, but somewhat indirectly. They contain in their tissues vast numbers of minute plants, which can, of course, only exist in the presence of light. What part these plants play in the life of the coral is a little uncertain, — this is one of the problems which the Expedition hopes to solve, — but it is very probable that they provide, at any rate during certain seasons of the year, the bulk of the food of the corals in which they live.

Living on and around coral reefs is a teeming population of animals and plants. Some actually burrow into the coral or live in the most intimate association with coral organisms, the whole forming a society the members of which are mutually interdependent. Many of the animals are of commercial importance, and coral reefs — and the Great Barrier Reef especially so, on account of its great size — are of con-

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siderable potential value. There is already a flourishing industry in *bêches-de-mer*, — sea cucumbers, multicolored animated sausages which are allied to the starfish, — which are collected in great numbers on the reef, dried, and then exported to Japan and China. The pearl-shell industry is especially important near the northern end of the Reef, Thursday Island in Torres Straits being the headquarters, but there have been recent valuable finds near Cooktown. From the mother-of-pearl are cut out buttons and other objects. The big top shell or Trochus is collected for a similar purpose. It has the advantage that it is found on the surface of the reef, so that divers are not needed for its collection. Sponges, turtles, — both the edible and tortoise-shell varieties, — and all manner of fish, complete the list of the more important economic products of this region.

THE ROAD AHEAD OF POINCARÉ [1]

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

NOBODY in the history of the Third Republic has dominated the political life of France so clearly as M. Raymond Poincaré. M. Thiers, after the victory of Prussia, had the same ascendancy; but it was comparatively short-lived. Gambetta never, in spite of his popularity, had effective control. Jules Ferry was always bitterly denounced. Boulanger was a bubble. Waldeck-Rousseau may perhaps best be compared with Poincaré. The fanatical Combes had a vivid period of power before he disappeared. Clemenceau has had his great moments. Briand comes and goes regularly. But Poincaré for nearly twenty years has steadily grown in strength, and, except for short intervals, has stayed at the head of affairs. 'We see you at times of great national crises,' cried an adversary; and M. Poincaré immediately adopted the intended criticism as a certificate of merit. It is deserved. One can hardly imagine a more competent President of the Republic during the war years than was M. Poincaré. Nobody could have carried through the experiment of the Ruhr occupation — which most of us condemned, but which nevertheless corresponded to supposed national necessities — but M. Poincaré. Again, when France realized that political controversy was disastrous with the currency falling to zero, there was only one man to whom all parties turned as the savior of the franc — M. Poincaré. Everybody else had tried and had failed. M. Poincaré tried and succeeded.

I write this not because I wish to dwell upon the character and performances, bad or good, of M. Poincaré, but because the election results of April 22 and April 29 can only be explained in terms of Poincarism. Before we consider whether the Moderates won and the Radicals lost, whether

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the Socialists manœuvred clumsily and the Communists gained votes but lost seats, we have to record the unquestionable victory of M. Poincaré. This or that party can claim this or that success, but the true success was that of M. Poincaré. A plebiscite was, in fact, though not in form, taken on his name. Before a man was a Left Republican or a Radical Socialist, he was a Poincarist. Just as Sir William Harcourt declared that we are all Socialist nowadays, so the candidates belonging to the bourgeois parties proclaimed themselves Poincarist. They could fight about the color of their Poincarism, but the different nuances did not affect the general truth that they had dipped themselves in a bath of Poincarism. If the Radicals had swept the country, they would have swept it as Poincarists. If the Moderates had swept the country, they would have swept it as Poincarists. Both sides carried the banner of Poincaré into the battle. The chief weapon used by the Moderates against their opponents was the assertion that those opponents were not whole-heartedly Poincarist. The retort of the Radicals was that M. Poincaré was a man of the Left, that he was their leader, not the leader of the Right.

Therefore the broad result was a foregone conclusion. M. Poincaré could not lose. Yet, this having been said, it becomes necessary to analyze his majority. It is made up chiefly of Moderate elements. The parties of the Right have improved their position. The parties of the Left — that is to say, the Radicals, the Socialists, and the Communists — come back diminished in numbers. My own view is that M. Poincaré would have preferred a better-balanced Chamber. His Cabinet is composed of Moderates and Radicals. His policy is a policy of National Union. He believes that the completion of French financial restoration requires a prolongation of the political truce. If one side is too strong, it will be tempted to kick over the traces. When the Radicals, with their allies the Socialists, won in 1924, they demanded all the posts available. They even, in their enthusiasm, ignoring the Constitution, drove the President, M. Millerand, from the Élysée. They were voracious, and indeed it was their inordinate appetite which brought about their undoing — and the undoing of France.

I, as an impartial onlooker, saw that the Radical majority was not sufficient, in a country where there are many groups and no discipline, to ensure the continuance of the Radicals in power for the whole of the legislature. Publicly and privately I said this from the beginning, and had many heated discussions with my French Radical friends. One of them, a Minister, I remember, told me he was certain that the Herriot Government would last for four years. In reality it lasted ten months. Precisely because of this miscalculation of its strength, the Left was greedy and came to grief. Now the danger is that the Moderates should take their revenge. Already there are voices raised on the Right clamoring for a Ministry of the Right. They would eject from the Poincaré Cabinet such men as Herriot and Painlevé, Sarraut and Perrier. They would replace them by Moderates. They point to the case of M. Louis Marin, the leader of the largest group in the Chamber: is it fair, they ask, that he should remain in the minor office of Minister of Pensions while M. Painlevé is at the Ministry of War? They point to the important post of Presidency of the Chamber, now occupied by a Socialist, M. Fernand Buisson: surely, they cry, M. Poincaré will not insist on his preference for a man who

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has nothing to recommend him but his ability? The peril is obvious. If the Moderates imitate the Radicals, there will be disruption and a renewal of strife. That is what M. Poincaré wishes above all to avoid.

It would be curious to see history repeating itself. One could compose without difficulty some pleasant epigrams about the last Chamber which began as a Radical Chamber and ended as a Moderate Chamber; and about the possibility of the present Chamber beginning as a Moderate Chamber and ending as a Radical Chamber. One refrains, because these apparent paradoxes are commonplaces of French politics. If a group slips to the Right, Radical calculations are upset. If a group slips to the Left, Moderate calculations are upset. But the aggressiveness of the Moderates might be just as fatal as was the aggressiveness of the Radicals. It is highly desirable that these purely party quarrels should again be postponed to a more fitting season. The first thing that M. Poincaré did — thus displaying rare political acumen — was to decide that the elections had endorsed, not only the policy of the Government, but the personnel of the Government. It is undoubtedly the custom — though it is not invariably followed — for the Prime Minister to resign after the elections and to reform his Cabinet. Had M. Poincaré thrown his Ministry into the melting pot, the Moderates would have made excessive demands, and the Radicals would have been placed in virtual opposition. Already pressure was being put upon the Prime Minister. By his clever move he has escaped the immediate danger, but it will be interesting to observe the sequel.

Between M. Poincaré and M. Herriot there is one essential difference. M. Herriot loves to be loved. M. Poincaré is afraid of those who profess to love him. M. Herriot welcomed his friends and did their bidding. M. Poincaré is suspicious of them. M. Herriot rushed into the fray with his exuberant battalions. M. Poincaré endeavors to damp their ardor, and would rather woo the Radicals than yield to the exhortations of the Moderates. He discourages the exigencies of the victorious hordes who assert that they have followed him without demur. He tries to remove the bitterness of the defeated parties which rallied to him at the eleventh hour. These eleventh-hour supporters are more precious to him than the others. So the countenance which he turns to the Moderates is more severe than the one which he turns to the Radicals.

Had the Right obtained its way, M. Poincaré would have denounced the Left in his preëlection speeches. Instead, the Prime Minister invited the candidates of the Left to take shelter under his umbrella. He paid them tributes for their help. He sought to bind them to him by interest. Better a doubtful collaboration which is dictated by interest than an embarrassing friendship which would absorb and direct him! That is why M. Poincaré did not want the Left to lose heavily. The Left will think twice before it disobeys him. It will remember the mess it made of finances, and will not recklessly take risks. M. Poincaré's task — politically speaking — is to prevent the Moderates from making undue use of their electoral success. With the two sides practically equal in strength he could manage them. With one side outnumbering the other, that side may be tempted to manage him.

Despite these remarks, I think that M. Poincaré will be allowed, though not without perturbations, to proceed with the job he has so well begun.

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It is true that more than half the Deputies are new men. They may be inclined by inexperience to rush blindly into blunders, as their predecessors did in 1924. But most of the new men accepted the counsels of prudence which have been preached throughout France, and they will hesitate before they venture on innovations. To draw an intelligible picture of the new Chamber is not easy. One could simply give the official figures, but those official figures convey very little to English readers who are accustomed to the clear-cut divisions of two or three great parties. In France there are many groups, and, to make matters worse, the labels which the candidates sport in the country do not correspond, in all cases, to the labels which they will fasten on themselves in the Chamber. Moreover, the labels do not mean the same thing — assuming that they mean anything — in all constituencies. A man who calls himself, for example, a Republican of the Left in the North might well call himself a Radical Republican in the South, or vice versa. Local conditions must be taken into consideration. One list of election results divides the candidates into no fewer than twenty parties. Now it is possible to suppose that there are real differences between a Conservative and a Liberal, and between a Liberal and a Labor man; but it is not possible to suppose that there are real differences between two neighboring groups out of twenty. The label is meaningless very often, and is adopted merely for convenience.

To give an accurate account of the Chamber one should take each individual member, ascertain his personal tendencies, and make a compilation based on the probable behavior of every man. This is clearly impossible, and so we must content ourselves with approximations. The official statistics drawn up by the Minister of the Interior are no more convincing than the newspaper statistics. The Minister of the Interior has managed to reduce the groups to ten. There are Conservateurs, members of the Union Républicaine Démocratique, Démocrates, Républicains de Gauche, Républicains-Radicaux, Radicaux and Radicaux-Socialistes, Républicains-Socialistes, Socialistes, Communistes, and Socialistes-Communistes. What do these designations convey? For my part, in spite of disputes among the groups, I think it better to speak generally of Moderates — ranging from the so-called Conservateurs to the so-called Républicains-Radicaux; Radicals — including the Républicains-Socialistes; the Socialists proper; and the Communists. These are the French parties. Now the first party — that of the Moderates — has a total of about 324 Deputies who may be counted upon to vote solidly, at least for the moment, for what they regard as security in financial and foreign affairs. This bloc looks upon itself as the true Poincarist Bloc. It has gained more than fifty seats, and in addition Nationalist Radicals have also won substantially. There can therefore be no question of the Poincaré majority.

The Radicals, on the other hand, have been reduced in numbers. Some estimates would put their losses at twenty-five, but the official figures give a total of 123, while the Républicains-Socialistes, who are closely allied, are said to hold forty-seven seats. Now these Radicals, who in 1924 were seduced by Socialism, are turning away from Socialism, and may be counted with the governmental troops. They have yet to thrash out their differences in congress. Most of the Radicals have repented of their cartel with the Socialists, and in an oppor-

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tunist spirit are attracted toward the Centre. M. Herriot is still their real leader, and M. Herriot has 'evolved.' Yet at their last congress, where there were many abstentionists, they elected as President M. Daladier, who then showed Socialist tendencies. It is probable that even M. Daladier and his followers will move toward the Centre. If they do not, there will be a split in the party, perhaps of a serious character. In the dying days of the last Chamber, the bulk of the Radicals voted for M. Poincaré, or abstained, and a minority sometimes voted against him. When the Radical candidates faced their constituents, even those who had voted against M. Poincaré lamentably and laughably proclaimed themselves Poincarists.

The Socialists have been misguided by M. Léon Blum, who himself was a victim of his own overclever tactics. He was opposed to M. Poincaré, but he could never make up his mind whether he should support the Radicals or not. The consequence was that the Socialists lost the advantage of being a genuine Opposition party, and were eaten into by the Communists, who were uncompromising. Certainly the Socialists, who now number 101, have only lost three seats, but as there are twenty-eight additional seats in the new Chamber their relative loss is larger. Had they played their cards properly they should not have lost, but have gained. Some at least of the new seats should have gone to them. They are already displaying the same foolish subtlety in their disappointment as they displayed in their anticipation. They have invented what they call a 'policy of attraction.' Instead of being content to be the Socialist Party, and to ignore the Radical Party, they are trying to draw a certain number of Radicals into their orbit. This means, of course, that they must take several steps toward the Radicals before the Radicals will permit themselves to be fascinated.

Proportionately, the Communists have suffered most. They have shrunk from twenty-seven to fourteen — and two Socialist-Communists. They were not, however, out to win seats. Parliamentarism for them is an obsolete method. Their object was to strengthen their forces in the country, and in this they appear to have succeeded. If they have lost seats they have won votes. They could have won seats had they made a bargain with the Socialists. They, at any rate, are not opportunists. It is possible that some of the Communist candidates would have been willing to make a bargain with the Socialists; but Litvinov forbade them to withdraw their candidates in favor of Socialists in those constituencies where the Socialists would have won with Communist assistance, in return for Socialist withdrawals on the second ballot in their favor — Socialist withdrawals which would undoubtedly have swelled the Parliamentary group of the Communists. It must be remembered that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* (single-member constituencies) was substituted for the former *scrutin de liste* (with its form of proportional representation) partly to 'dish' the Communists.

Something like dismay was expressed in Nationalist newspapers at the election of three Autonomists in Alsace-Lorraine. Three Autonomists do not constitute a formidable protest against French rule, and indeed they appear to have been elected owing to a misunderstanding. But small as the group is, great as the misunderstanding may be, the presence of Autonomists in the Chamber gives the French an unpleasant shock. Alsace-Lorraine is the Ireland of the Continent. When Alsatians protested against German

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rule, the French were delighted. They are hurt that any Alsatian should now revolt against French administration. At the Armistice there was rejoicing in France at the return of these provinces, and there was rejoicing in Alsace-Lorraine. But discontent soon manifested itself. It appeared in three quarters. There were the Catholics, who were fearful lest their privileges should be taken away. There were the Communists, who were opposed to any form of capitalist government. There were pro-German organizers. The Alsatians are traditionally religious, and they maintain their religious schools, while the French have officially adopted the Lay State. The Alsatians were taught German in the schools and they speak a language which has affinities with German. The French looked askance at this anomaly, and naturally insisted on the teaching and employment of the French tongue. There were, besides, economic difficulties. Here was ample material for the agitators; and although the French have made no more mistakes than were inevitable in the circumstances, they discovered that it is not easy to change the character of a people who have lived for nearly fifty years under German administration, and to assimilate them speedily and entirely. Hence the demand for Home Rule. It is usual to ask for Home Rule within the framework of the French State; but the suggestion is made that the saving clause, 'within the frame work of the French State,' is merely a cunning oratorical device. Dr. Georges Ricklin has asked for the adoption of Federalism. The Republic of Alsace-Lorraine should, according to him, have its own budget and its own executive.

Ricklin and Rossé are two of the men who are on trial at Colmar on charges of plotting against the safety of the State. On their trial it is not my purpose to comment. But it is significant that Ricklin and Rossé were elected to the French Parliament. Although one may properly discount the Alsatian agitation, yet the support given to it, however small, produces an unfortunate impression. M. Poincaré therefore has made a series of speeches which may be summed up in a few phrases. Never, he says, will France consent to the autonomy or neutrality of Alsace-Lorraine. The movement is utterly condemned. Nevertheless, France is wise enough not to disturb the traditions of Alsace-Lorraine, and will not push to extremes the doctrine of the Republic One and Indivisible. Religion in the schools will be respected. The Concordat with the Vatican still exists. Though French is the official language, facilities for the learning of German will continue to be provided. If all idea of separation is renounced, then Alsace-Lorraine will find it to its advantage to strengthen the economic bonds which attach it to the rest of France. The position is not disquieting, but careful handling, tactful consideration of the sentiments of Alsace-Lorraine, are essential. M. Poincaré is particularly competent to deal with this matter. He is particularly competent to deal with other vital matters which will presently arise — notably the problem of debts and reparations, for which he advocates a comprehensive solution on which will depend the evacuation of Rhineland and the amelioration of Franco-German relations. These and equally important subjects cannot be treated here; but, in a word, it would appear that the new Chamber will be called upon to take far-reaching decisions both in financial and foreign affairs at an early date, and that, on the whole, the influence of M. Poincaré will be both salutary and effective.

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THE FATE OF THE WEST INDIES[1]

BY PERCY HURD, M.P.

THE British colonies of the Caribbean, after long slumber, are awakening.

One of the colonies, British Guiana, has just been deprived by the British Parliament of its constitution. This is probably an unprecedented event in the history of the British Empire, for the prevailing tendency is toward more, not less, self-government. Yet the step backward in Demerara should be the prelude to a decided move forward in economic development now that cumbrous Dutch devices of a past century give place to modern British Crown Colony methods.

In another colony, Jamaica, challenges have been issued to dominant Americanism. Encouraged by grants from the Empire Marketing Board, and with the support of the Government of the colony, a coöperative association of growers and shippers is starting its own banana shipping and marketing organization side by side with that of the all-powerful American United Fruit Company. At the same time the Canadian Government, through the State-owned Canadian Merchant Marine and National Railways, is building a luxurious hotel in Jamaica to cater for the first-class tourist, who is now dependent upon hotels of American ownership and management; while under the Canada-West Indies Trade Agreement two modern and amply refrigerated fruit-carrying steamers are this year being added to the direct service between the islands and the Dominion in the hope of diverting Canadaward travel and trade which now move largely through New York and Boston. Simultaneously the money of the Empire Marketing Board is being applied to help in making the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture at Trinidad a centre of training and research for general Empire benefit. It will not be for want of asking if other grants are not obtained from the Empire Marketing Board to stimulate coöperation in the production and marketing within the Empire of other fruits and vegetables of the British West Indian colonies generally.

The traditional basis of West Indian prosperity is, of course, sugar, and it is not to be supposed that the home of the sugar industry of the British Empire will be unaffected by changes which tend to revolutionize sugar-refining processes. Here the State-supported Oxford School of Engineering and the British Ministry of Agriculture are concerned, and the new and easier methods which seem likely to result may well give a new manufacturing status to sugar-producing colonies, especially where, as in the case of Trinidad, there is a cheap and abundant supply of fuel.

It is not my present purpose to discuss these impulses. They are as yet, and for the most part, in course of development only, but taken together they give a new importance to the question of the ultimate destiny of this

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most interesting and historic part of the Empire.

Once upon a time the West Indies were truthfully called 'the natural cockpit of European nations in the struggle for hegemony.' That was in the eighteenth century, when the islands of the Caribbean were fought for as prizes. The world had few such prizes then. A change came when the field of European enterprise was enlarged by the entry first of India, with its teeming millions and fabulous riches, and afterward of Africa — the continent of perpetual surprises. Thenceforth the British West Indies and their two millions of people, mostly colored, were well-nigh forgotten. They listened with avidity to after-dinner reminders of their heroic share in the beginnings of our Empire, but all the time they knew themselves to be 'poor relations distantly acknowledged.' British State policy passed them by, and they wondered wistfully what their fate would be. The United States was the inevitable heir of Spain in Cuba and Porto Rico, and British visitors came away from the British West Indies convinced that they, like the other islands, would drift under the protection of the great American republic. It was only a question of how and when.

It may, perhaps, serve a useful purpose if I state the position to-day as a casual but sympathetic observer sees it after a month spent in the principal colonies — Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and British Guiana. Being honorary secretary of the West Indies Committee of Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, unusual opportunities were given to me to learn the views of representative planters, merchants, officials, small 'farmers,' and workfolk in the larger colonies and from the smaller islands. They welcomed the chance to talk freely and informally, out of hearing of the press, upon all aspects of what may prove to be a searching test of the quality of our new imperialism.

What is to be the future of the British West Indies? Is the United States the inevitable heir of Britain in the Caribbean, as she has proved to be of Spain? Or is our imperial system adapting itself, in its own zigzag fashion, so as to give a lease of fresh life within the Empire to islands which were the cradle of British power?

It is timely to ask these questions, inasmuch as new factors have come into view — the Panama Canal, the Great War, the policy of Empire preference, and the Canada-West Indies Trade Agreement. In the new circumstances the future of the British Caribbean becomes a problem of high significance for us and all the English-speaking peoples, upon whose shoulders, whether they like it or not, world leadership tends more and more to rest.

The economic affinity between the West Indies and the United States is manifest, and it is an increasing affinity. In his latest report the British Trade Commissioner, Mr. Wilson Goode, notes the use which United States traders made of their chances in the war years when British supplies were either cut off altogether or curtailed. 'In many important lines the United Kingdom has since recaptured its trade, but the predominance of American production over a period of several years has left an enduring mark upon the trade of the British West Indies.'

Proximity has much to do with this predominance; so has greater adaptability to customers' needs. It takes thirteen to fourteen days to pass between London and Kingston on the one hand and Port of Spain on the other; the voyage from New York generally takes a good deal less than half that time. Our inadaptability in external

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markets is illustrated once again by the place of the British motor car in the West Indies. It has hardly any place at all, despite tariff preferences in each colony. The American car is everywhere, and while Mr. Ford has been preoccupied with his new design it is a French, and not a British, maker whose advertisement I found widely placarded in such colonies as Jamaica.

In the shops of the chief centres it is in American dollars and cents that goods are priced, and if you offer English money it is after a reckoning of the American equivalent that the shop assistant gives you your change. The cinema is, of course, everywhere, and everywhere the films are predominantly American. In the House of Commons recently, in answer to a question as to American cinema monopoly in the West Indies, the Undersecretary seemed to lament the Americanization of this potent agency of popular education, but it is not easy even to attempt to apply the quota remedy which we are applying in England.

The well-found and well-managed steamers which carry most British tourists to the West Indies and most West Indians to England — there are thirty-four of them in the fleet — were built on Clydeside, and the captains, officers, and crews are emphatically British, but the control is American; and, to judge from the type of novel which circulates most freely from the ship's library, there is no daring on sea or land, and no freedom under the skies, quite like that of 'God's own country.' The hundred-per-cent American shines out in these novels, and the rest of the world is expected to gasp with wonder. Yet the novels, one and all, are from London publishing houses; trashy they may be, but they can be bought so cheaply in easily transported sheets!

The astonishing history of the banana supplies the best evidence of American permeation. The banana has made Jamaica the spearhead, so to say, of Americanization generally. In the other West Indian islands Americanism winks; it smiles broadly in Jamaica, thanks to the banana. Thirty years ago Jamaicans were making pig food of their bananas; in 1927 they sold overseas something like 21,000,000 stems, with, say, sixty bananas to a stem. The banana keeps over a hundred steamers continuously at sea; and 42,000,000 out of the total world production of 77,000,000 stems are handled by one American concern, the United Fruit Company. That company is indeed the chief begetter of the banana industry, and to it Jamaica especially owes much of what prosperity it now enjoys. On its Jamaican lands last year it produced 2,000,000 stems, and it purchased 7,000,000 from growers, large and small. Its steamship services and hotels and its progressive policy in general have done more than anything else to lift the colony out of the slough of despair into which it fell when its main industry, sugar, collapsed. In former days Jamaica meant sugar and rum for the outside world. Fruit, nearly all bananas, now represents 41 per cent of Jamaica's exports, and sugar and rum together represent only 19 per cent.

Success brings its penalties, and when I was in Jamaica I witnessed the progress of the determined effort to lessen American domination in the banana industry. The Empire Marketing Board has made a grant of £2400 a year over two years to encourage the coöperative marketing of bananas, and men of high repute, such as the President of the Imperial Association of Jamaica, were striving to create an independent marketing and transport organization so as to give the banana producer a market alternative to that

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provided by the United Fruit Company. The purpose of the movement must command respect, for it seeks to free the island from the risk of foreign domination. And as the movement develops Jamaicans generally may come to appreciate more exactly the value of the progressive impulse which the United Fruit Company brings to Jamaican life. The British West Indies as a whole, like Canada, stand much in need of new progressive impulse whencesoever it comes, and their problem is how to secure it without sacrificing economic and political control.

Is that possible? The dismal prophecies of J. A. Froude after his visit to the West Indies in 1866 stuck in the West Indian mind. 'Let the United States take the British West Indies, and welcome; on the map they appear to belong more to the United States than to us.' An editorial writer in the South American Supplement of the *Times* of July 1911 spoke of the supremacy of the United States in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea as 'practically indisputable,' and added: 'There can be little doubt, therefore, that the islands of the West Indies and the outlying units of Spanish America will, upon the completion of the Panama Canal, gravitate in due course to amalgamation with the Great Republic of the North.'

It all seems so natural, and yet, after watching West Indian conditions for a good many years, I am led to the belief that never in our time were the British colonies of the Caribbean further away from the United States politically than they are to-day. The tendency of their thought seems to illustrate afresh the modern truth that, while trade may follow the flag, the flag does not necessarily follow trade.

Therein we touch one of the political mysteries of our time — the developing unity of the British Empire in face of what to the rest of the world look like decisive disruptive tendencies. 'We answer to a higher destiny,' was the retort which Sir Wilfrid Laurier once made to the assertion that Canada could not forever maintain a political aloofness from her rich and powerful neighbor. Each year American capital has moved northward into Canadian industry in an ever-increasing stream. American financiers and traders took full advantage, in Canada as in the West Indies and elsewhere, of Britain's preoccupation upon the battlefields of Europe and Asia. Never has there been a more friendly intermingling of peoples across the boundary between Canada and the United States than is seen to-day. But the foundations of Canadian life remain staunchly true to tradition; there is no legislature, federal or provincial, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, to which a candidate could secure election on an annexation ticket, or indeed on any antinational ticket of any kind. Deep down in the heart of every true Canadian is the belief that Canada 'answers to a higher destiny' — exactly what destiny he does not know and has little time to consider, but certainly a destiny that is Canadian, and therefore in essence British.

Motley, the American historian, once discussed with Froude the probable annexation of Canada to the United States. 'Would Canada like it?' asked Froude. Motley made this reply: 'Would I like the house of Baring to take me into partnership?' And, after the fashion of his nation, he thought that settled the matter.

And what of the West Indies? One of the most knowledgeable surveys of West Indian conditions was made fifteen years ago by a Jamaican, Mr. Herbert de Lisser, to whose literary and organizing talent Jamaicans owe more

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than they seem at times to be aware of. He then asked, in his book, *Twentieth Century Jamaica*, 'What would happen in Jamaica if the United States should offer the colony a good reciprocity treaty?' He admitted that the temptation might be too great to be resisted.

> The capacity of the United States for consuming the products of these colonies is far greater than that of any other country. The United States could offer to any or to all of them a degree of prosperity, a promise of success, at present beyond their hopes. They would prefer something less as long as that meant direct continued connection with England. They would deliberately set aside riches and the foreigner's domination for comparative prosperity merely and an assured future with England. But it is the uncertainty of the future which troubles the West Indians. They can never feel sure that what is done in England to-day in regard to them will not be undone to-morrow. I repeat that they would prefer less with Great Britain than more with the United States; they would take all that the latter had to give them, but their love would be with England. Loyalty to England and pride in the British Empire are no mere words in the British West Indies. But they are becoming tired of stagnation.

Much has happened since those words were written. Above all else, we have had Empire unity in the face of a common war peril. Is there still the same uncertainty and stagnation? Are the British West Indies finding that 'something less' which they would prefer to American absorption? I think they are.

For one thing, Canada, in all her new national and industrial vigor, has come to mean much to the colonies of the British Caribbean. They look to her in quite a new relationship, that of an elder sister. I have just noted the Jamaican thought of fifteen years ago that the United States might offer 'a good reciprocity treaty.' United States thought has since gone elsewhere. Washington has become the radiating centre of an overlordship which covers, in varying degrees, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo; and if there is to be any question of overlordship in the case of the British West Indies, it is rather to Canada that eyes are turned.

As far back as 1891 overtures were made by Canada to British Guiana for a reciprocity treaty. British Guiana's answer was 'No,' on the ground that an arrangement of such a character would be preferred with the United States, and the British Guiana Government would not enter into any arrangement which might prevent reciprocity with the United States. To judge from recent expressions of authoritative business opinion in British Guiana, the answer of Georgetown to any such suggestion from Ottawa would be different to-day. The question put to me more than once in Demerara was this: —

> Would Canada admit us as a province of the Dominion, or at least as her tropical annex? We feel [I was told in so many words] stifled at times by Colonial Office methods. We admit faults in our past political ways, and the cumbrousness of our old Dutch constitution, but no Britisher likes to be talked to as a somewhat superior schoolmaster talks to a somewhat naughty schoolboy. Whitehall would not talk like that to Ottawa. Also we see what has come from Canadian methods in the development of such hinterlands as Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia possess. Our hinterland in British Guiana is no less full of unreaped riches.

Much might be said in comment upon any such appeal. British Guiana is not as Quebec and Ontario. Problems of their own continent and climate seem to satisfy Canadian statesmen and people of this generation, to say nothing of their perplexing relations with lands overseas, such as Japan. Have Canadians not always blessed

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their immunity from a color problem of the kind that harasses the thinking citizen of the United States? Of the 300,000 people in British Guiana all but 12,500 are classed as 'colored,' and of the 940,000 in Jamaica the 'whites' are only 14,500. The future may bring surprising changes in political relations between the countries of North and South America, and in years to come a puissant Canada may look politically toward the tropics as the United States has done. But for the present it is enough to think of an economic relationship, and under the Canada-British West Indies Trade Agreements trade exchanges are certainly developing. Here are the percentage figures: —

Imports into British West Indies

	1912 (No Treaty)	1920 (First Treaty in Effect)	Latest Statistics (1926)
From United Kingdom	38.6	29.0	29.17
From United States	37.2	45.6	32.5
From Canada	8.6	13.9	20.4

Exports from British West Indies
(Domestic Produce)

To United Kingdom	24.3	42.3	27.3
To United States	36.1	24.0	32.1
To Canada	21.9	19.4	20.6

There has been delay in carrying out certain clauses of the last trade agreement, as, for instance, the vital clauses affecting direct and up-to-date steamship services for passengers and refrigerated goods, but these obstacles are now being removed. At the close of this year the means of steamship intercommunication will be greatly increased, and tourists to colonies like Jamaica will find awaiting them a Canadian Government hotel as magnificent as those which Canadian governmental and railway enterprise provides all through Canada itself. The first-class hotel accommodation of Jamaica will be no longer exclusively American. Canadian enterprise is already well placed in the bauxite industry of British Guiana, and a wide field for Canadian as well as British capital and initiative is afforded by the sugar, fruit, rice, and timber industries of several of the colonies.

Other changes of much importance are affecting relations with Great Britain. Empire has taken on a new meaning for the majority of the British people. The family feeling has entered into the British mind, and it can no longer be said that the immediate benefits of free imports from all the world are of more consequence in British opinion than the future of the Empire overseas. In the British House of Commons we are kept up o' nights because some among us seek party capital over questions of Empire preference. But the number of attackers and the force of their attack are always on the decline. As men of all parties go more overseas they come to realize the profound effect of Empire development upon the welfare of the British home population. We in England begin to feel that the Empire is a heritage which it is the especial duty of our generation to cherish and develop, and our kinsfolk overseas know that a new and vivifying influence is at work. 'England does really care,' was the universal comment in the British West Indies and other colonies when Empire sugar was given a substantial preference in the British market for a period of ten years, and a like comment in all parts of the Empire has been evoked by the fiscal favors now given to other Empire products like tobacco and such manufactures as come under the McKenna duties and the key industry and safeguarding schedules of the British tariff. The field of preference is, of course, restricted so long as the British elector thinks more of merchanting

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than of production, of cheapness than of the greater power to purchase, but other forces are at work. I have space to mention two only.

The Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture is beginning to radiate a unifying and stimulating influence from Trinidad all over our tropical possessions. So is the newly formed Empire Marketing Board, with its grants to encourage efforts of self-reform in such vital modern requirements as better production, effective coöperation, and up-to-date marketing.

I lay stress upon this kind of imperial help because it is by uniting in encouragement to self-help, in 'pushing' rather than in 'leaning,' that we can best work together in the cause of Empire. We have leaned too long both at home and overseas; we begin to see its fatal consequences.

A negro boatman was taking me out for a swim one glorious morning at Port Antonio, Jamaica, last January.

'Are n't you an M.P.?' he said.

I admitted the offense.

'Then I want to ask you a question: What's the Royal Government going to do for us?'

'What do you mean by the Royal Government?'

'The King's Government, of course.'

'What,' I asked, 'do you want them to do?'

'Well,' was the reply, 'you see that mountain. There are swamps near by. Why can't the Royal Government get men to work like in Panama, fill the swamps with the mountains, and give us plenty of good land for our own?'

The incident may carry a moral for other Britishers than those of the British West Indies.

SOVIET RUSSIA AND ITALY[1]

BY LUIGI VILLARI

Political and commercial relations between the various civilized Powers and Soviet Russia a few years ago were regarded as one of the greatest international problems, and the re-establishment of normal trade conditions with the latter was believed to be essential for the restoration of economic health to post-war Europe. But the importance of commercial relations with Russia has been largely exaggerated. The vast size and population of the country and its undoubted natural resources have tended to deceive foreign observers as to its actual possibilities, as distinguished from the possibilities of a very remote and uncertain future. It is an illusion not unlike that which blinded Europe as to the political and military strength of Russia. Throughout the nineteenth century Europe was under the incubus of Russian almightiness, although, whenever that almightiness was put to the test, it proved largely fictitious. The defeats of Russia in the Crimea, the enormous difficulties which she encountered in her campaigns against a weak Power like Turkey, and her crushing defeat in the Russo-Japanese

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly)

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War, did not serve to enlighten the rest of the world as to Russia's real weakness. Even her final collapse in the World War and the disintegration of the country as a result of the revolution have not sufficed to open the eyes of the people of other countries; and the activities of the Soviet Government and the disorganized Red army, useless for international war, have also been to a large extent exaggerated. Although the intentions of Soviet Russia were undoubtedly directed toward the destruction of European civilization, its capacity for accomplishing it is, to say the least, problematic. She was able to do a great deal of harm in the immediate post-war years, when all Europe was in a state of weary collapse, but she has not succeeded in disintegrating any single country; everywhere salutary reactions have defeated these attempts.

Similarly, the economic possibilities of Russia have been much exaggerated. The disorganization of her economic system, already apparent under the Tsarist régime, has precipitated into chaos, and while in the first years of Soviet rule the foreign trade of Russia was practically nil, even in more recent times, when a semblance of order has been reëstablished, its total amount is still very small.

As for Italy, while she did not at first recognize or conclude any agreements with Soviet Russia, that country exercised a considerable influence over Italian internal conditions. Relations between the Russian Bolsheviki and the Italian subversive parties were very intimate, and the Italian Socialists' party at the Bologna Congress of 1919 assumed the style of 'Maximalist' to stress its subservience to Moscow. Russian money helped to finance the various revolutionary outbreaks in Italy during the years 1919–1922, and direct encouragement was given to the great political strikes of that period. Even after the split between the Communists and the Socialists at the Leghorn Congress of 1921, when the Bulgarian Jew, Kabatchev, in the name of Soviet Russia, pronounced the major excommunication against the Socialists, there was never a real break between the latter and Russian Bolshevism. Great pressure was brought to bear on the Government, both by the various subversive groups and by certain business men who hoped to secure new outlets, to recognize Soviet Russia, and negotiations to that effect were begun. A trade delegation was admitted to Italy, and a Russian political delegation attended the Genoa Conference in 1922. A first agreement with Russia was concluded in December 1921; another commercial convention was signed at Genoa in May 1922; but the Soviet Government refused to ratify it. A beginning of commercial relations between the two countries was effected and a certain amount of trade carried on. When Signor Mussolini came into power in October 1922 he felt strong enough to recognize Russia, and on February 7, 1924, a regular commercial treaty was concluded with her, as his Government need have no fear of illicit interference by Soviet agents in Italian internal affairs. A Russian embassy was established in Rome, but the Soviet Government well knew that the Fascisti would not stand any nonsense, and consequently abstained from political intrigues in Italy of the kind unblushingly practised in other countries.

It is difficult to conceive of two more radically different systems of government than those of Russia and Italy. That of Italy stands for reconstruction, progress in every field, and the rehabilitation of spiritual

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values, whereas Soviet Russia represents the exact contrary of all this. But such divergences need not necessarily preclude the maintenance of relations in the political and economic field. It is to Italy's interest that normal relations be established with Russia, as anything which contributes to restore normal conditions is beneficial to all countries, Italy included. That this has not yet been possible is due to the peculiar methods of the Soviet Government, in the economic as well as the political field, and its attempts to play one foreign country off against another have contributed very considerably to prevent a return of normal intercourse.

There is reason to believe that Russia's economic and financial conditions are at the present moment so bad that she will be forced, sooner or later, to come to terms with the civilized world or perish. No doubt she may be able to secure such assistance, but it is to the common interest that before granting it very stringent guaranties should be obtained. No country has any wish to burn its fingers in the process, as has happened in the past, and as Joseph Chamberlain once said, in speaking of relations with prerevolutionary Russia, when eating with the Devil it is advisable to use a long spoon. The story of Italo-Russian commercial relations is characteristic of the difficulties of dealing with Russia, and may afford a useful lesson on the advantages of a common policy in this field, although it is well to bear in mind that, however satisfactory a basis may be found for trade between Russia and the rest of the world, such trade cannot for a long time amount to very large figures. There should be no illusions on this point.

The balance in Italo-Russian commercial relations, which have never been very important, has always been strongly in Russia's favor, except in 1921–22. In that fiscal year, the first in which trade on any scale was undertaken between the two countries, Russia exported 70,000 — the figures represent the worth of goods in rubles — to Italy, while Italian exports to Russia amounted to 2,156,000. In 1922–23 the position was reversed, and Italy exported 743,000 to Russia, while she imported 3,362,000. In 1924–25 Russian exports to Italy amounted to 15,433,000, while those from Italy to Russia were 5,237,000. The following year the disproportion was less great, as Russian exports to Italy were 33,481,000, while those from Italy to Russia were 23,196,000, although the balance was still favorable to Russia. In 1926–27 the balance was again excessively favorable to Russia, whose exports were 37,658,000, as against only 3,152,000 from Italy.

The causes of the smallness of these totals and of the fact that the balance is so favorable to Russia are various. In the first place, the monopoly of foreign trade enjoyed by the Soviet Government, while it tends to restrict trade in general very considerably, reacts more unfavorably, in the first instance, on imports than on exports. Russia's systematic policy is to develop exports and restrict imports, and it is able, through its foreign trade monopoly, to control trade in this sense. The fact that exports from Russia are not even larger than they are is due to the general poverty, backwardness, and lack of development of the country, and to the handicaps placed by the Soviet system on all forms of production. If imports are still less important, it is on account of the restrictive methods of the Government.

The only way in which it would be possible for Italy — and the same remark applies to some other countries

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— to increase her export trade to Russia would be by creating a centralized organization for financing and assisting exports to Russia, so as to place Italian firms dealing with Russia on something like the same footing as the Russian Government trade monopoly. No single business man or firm is capable of negotiating satisfactorily with an organization like the Russian Government, whose peculiar methods place it in a position of exceptional advantage in every individual transaction, although, of course, in the long run those very methods end by reacting against Russia herself, as is proved by the comparatively trifling proportions of Russia's whole foreign trade. An organization of this kind was created in 1921, the C. I. C. E. (*Consorzio italiano commercio estero*), with offices in Riga; branches were subsequently opened in Moscow, Odessa, Kharkof, and Tiflis. At first the business transacted through the C. I. C. E. was small, but by 1924 it began to assume greater importance, and enabled Italian exporters to increase their sales to Russia. It is a fact that Italian exports increased from 1,037,000 rubles' worth in 1923–24 to 23,196,000 in 1925–26. The existence and activities of such an organization were enough to alarm the Soviet authorities, and they at once began to place obstacles in its way. The pretext alleged was that the C. I. C. E. charged higher prices than the individual producers. This may have been true; but by acting through a central organization the producers enjoyed other advantages, and the real reason for the Russian Government's hostility to the C. I. C. E. was that it saw in it a possible rival to its own foreign trade monopoly, a danger to its privileged position in dealing with foreign traders, and a danger, as it thought, of an increase in foreign imports. Although Russia is in desperate need of foreign imports, which in the long run would help her exports, the Soviet Government is so blinded by its ignorance of ordinary economic laws that it only sees a danger in increased foreign imports. It has made the operations of the C. I. C. E. practically impossible, and Russo-Italian trade continues to decline. Nor is there any likelihood of an improvement until the Russian Government changes its methods.

As an instance of the difficulties placed in the way of foreign trade the following is typical. The Soviet Government expressed a desire to purchase a certain number of merchant steamers abroad, and was apparently anxious to place some of these orders in Italy. But it insisted on deferred payment for six years, the first installments not to be paid until ten months after the delivery of the ships. The Italian shipbuilders were prepared at all events to consider this proposal, but they asked for a guaranty in the shape of a mortgage to be placed on the ships delivered until payment had been effected. To this the Soviet Government refused to agree, on the alleged pretext that such a clause was contrary to the Soviet Constitution.

Yet while it places every obstacle in the way of foreign trade and refuses the most reasonable guaranties, which are all the more necessary for a government with such a record as that of the Soviets, the latter is constantly demanding industrial credits and loans from all foreign countries. The negotiations with Germany have followed a course not very different from those with Italy. German manufacturers and exporters were complaining that their activities in Russia were handicapped in every way, while Russian undertakings in Germany

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enjoyed the fullest freedom. The Russian interpretation of the Russo-German commercial treaty has caused such profound dissatisfaction in German business circles that negotiations were begun last spring to reëxamine the whole position, although there is no intention on Germany's part, at all events for the present, of denouncing the treaty. German exports to Russia, like those from Italy, have been constantly diminishing, in spite of the large credits accorded by Germany to Russia. Yet Russia is ever asking for fresh advances. Last winter she applied for a new credit of 600,000,000 marks to be reimbursed in five to ten years, but the German Government rejected the request. Germans, too, concluded that the only satisfactory method of dealing with Russia was through a banking organization *ad hoc* to centralize all German business with that country, always in view, as in the case of Italy, of setting up a body capable of negotiating with the Russian Government foreign trade monopoly on a footing of equality. But Russia raised objections to this idea, while she attempted, without success, to get the Soviet loans admitted to the Berlin Bourse.

All these facts point to one conclusion: for any single firm to deal with Russia is to run a very serious risk, for which no adequate guaranties are forthcoming. Each country would be in a better position to deal with Russia if all its transactions were carried out and financed through a single organization. It may be that the organizations of this kind which have been created were not the most perfect, and that some of them proved unequal to the task. But the principle is unquestionably sound. To go a step farther, the best method would be for the centralized organizations created for dealing with Russia in the various countries to come to an agreement among themselves to pool their activities and form a sort of international clearing house for Russian trade. This is necessary, inasmuch as all the countries of the civilized world have one method of doing business, and Russia has another radically different one. The governments themselves would find it to their advantage to conclude a further agreement laying down identical conditions for any loan which might eventually be made to Russia. Russia in the larger negotiations for foreign loans, as in the smaller deals concerning industrial credits and purchases from individual producers, is constantly playing off one country or one firm against another, and sometimes resorts to quite childish 'terminological inexactitudes' so as to induce A to believe that B or C is offering her better terms. Thus, to quote a single instance, when negotiating for the purchase of Italian ships, the Russians informed the Italian shipbuilders and the Government that the German shipyards had offered ships on very favorable terms, including deferred payment for six years. It did not prove difficult to ascertain that the period of deferred payment offered by the Germans was only forty-two months, and that the other conditions were also less favorable than was made out. The Soviet authorities at times appear quite touchingly ingenuous in their belief that the so-called bourgeois countries will advance unlimited sums to Russia without demanding any guaranties, either that these sums be covered by reasonable security or that they will not be employed to strengthen the revolutionary activities of the Komintern abroad. A foreign diplomat stated this very bluntly to one of the leading Soviet officials, who calmly denied that the Komintern carried on

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any revolutionary activities in foreign countries at all!

Whatever causes of disagreement there may be between the various countries of Europe and America on other matters, there appears to be every reason for a common policy toward Russia, at all events in the economic and financial field. An increase in the trade between Russia and the rest of the world would no doubt be advantageous to all concerned, especially to the people of Russia; but that increase can only be brought about by a common policy. It is possible that Russia can secure an important foreign loan (as distinguished from industrial credits), of which she is in desperate need, only on such conditions as may involve a radical change in the Soviet system of government, — the abolition of the government monopoly of foreign trade, which is one of the main buttresses of that régime, might be one of them, — but that is for the Russian Government itself to decide. But unless the very stringent conditions which the eventual lenders may find it necessary to demand are complied with, foreign financial assistance is not at all likely to be forthcoming.

GREECE TO-DAY[1]

BY SIR HERBERT SAMUEL

We have not perhaps fully appreciated in Great Britain the remarkable transformation that has been taking place in Greece. To any visitor who has not had reason to keep in touch with the events of recent years the chief impression is one of surprise. The area of Greece has been doubled in the last twenty years. The population has been more than doubled. It was two and a half millions; it is now approaching six and a half. Athens has expanded with still greater rapidity. Continuous buildings unite it with its suburb of Phaleron and its port at the Piræus; it has become the largest city in South-eastern Europe, far surpassing Constantinople: the Acropolis towers above a spreading modern town, with a population of close upon a million people.

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily)

The world has taken little note of the immense immigration of refugees from Asia Minor and other war-stricken territories. After the disasters of 1921, nearly a million and a half homeless people flocked into Greece, and have been found room and livelihood. Adding to these the number of Moslems who left Greek territory in exchange, and some minor migrations, it is estimated that in a space of two or three years no fewer than two millions of people permanently changed their country of habitation. I can recall no instance in history of so vast a mass movement in so short a time.

The impression of surprise is strengthened by the activity of the internal development which is proceeding. Ten years of war, followed by intense political dissensions, and by the strain of absorbing this immense

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and sudden influx of population, have not exhausted the energies of an active and ambitious people. A whole series of economic measures, well devised and large in their scope, are already in hand or have been definitely initiated.

I had the opportunity, during a recent visit, of learning the views of some of the leading men in the Administration and in commerce, as well as of Englishmen long resident in the country. I found a general feeling that Greece had now emerged from her period of stress and confusion, an impression that there was a good prospect of orderly and rapid development. For these hopes to be realized certain conditions, however, are clearly necessary. They are obvious to every foreign observer, as they must be obvious to every Greek.

The first is a prolonged period of peace. If the Western countries have felt exhaustion after four years of war, they can appreciate the effects of a succession of wars which have extended over a whole decade. The combativeness of the Balkan peoples is notorious in the modern history of Europe. It may be attributed, in no small degree, to their long subordination to the Turks. For any nation under Turkish rule the ideal is not peace, but liberty. The man most to be honored is the fighter; the only patriotism is that of the warrior; the only national history is a succession of revolts, with their defeats or their victories. These tendencies persist. Not in one generation or in two can an attitude of mind ingrained during centuries be changed. But now that the Greek population of Asia Minor has been withdrawn, and almost the whole of the Greek-speaking territories have been redeemed, it may be hoped that the energies of this country at least will be definitely set to pacific courses. Under the ægis of the League of Nations, which recently has twice averted disputes that in former days would have been likely to result in armed conflict, the country may hope to enjoy that freedom from war which is the first condition of its well-being.

The second is clearly a settled and stable Administration. After a brief experience of dictatorship, the Greek people have returned to their democracy. They have refused to fall back upon the less developed forms of government to which some other Mediterranean peoples have found themselves obliged to resort. The parties of the Centre, both Republican and Royalist, combined to form an effective Government, which has commanded a substantial majority in the Parliament. A Constitution, recently revised, provides for the establishment of a Second Chamber, an institution which Greece has not possessed for nearly half a century; the appointed time for putting this provision into effect has now arrived. The system of election for the Lower Chamber is that of proportional representation. It has been in force as yet at only one general election, and the results have made it the subject of much criticism; but it is unlikely that any proposal for its abolition will be pressed until further experience has been gained.

There have been signs that the concentration of the national mind upon politics, which many British observers have criticized from time to time as excessive, is diminishing; other fields of activity, industrial and intellectual, are attracting in an increasing degree the energies of the younger generation. It is a disappointment to those who are watching with sympathy the present development of Greece that within the last few days a fresh political crisis should have occurred which has led to the resignation of the Zaimis Govern-

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ment and may affect its constructive work.

For the third condition is the stabilization of the national finances. To effect this had been the chief aim of the late Government. It had been fortunate in possessing in M. Caphandaris a Minister of Finance who has won a wide measure of confidence, both in Greece and elsewhere, by his tenacious and successful efforts on behalf of a sound financial policy. The currency, on which everything depends, has been kept at approximately the same level for the last eighteen months, and the rate that has been maintained in practice has been given this month legal validity. At the same time a new bank of issue, entitled the Bank of Greece, has been established and the provision of currency wholly separated from ordinary banking business.

Whether these three conditions — peace, stable government, sound finance — will or will not be maintained lies in the realm of prophecy. Greece has many questions demanding negotiation with her neighbors, but none that need be dangerous. The existence of an International Financial Commission, established thirty years ago, helps to give confidence to the foreign investor; a stable currency and a balanced Budget will confirm it.

For the rest, a large variety of measures of development are in hand. The Greek Government has not been too proud to recognize that the country needs the assistance of foreign capital and of the expert staffs of foreign contractors. The water supply of Athens, which is still dependent upon an aqueduct built by Hadrian, is to be made adequate to modern needs. An American company is actively engaged upon the work, and in a few years from now the widespread city will be able not only to obtain a sufficient supply for drinking purposes and for sanitation, but also to cope with its dust and to enlarge its gardens. A contract has lately been signed with a British group for a loan of six million pounds, as a first installment, and for its expenditure upon new arterial roads throughout the country and the much-needed reconstruction of many of the existing roads. A great scheme for the drainage of the valleys of the Struma and the Vardar in Macedonia has already been begun; a large extent of land will be made available for settlement, and the prevalence of malaria, of which the British Saloniki expedition had bitter experience, will be abated.

In a different sphere, again, foreign assistance has been invited; a British police mission has introduced with success the methods of Scotland Yard into the police administration of the capital, as well as of other large towns; and the traffic between the Stadium and the Temple of Olympian Zeus is regulated on the approved principles of Piccadilly and Regent Street. The adoption of the Western calendar is another sign of modernization. In a score of ways the visitor is brought to the conclusion that the pulse of a vigorous energy is animating the life of the country, giving promise of a period of marked national progress.

Suppose that Great Britain were suddenly called upon to absorb a population of ten million immigrants of our own nationality, arriving from overseas in disorganized masses, mostly destitute; to provide them with houses, land, and employment; to fit them, as best we could, into the complex organization of our industry, our agriculture, our political system — that would give a measure of the task which Greece was called upon to face six years ago. Her small population had to receive and to absorb 1,400,000 refugees. Of these a million were Greeks, driven from Asia Minor after

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the defeats in the war with Turkey. Thirty thousand were Armenians who came with them (a larger number arrived in the first rush, but many left again for other destinations). The remainder were Greeks from Constantinople, Eastern Thrace, Bulgaria, South Russia, and the Caucasus. To cope with this formidable problem has been the chief work of the Greek nation since then.

The situation was eased by the fact that, under the arrangement for the exchange of populations, 380,000 Moslems and 50,000 Bulgarians quitted Greek territory at the same time, leaving vacant their lands and houses. Many districts also, particularly in Macedonia, had been underpopulated; and there were large areas of waterlogged and uncultivated land, which only needed drainage to provide good agricultural holdings. Had the immigration been to a country already crowded and fully developed, the position would have been impossible. As it was, it was difficult enough. The task was vast; it was urgent; it was far beyond the scope of the local resources.

Yet for many months Greece was left to cope as best she could, aided only by the Red Cross and other voluntary organizations, with the floods of refugees which poured in, tide after tide. In the summer of 1923 the League of Nations came to her help. In advance of the measures that were being framed, the Bank of England provided a million pounds for the most urgent needs. Soon after, a loan, with international guaranties, furnished large resources; a Commission, with an international membership, provided an expert organization; the Greek Government and people gave their best energies to the work. Now, after five years, the immense task is nearing its completion.

I had the opportunity of visiting three of the settlements. Adjoining Athens a new suburb has been built, to which the name of Byron has been given. It has some ten thousand inhabitants, belonging mainly to the middle classes. Not far away is another large new quarter, inhabited by working people, who are engaged in a great variety of industries. In the Peloponnesus, in the plain below the citadel of Argos, I visited an agricultural village, with a population of some fifteen hundred people; it is situated in a large stretch of fertile land, previously marshy and largely derelict, and redeemed by the colonists by the cutting of canals. The villagers cultivate this land, but most of the families have other occupations as well. They make carpets; they work at various other handicrafts; they are skilled in the culture of the silkworm; they fish in the Gulf of Nauplia near by.

The new population of Greece is of a good type; the opinion is often expressed that, on the average, it has a higher standard than the old. The communities came away en masse — artisans and shopkeepers, merchants and agriculturists, lawyers and doctors. If they brought little in goods or capital, they brought much in skill and industry. The farmers are expert in the production of tobacco, currants, vegetables, wheat, maize, silk; the handicraftsmen in the manufacture of carpets of the highest grade, of pottery, and of the ordinary articles of domestic use. Naturally, the individual settlers are of varied characteristics, but in general the refugees impress the visitor, as they have impressed the members of the International Commission and all others who have had close acquaintance with them, as a self-respecting, self-reliant, and industrious population. The influx, at first a burden, is already becoming a strength. In a few years' time the immigrants will effect a great addition to the pro-

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ductivity, the revenue, the whole of the national resources, of Greece.

Rather less than half the refugees have settled in Athens, Saloniki, and the other towns; rather more than half have settled in the agricultural districts. There are a number of new villages scattered here and there in various parts of the country, but the great majority concentrated in Southern Macedonia. Indeed, four fifths of the agricultural settlers have been established in that province. The consequence has been a complete change in the character of the part of Macedonia which is now included within the Greek frontiers. The exchange of populations has resulted there in a large degree of homogeneity. It is no longer a *macédoine* of mixed fruits.

According to the reports of the International Commission, in 1912 the Greeks formed 43 per cent of the inhabitants of that area; they now form 89 per cent. The Moslems, who were 40 per cent, have all gone. The Bulgarians, who were 10 per cent, are now half that proportion. The remaining elements have been reduced from 9 per cent to 6 per cent. The Balkan situation cannot fail to become more stable through the change.

In Western Thrace, which is part of Greece, there is still a large Moslem population — about a third of the whole; they send four Deputies of their own to the Greek Chamber to represent their interests. The Greek inhabitants of Constantinople were also exempted from the exchange. But with those exceptions the geographical frontier between Greece and Turkey has become a racial boundary also, giving better hope of a gradual ending of the age-long enmity between the two.

It is easy to imagine how many, and how varied and difficult, were the problems which faced the Commission appointed by the League of Nations. These hundreds of villages, with their brown-brick, red-tiled, single-storied houses, adequate in their accommodation, though too uniform, perhaps, in their architecture and arrangement; these areas of farm land, sometimes in great stretches, sometimes in scattered patches, green under the crops in the spring; these single streets or spreading suburbs in and around the towns — they are all the outcome of an infinity of negotiation, planning, administrative detail. The people had to be distributed so that each settlement should be as homogeneous as possible; lands had to be divided fairly; troubles with the neighboring population had to be avoided or accommodated; a land survey was nonexistent and had to be undertaken; the Commission found itself obliged to build no fewer than seventy thousand new houses — in addition to thirty thousand built by the State; it was necessary to equip the farms with stock and implements and many of the villages with new water supplies; malaria, which at the outset worked havoc in many places, had to be fought; land drainage and tree-planting had to be promoted, the industries which the refugees had brought with them to be encouraged, new industries, such as the cultivation of cotton and hemp, to be stimulated.

All these problems, and many more, taxed the energies and absorbed the resources of the Commission. By dint of incessant effort, and with the active help of successive Greek governments, the initial difficulties have been mostly overcome, and the greater part of the work has been completed. Much, no doubt, remains to be done in many directions. A generation must pass before an undertaking so vast, initiated so quickly, can be consolidated. But the success that has already been at-

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tained cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to the League of Nations. For Greece it has brought a great strengthening of her economic resources, and a timely encouragement to her national morale.

The new main roads that are now to be constructed in many parts of the country will have their effect in the development of agriculture and internal trade; they will stimulate travel as well. With better access to the remoter places, the number of foreign visitors will increase and the provision of better accommodation will be encouraged. Even as things are, the beaten tracks are well beaten; in the principal tourist centres the discomforts are few. They are trivial in comparison with the interest of these places of renown. Their familiar associations, the abundant remains of the most brilliant of ancient civilizations, the unsurpassed beauty of the land in which they lie, will surely make Greece at no distant date the rival of Italy and Egypt and Palestine as the resort of travelers from all parts of the world.

Ever since the days, one hundred years ago, when the revival of Greece began, the British people have watched it with a close attention and have extended to it a wholly disinterested support. Statesmen have helped it in times of crisis; poets and scholars, historians and archæologists, have aided its advance. The results are justifying the expectations. The new Greece, emerging from a critical period with her territory doubled, her population consolidated, her foreign relations simplified, should, if internal stability be assured, see opening before her an era of peaceful and self-reliant progress which would fulfill the best hopes of a Byron or a Gladstone.

NEW TRAVELS IN ARABIA[1]

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

FROM MECCA TO MEDINA

SUMMER in Mecca is slowly drawing to a close. The terrible heat of the past few months is gradually turning to a lingering warmth that makes the shut-in city oppressive enough, although the air is at last breathable. During the pilgrimage the heat was so intense that it almost dissolved the countless thousands of visitors in their own perspiration. But now that they have gone away one can breathe freely again and walk peacefully through the quiet streets. Meanwhile Ibn Saud is preparing to go home to Nejd.

The extent of his kingdom, and the lack of proper telegraphic communications except the lines from Jidda to Mecca and from Jidda to Rabegh, make it necessary for him to maintain two capitals. During the six months that pilgrims from all over the world pour into Mecca that city automatically becomes the centre of the Arabian Kingdom. It is also the permanent seat of administation, on account of its proximity to the coast. Ibn Saud

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican daily)

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spends the other six months of the year in his native city of Riyadh. Automobiles have made the move between his two residences easier than ever before, and a squadron of thirty or forty machines, including touring cars for himself and his court, as well as trucks for his bodyguard, enables the King to journey from one city to the other in a few days. There are no roads at all in Arabia, but, luckily for the royal chauffeurs, their automobiles are somehow able to get through the desert country.

'I have already asked you to visit Nejd,' Ibn Saud said to me one day, 'but it is far away. Won't you come with me in my automobile to Riyadh?'

'May Allah lengthen your days, O King,' I replied. 'Why should I need an automobile? Why should I climb into a machine here in Mecca and arrive at Riyadh only five or six days later without having seen any more of Nejd than deserts, mountains, and sand dunes, and perhaps a few faint human figures on the horizon? If it is agreeable to you, I would rather have a camel — may Allah lengthen your days — than all forty of your automobiles.'

Ibn Saud laughed, and replied: 'Are you so eager, then, to see my Bedouins? Let me assure you in advance that they are a dirty people, and that my country of Nejd is a desert country devoid of charm. The food is bad — just rice and meat every day. But if you really want to ride on a camel, so be it; and perhaps you will not regret the experience once you make the acquaintance of my people. They know nothing, and they don't amount to much, but their hearts are full of good faith.'

The following journey was therefore planned for me. I was to travel by automobile to Medina by way of Jidda, and I was to remain at Medina some two weeks. The Emir or Governor was then to furnish me with camels and guides, who would bring me to Haïl. The Emir of Haïl would then arrange for the continuance of my journey for the rest of the way to Riyadh.

Thus it came to pass that after the King had departed for Riyadh we found ourselves setting forth on our journey by automobile. Our party included myself and my eleven-year-old adopted son, Heinrich, the first European boy who had ever ventured into this part of Arabia, and my servant Nur, an Afghan from Kandahar. We had forgotten Europe months ago, and had become real Arabs. My beard was an inch long, and a piece of red cloth protected my head from the rays of the sun. My garments reached to my ankles, and my brown Arabian coat, or abba, covered me completely. My companions were dressed in the same way, and only our white skin showed that we were foreigners.

In two days' time our automobile traversed the stretch of country that had taken us five months of painful plodding to negotiate on camels when we had entered the city. All around us lay the sunlit desert, with distant mountain peaks to our left and right. From time to time pebbles would rattle against the mudguards of our machine, and occasionally our wheels would sink into the soft sand. The desert flew past us under a heaven of steely blue, and the stillness was only broken by the wind whistling in our ears.

To the eastward we see the ruins of old watchtowers on the tops of hills. They date back to bygone centuries when brigands ruled the Hejaz and even the messengers of the Emir of Mecca had to guard their lives with weapons and pistols. But under the iron hand of Ibn Saud all these robbers have been transformed into peaceful peasants, and the old watchtowers, now nothing but ruined anachronisms, smile down upon the peaceful plain.

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In a bare two hours we see the ocean ahead of us, glittering and blue through the heat waves. Between us and this shimmering expanse of light lies Jidda, beautiful in the misty gray distance. The city rises vertically between desert and sea, looking thin-spun and weightless as a scene in some half-forgotten dream. To the left in the distance a camel caravan is creeping toward the city, and we see it outlined in sharp silhouette against the brilliant heaven, camel after camel walking in slow goose step over little eminences in the ground.

On the same evening we leave Jidda, and again the open desert stretches out before us, light gray in color. To our left lies the sea.

Night falls suddenly. We light our lamps, in whose brilliant glow we discern the outlines of the Hejaz coast. For the first few hours our road is easy to follow, for it consists simply of a straight path across a level plain. But gradually low dunes arise on either side, and our wheels sink into the sand. The stillness of the night is drowned out by the steady roar of the engine. As we circumvent the sand dunes in sharp curves, the boughs, like outstretched arms of invisible bushes, whip us in our faces. Presently, however, we again reach rocky ground, and pursue our noisy way through the night, until we finally draw up at a few shelters made of twisted palm leaves. Here we rest a few hours until sunrise, stretching ourselves out on the ground, and soon we fall into a deep sleep under the cool, starry sky.

When it becomes light we see that Rabegh is near at hand. It consists of nothing but a few tumbledown shacks where the pilgrims to Medina may buy coffee, and two or three shops where matches, flat loaves of bread, cheese, salt, and similar articles are for sale. The population consists of a few poor Bedouins who eke out a living from pilgrims. They surround us, dumbly hoping to receive bakshish. Their eyes betray hunger, and the half-naked little boys, handsome as bronze statues, fight wildly for any bits of bread that we leave behind, while the women, with veiled faces, stand coyly to one side. The Holy Land of Islam is a barren desert, and cannot nourish its children.

Far on the western horizon we see groups of palm trees that look dark blue in the early morning light. There stood the former city of Rabegh-on-the-Sea, where the sheik of the Harb Bedouins, a mighty Hejaz tribe, now resides. In the good old Turkish days and the time of the shereefs this sheik was a mighty ruler. All the pilgrim caravans going from Mecca to Medina had to pay him a toll if they wanted safe passage through his lands, for if they paid him they were protected from robbery until they came to the boundary where the territory of another robber chieftain began. Tribute to the Bedouin leaders, robbing, plundering, and then more tribute — these composed the eternal litany, the only breaks in the monotony of the pilgrimage. Now all is changed, and the sheik of Beni Harb, like his colleagues, has become a meek pensioner of Ibn Saud.

At noon we reach the little village of Mastura, where the poorest of the Harb Bedouins still live and sell water to travelers for a small amount of money. Here we turn northeast, heading inland across a succession of sandy plains and stony wastes. The desert is silent, and only a few forms of life exist. Frequently a jumping mouse leaps across our path. He is a little gray bundle of fur with a long tail, and he disappears into a hole half concealed by thorny shrubs. High in the air fly birds that look something like larks. Now and

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then we pass a caravan of camels, with tired pilgrims who regard us enviously from the backs of their lazy animals, especially since the noise we make always scares these beasts of burden.

At sunset we come upon a rocky hill and enter a rocky valley full of holes. This is a pass that the robbers once used as a toll station, for it is so narrow that two men could hold up thousands of travelers. Nowadays such a state of affairs seems legendary, and as we are making our way through the narrow pass we notice a piece of bright silk cloth from Java lying upon the roadside, half-discolored by the winter rains. One of the numerous Javan pilgrims must have dropped it in this spot last year, and no one has yet dared to pick it up, since according to the laws of Ibn Saud anyone who keeps what he finds is guilty of robbery and therefore must lose his right hand.

We spend our second night at Bir Ali, and at sunrise set forth on the last leg of our journey, following the stony bed of a broad dried-up stream, where thorny bushes and wild acacias grow. Not far to our left rises a brownish gray chain of mountains, full of holes and crevices. An occasional solitary tree stands at the foot of these hills. To the right, much farther away, rises a parallel chain. Its lower part looks opal green in the morning light, and its upper part presents a bright lilac appearance. Between the two mountain chains stretches the flat pebbly surface of the river bed, full of gullies running in all directions. On the peaks of the mountains stand ruined watchtowers.

On our right the landscape widens out, and during the last stretch of our journey our engine begins to boil. We come upon an ancient road that goes over one of the mountains. Centuries ago men hewed steps in the rock so that the pilgrim caravans could climb more easily. But to-day this carefully built street has fallen to pices, luckily for the automobiles. Rain, wind, and the passing years have worn the steps so smooth that it is now possible for an automobile to pass over them. When we finally reach the crest of the hill we see Medina in the plain before us. It is a big city full of plantations and palm gardens, forming a complete contrast to the dry, wasted appearance of Mecca. A high cupola juts out of the mass of house roofs. It is the mosque where the Prophet is buried. Five lofty minarets in the Turkish style, with conelike roofs, watch over it. They rise slender and proud into the soft air.

THE CITY OF MEDINA

Our party halts at Medina. Just in front of the western door of the city, to our left, lie the remains of the railway station, the former terminus of the Hejaz Railway. It is a solid stone building in the modern Oriental style, but it has fallen to pieces. The doors and windows are open, and the roof has been ripped to pieces by bombs. The railway tracks have been eaten away with rust, and the railway sheds, with their tumbledown corrugated iron roofs, as well as the shattered water tower and battered cars, show the results of heavy bombardment.

They also call to mind the last Turkish Governor, Fachri Pasha, who spent an entire year in Medina during the war, cut off from the outside world, and holding out against the rebellious Arabs of Shereef Hussein. The city remained unconquered until the war ended, and even when Turkey was required to hand over the Hejaz to Shereef Hussein, in acccordance with the Treaty of Sèvres, Fachri Pasha refused to resign. He flouted the express orders of the Sultan and kept on fighting and defending the city. Finally a few officers in his entourage

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were bribed to betray him to Hussein's son, Ali.

We entered the city through a big stone door, for Medina is surrounded by walls, and crossed a wide empty square. The street we followed, which was built by Fachri Pasha and which still bears his name, was also deserted, and we followed it until we arrived at the various dwellings that the Emir occupies. A black slave in a long red coat, with a gold-encrusted dagger at his waist and a sword inlaid with silver in his hand, leads us up the high narrow steps of the Emir's reception room, which consists of a simple chamber with red-upholstered sofas and chairs. The Emir is absent. We wait. Servants and officials enter and whisper to each other, amazed at the appearance of these white-skinned men. 'A Turk?' they ask. 'No, an Alemani (a German).'

'An Alemani in Medina! Someone from the land of the *Abu chamsa?*'

'Abu chamsa' means 'father of five,' and it is the Arabian word for the German Mauser gun.

'Yes, indeed, abu chamsa is a good weapon, the king of all weapons; and the Germans are good people.'

A clatter of horses' hoofs in the street. The Emir is coming. I look out the window and see a thin Nejd Arab about fifty years old, wearing gay, costly clothes. He leaps lightly from his horse and walks toward the house, surrounded by an agitated crowd. Presently he enters, and everyone rises. He utters a low greeting, sits cross-legged on the sofa at the window, and lays his curved sword with its ivory handle beside him. He orders coffee — 'Kahua.'

Servants take up the cry, repeating it over and over until it finally resounds from afar. This is a matter of ceremony which Arabian kings and emirs always follow. As the coffee is being poured out of a brass pitcher into little cups the Emir reads the King's letter which I handed him. His face is powerful, determined, yet full of kindness. It is the face of a warrior, with a sharp curving nose and a gray pointed beard. Beneath his high forehead and half hidden by heavy lids lie his brown eager eyes. They possess a tigerlike activity, and keep darting swiftly from side to side. At once you realize that this man is a member of the Ibn Saud school.

And now he raises his head from the paper and turns to me saying, '*Ahlan wa Sahlan*' (family and plain). This is the Arabian greeting, and means that here you are in the presence of your family, and it also expresses the hope that your path may be like a tranquil plain. Thanks to a favorable climate and good water, Medina possesses all the necessities that an Oriental town needs to keep alive. But here, as in Mecca, the pilgrimages are the chief source of revenue. There is hardly any native craftsmanship — almost as little as in Mecca. Various forms of agriculture, especially palm plantations, have been developed, and Medina dates are famous all over Arabia; but the city cannot produce enough of them. The pilgrimages lie upon it like a curse and prevent its natural development, for the hopes and activities of everyone are centred on the crowds of people who bring their beliefs and their money here from all parts of the world.

When the Hejaz Railway built a line to Medina from Damascus in 1909 this city appeared to be on the verge of an unprecedented period of prosperity. Streams of pilgrims flowed into Medina from Damascus and continued to the port of Yambo on the Red Sea, where they would sail to Jidda and then continue their way to Mecca. Imports poured into the city at a low price, and Medina for once became a significant factor in world business. Its in-

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habitants enjoyed a new prosperity all the year round.

Then came the World War, and the stream of pilgrims ceased immediately. Medina, with its walls and bastions, was a difficult citadel for Oriental troops to penetrate. Its inhabitants evacuated, and the revolt of Shereef Hussein cut it off from the outer world. In the course of the war the Hejaz Railway, which money from all over Islam had built in order to facilitate the pilgrimage, was destroyed by combined English and Arabian forces.

Peace came, but no long period of quiet. The inhabitants returned slowly and suspiciously, and only a few pilgrims dared to make the journey, since King Hussein's laxity gave the Hejaz Bedouins full rein to pursue their depredations. In those days, if an inhabitant of Medina wished to visit his plantation outside the city walls, he would have to go armed and accompanied by a Bedouin companion to assure him some safety from the attacks of other Bedouins.

Years passed, and a new war began when Ibn Saud invaded the country. Again Medina was shut up and besieged for a year. Peace came at last, but it was long in coming, and nothing was left of Medina but a dead skeleton of a city, with half its population gone, and deprived of its old prestige on account of the destruction of the Hejaz Railway. But there was at least one improvement, for general security at last prevailed. Under Ibn Saud's rule the inhabitants of Medina were at last able, after an incredible length of time, to venture beyond the walls of their city unarmed.

The contrasts between the former prosperity and the present poverty are visible on every street corner. The great luxurious mosque, with its marble columns, its carpets, and its rich donations from all over the world of Islam, looks like an island among the ruined streets that Fachri Pasha tore up but never had time to rebuild during his three-year term of office, when he was planning to modernize the town. Half-finished buildings, with wide-open windows, stare out upon narrow dusty bazaars. Houses built of heavy stone blocks, with galleries and lovely balconies, overlook empty streets. Poverty stalks abroad, not only in the bedraggled people on the street, but even in rich men's gardens that have seen better days, for their owners cannot afford to keep them up any more.

I drink tea with a distinguished citizen of Medina, an old man with a short white beard and little black sparkling eyes. He points to his garden door, through which I see an overgrown stone fountain, straggling palm trees, and overgrown paths.

'Look at that. There is Medina. For centuries we have based all our hopes on the pilgrims, and our hopes have been disappointed. We no longer see how we can live off the pilgrims. We want to work and develop industry and business, but we have no money. How shall we get money? Thus we are compelled to base our hopes on the pilgrims once more.'

The atmosphere in Medina is much more fresh and stimulating than in Mecca. No doubt the climate is also responsible for the fact that people walk the streets with a lighter tread and laugh more readily. The city itself presents a varied, gay appearance in spite of its dryness. Little groups pulsate with life about the old painted doors that are set at intervals in the walls of the inner town. Peddlers cry their wares with lusty voices. Bedouins from the surrounding country and from Nejd fill the narrow streets of the bazaar with their voluminous rustling garments. Indian pilgrims wander aimlessly about among the money changers. Hawkers bearing

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piles of carpets, cloaks, silver-inlaid swords, and brass coffee containers advertise their goods in loud voices, and passers-by are continually being tempted by great mountains of sweet melons.

In the big open square that lies between the inner town and the station hundreds of camels are quartered. These creatures belong to Bedouins, who use them to bring wood, butter, and hides into the city. Along the southern side of the square stand a number of mud houses and little shacks. This is the women's market. Bedouin women sit here, clothed in loose black garments and with veils before their faces. Ensconced under fringed tents, they sell water flasks made of sheep's leather, rope made of goat's hair, straw mats, and coarse black tent-coverings. The Medina sun is warm, but not parching, and it gives a mild, radiant light.

The big mosque contains the grave of Mohammed. Thirteen hundred years ago he was buried in the yard of the little house in which he dwelt, and the mosque that stands here now has been gradually built up and extended about the grave, the result being that this spot has become one of the chief attractions for Mohammedan pilgrims, although such devotion flatly contradicts the teachings of Islam, which forbid any cults about saints and graves, even the grave of the Prophet. This ancient doctrine, however, began to fall into disrepute long ago, and worship at Mohammed's grave was devoutly practised in Medina until the Wahabis triumphantly subdued the Hejaz. This religious movement insists upon returning to the ancient teachings of Islam, and it looks with horror upon paying any homage to holy men and their graves. The result is that Wahabis from Nejd guard the grave to-day. They are tall, slender men with red cloths on their heads and long poles in their hands. They expel any pilgrim who attempts to pray at the grave, for they are the upholders of a new tradition that is seeking to lead Islam back to its pure, holy origins.

Will the Wahabis attain their purpose even so far as members of their own cult are concerned? They make a great point of following the right path, but perhaps they do not possess sufficient spiritual development to stir Islam to its depths. They make the naïve basic error of wanting to apply the Koran to the letter. The truth is that all the symbols and allegories that the genius of Mohammed conjured up for his simple followers should only be taken as general ethical teaching. Yet the Nejd Wahabis, like most other Moslems, believe that everything he said applied literally to the world of reality.

You must possess a high degree of philosophic intuition to understand the obscurities of the language of the Koran. Only a few Mohammedans, and scarcely any Europeans, have yet been able to do this, for it is in this very province that the greatest contrast between Oriental and Occidental thought occurs. If Europeans were able to grasp the subterranean structure of the teachings of the Koran we should then understand that apart from its metaphysical superstructure Islam merely amounts to a philosophy of the 'good life,' and that even an unbeliever can grasp its moral teachings. It would then be recognized that it is not necessary to have formed a specific idea of God in order to be a Moslem.

After a brief opening passage, the Koran begins with these words: 'There is no doubt that this book is a leader for all who watch over themselves (this is usually mistranslated as "those who fear God," which corresponds to nothing in the Arabic text) and for

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those who believe in the Insoluble.'

The Haram, as the great Medina mosque is called, is a forbidden luxury that was brought to its present state about a hundred years ago. Over the central chamber rises a big green cupola, the inside of which is decorated with painted designs. The roof is supported by heavy marble columns inlaid with bronze, which are set at regular intervals. Carpets cover the floor, and there is a much more luxurious atmosphere here than in the mosque at Mecca. Costly bronze candelabra surround the three parallel praying stalls, where the Imam occasionally prays in front of all the people. The insides of the praying stalls are decorated with lovely faïence work that looks like hollow shells, whose convex sides point to Mecca. From long brass chains hang hundreds of glass bowls that are lit with olive oil in the evening and cast a soft glow on the praying multitudes below.

During the day a dim green underwater light prevails in the mosque, and human figures glide across the carpets and marble floors as if they too were under the sea.

Five minarets crown the great mosque. Two of them are white and ugly, but the three others are tall and handsome, and set with green Turkish windows and green ornaments on a white background. When the hour for prayer draws near a man appears on the gallery of each of these minarets, looking tiny and slender at such a great height. The muezzin on the highest minaret then utters the call to prayer, '*Allah akbar*,' in deep resonant tones that sound like a choral. Before he has finished his first sentence the second muezzin joins him in a somewhat higher voice, and soon afterward the third likewise breaks his silence. By the time the first has got through and is beginning all over again the fourth and fifth muezzins have raised their voices too. One stimulates another, and each keeps developing the melody in some new way. This sonorous interweaving of music sounds like the singing of the heavenly hosts, and people begin streaming into the door of the mosque from every side and from every street.

ONWARD BY CARAVAN

To-morrow we depart. The Emir has given me a man to guide us to Haïl. His name is Mansur el-Asaf, an inhabitant of Nejd. He is so handsome that if he were to appear on the streets of a European city all the women would turn around to look at him. He is very tall, with a strong, virile face and amazingly even features. His skin is whitish brown, — an infallible mark of good birth among Arabians, — and a pair of black eyes survey the world keenly and seriously from beneath well-shaped brows. If he is as dependable as he appears, he will be an excellent traveling companion.

Four riding camels await us in the courtyard. Three are for the travelers, and one for our guide. They are light brown, with slender legs and wise, silent eyes. Mansur shoves a number of dates into their mouths.

Toward sunset we leave Medina through the Syrian door, and it takes me some time to get accustomed once again to the gentle movement of the camels, for this time I am seated in a high Nejd saddle, with my legs crossed in Arabian fashion. In Mecca I reduced our traveling equipment to the minimum, and merely brought a little clean linen, two suits, two head coverings, a teapot, and the indispensable brass coffeepot, as well as rice, meal, sugar, tea, and coffee beans. All this was wrapped up in three bundles, one to each camel. A few blankets completed our equipment.

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The sun has disappeared when we come to Mount Ohod, where Mohammed suffered his first and only defeat. Night is falling, and the Arabian desert seems to be receiving us kindly. After we have ridden three hours we come upon a sandy dried-up stream surrounded by tamarisks. It offers us such a pleasant place to pass the night that we halt our camels and spread out our blankets on the ground near them. The night is cool and starless, and we are visited by one passing shower of rain. In the profound stillness of the desert all bitterness seems to have vanished and nothing remains but empty silence and peace.

At sunrise we break camp and set forth at a swift pace toward the northeast. Geographically, all land to the east of Medina is part of the high plain of Nejd, but for strategic purposes it is considered as belonging to the Hejaz. It is a lofty, rugged expanse of land, with close horizons, for the mountains and hills prevent one from seeing far into the distance. Its rolling country is covered with tough dry grass and bushes about a foot high, which the camels devour. The pure cool air no longer suggests the banks of the Red Sea or the country about Jidda and Mecca that we have left behind us. A cool east wind strikes our faces — a wind from the mountains of Nejd, where 'bronzed men and proud chaste women dwell,' as the old Arabian songs have it.

We find ourselves in the grazing lands of the Harb Bedouins, one of the largest Arabian tribes, extending from the Hejaz boundaries far into the interior of Nejd. But at this time of the year we encounter only a few tents on our journey, for the camel herds graze farther to the east, where there is more fodder and water. The jumping mice and marmots that keep leaping across our path and disappearing into their holes under the bushes are the only living creatures except ourselves.

During the morning we climb a hill and turn around to get our last glimpse of Medina, small and distinct in a distant valley. In the late afternoon we come to a dried-up river bed bordered with black rocks of basalt. On one of these I notice an old half-effaced inscription with faint pictures of camels and gazelles.

Before night falls we reach the Suedrah oasis, which consists of a few little water holes in an otherwise dry river bed, surrounded by wild palms. A camel caravan going from Haïl to Medina has arrived here before us. Mansur meets some friends from his home, and invites them to take their evening meal with us, which gives me an excellent opportunity to observe how leathery and tough the hands of the Bedouins are. No sooner has our pot of rice been pulled off the fire than they squat on the ground with their sleeves rolled up, and presently devour their meal, with invocations to Allah.

Shortly before our next day's journey is over I see one of those lovely landscapes that mountainous Arabia occasionally offers to the traveler. We are riding over an expanse of basalt stones down a slightly sloping plain, and before us spreads a wide valley full of little rills of water and surrounded by low hills. High mountains form the horizon in front of us, and a bluish oscillating evening glow shimmers upon them. The nearest mountain chain is dark blue, the next one steelish gray, and the last and highest a brilliant lilac color. The most distant part of the plain between us and the mountains looks exactly like a lake of glittering blue whose trembling surface is lit by the beams of the sinking sun. This lake, which apparently merges into the plain, casts a weird glow over the whole land-

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scape. We all contemplate it in silence.

Noon is warmer the next day, and we follow a pilgrim road that the wife of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid built from Bagdad to Medina and Mecca. But it was built so long ago that its name only appears on old maps. The desert of Arabia has prevailed over this ancient attempt to bring civilization to its wide expanses.

Between two sand dunes we encounter a herd of goats and a few men and women riding on donkeys. They are members of a curious gypsylike nomadic tribe of hunters and shepherds known as Solubba, who still puzzle students of Arabia. It is certain that they are Arabs; yet they are the most universally despised members of society. If we are to believe Arabian historians, these people are descendants of Crusaders who were captured by Saladin and let loose in Arabia. The word Solubba is said to be derived from the word Salib, meaning cross, but Arabian etymology can never be relied upon. Whatever they may be, secrecy envelops these people, who mysteriously wander all over the deserts of Northern Arabia. They have no fixed abiding places, but they are unrivaled hunters and guides, and can find water holes in places that even the Bedouins look upon as arid waste land. No one pursues them, and they pursue nobody. Although despised by the Bedouins, they are considered excellent cattle doctors. An eternal wanderlust possesses them.

We ride across the empty desert without stopping. Our eyes gradually become accustomed to the gray and yellow soil, and we can descry the little animals that live upon it. We have already become familiar with the leaping mouse and its big tail, but we now encounter a new form of life consisting of little gray lizards, which zigzag between our camels' feet at incredible speed, or take refuge under a thorny shrub and look at us with blazing eyes. There is also an edible lizard known in Arabia as the dhab. These creatures suddenly dart across one's path just in front of the camels, disappearing like lightning into their holes in the sand.

We also see black beetles about the size of a hen's egg, patiently rolling balls of camel dung. They have strong hind legs, but they support their body on their forelegs, rolling their precious ball backwards. They keep falling down, but right themselves by kicking their legs, and then roll their ball a little farther, always falling on their backs when they encounter a stone, and always righting themselves in the same fashion. We also see many gray rabbits under gray bushes. I wonder if all these animals get along without water, for there is hardly any here at all. Perhaps they are as clever as the Solubba, or possibly their needs are less.

This evening we encounter a big camel caravan that left Medina a few days before us, and we camp together overnight. The camels are relieved of their burdens, for they are carrying rice from Yambo for the Emir of Haïl. The animals promptly scatter over the little hills that surround us. A big circle is then made of the sacks of rice, and in the middle of it we light a fire and spread out our blankets for the night. The music of the coffee pestle begins, for in Arabia coffee beans are crushed and not ground. Later, when the aromatic contents of the brass coffeepot are poured out into the little cups, the tired spirits of the camel herders revive. Conversation becomes more lively, stories are told, and laughter rings out in the dark night. In all my journeys I have observed that these Oriental wanderers are the best type of man in the world. They never fight, for their eternal wanderings weld them

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into a firm unity which allows their humanity full play, yet never makes them offend each other's feelings.

At noon on the next day we arrive at a broad flat valley completely encircled by mountains. The ground here is utterly bare, for all the grass has been devoured by hundreds of camels and sheep who regularly take their midday meal at this spot. In the middle of the valley lie two excellent springs, one of them belonging to the Harb Bedouins and the other to the Meteir Bedouins. In this poor parched country herds of animals often have to go several days' journey from where the shepherds' tents are pitched to find a grazing place. At noon each day the shepherds gather at a spring that is the common property of the tribe. On this occasion we find the valley full of animals, and more herders and more beasts keep pouring in from the sunlit horizon. Haste and excitement prevail about the water holes, for it is no small matter to water so many thirsty creatures. The shepherds fill little sacks with water, using their camels to help them, and they will sing a rhythmical refrain of 'Hey ho, hey ho, heave ho, hey ho.'

The voice of the desert speaks in this monotonous refrain. Here is the essence of Arabia captured by the human voice and expressed in an endlessly repeated rhythm that seems to have originated in no human throat.

A GOBI DESERT INTERLUDE[1]

BY SVEN HEDIN

It was one of those days that none of us will ever forget, though it passed as all other days had passed. It included marching, pitching camp, taking tea and meals, attending to the camels, seeing that they were given a chance to graze, drink, and rest, and all the other innumerable duties of caravan life. We made our usual observations, wrote in our diaries, made sketches and took photographs, released a balloon, and in short did everything we were accustomed to do. Nevertheless, a shimmer of mystery, legend, and eternity hovered over this day, a distinctive atmosphere. Taking one farther step into the enormous Gobi Desert, we felt as the crew of the Santa Maria must have felt when, having sailed westward for weeks and weeks without sighting land, they marveled that the sea never ended. But on this momentous day we came to an oasis, and realized that after a refreshing night we should leave it and should again have to steer our course across the wide, open sea of sand.

For that day we arrived at the fabulous island of the Phœnix, where we enjoyed a short period of rest, savoring each fleeting hour of ease. It was hard indeed to depart — so hard that this day made a particularly deep impression on our memory.

At five o'clock in the morning a brazier of glowing coals had been brought into my tent to dissipate the cold night air and make it easier for me

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National Liberal daily)

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to wash, while Haude, Dettmann, and Von Kaul, assisted by two of our students, released the pilot balloon. Mento and I started to ride westward at our usual swift pace. We left camp at quarter past seven. Almost two hours before us Haslund and Hummel, Professor Siu, Hawang, Ma, and Tsui had departed together with the main part of our caravan, and we had only to follow their footsteps.

The ground was hard and salty, and southward to the left extended a high barren expanse, the beginnings of the Ala-Shan Desert, which rises in pyramidal and delta-shaped dunes from the level sandless plain. After a few minutes we came upon a hugh encampment where bales of merchandise were arranged in double rows and at least two hundred camels were waiting to be saddled with their burdens. It was a Chinese commercial caravan going from Gutyantse to Kwei-hwa-cheng. The watchdogs of the merchants soon wearied of barking at us when they saw that we continued our pace slowly and peacefully. Northward, on our right, the endless sea of the desert extended to the level blue horizon. It was as if we were riding along a coast, or even traversing a narrow stretch of land between two bodies of water, for to the south stretched the fruitless yellow sea of sand, the lifeless desert, pathless and devoid of springs. On this side the horizon assumed a different shape, the peaks of the dunes looking like the teeth of a saw.

The small details of the part of the earth's surface across which we were now slowly moving were full of variety. Now we would be riding over hard gravel steppes where stunted plants grew at considerable intervals from each other. Now we would be skirting the northern point of a little ridge of ground that would come to a cone-shaped summit like a lighthouse on the coast. Now we would be riding over sand between the dunes, which were crowned by dark green thick-leaved tamarisks ten or twelve feet high, real symbols of rest and peace, just like the cypresses and innumerable graves of Western Asia.

The road is like a thin strand binding Sinkiang, the biggest of all the provinces, to the rest of China, though it is only a simple footpath with the footprints of innumerable camels on either side. Along this path the bells of the caravan go singing their ancient melodies; here the Chinese drone their songs; here passes the low rustling, stealthy stride of the camels; while skeletons of fallen martyrs mark our way like milestones. If we had counted these bones from the time our journey began we should have amassed an astounding pile of statistics. No caravan path in the world can compare with this one in length, and our planet contains no longer road of traffic connecting cities, nations, and peoples.

For two hours we kept advancing toward two small black spots on the western horizon. Gradually they grew larger, and presently we perceived that they were two groves of thickly leaved trees with high, mighty trunks, grouped close together, with a narrow alley passing between. We had not seen such a sight since we had left Peking, and I could hardly trust my eyes. Trees, lofty living trees, in this boundless waste. Was it a phantom or a dream? Could it really be true? I could hardly have been more surprised if some great vessel like the Empress of Russia had suddenly appeared before us in the distant blue spaces of this desert sea.

The grove on our left consisted of about fifty trees, and the one on the right of about one hundred and fifty. We pitched our tents on the western edge of the larger grove in the cool, refreshing shade. The encampment

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was not laid out in the usual fashion. Our tents were pitched in a circle, leaving a little open place in the middle between the trees. Here we planned to light a fire in the evening. My tent was pitched under a mighty poplar tree, so that I enjoyed the cool shade as long as possible.

The little oasis, which consists of several springs, is called Olon-Torog — The Many Poplars. I recognized here my old forest friend the wild Asiatic poplar, with its rounded summit of thick leaves. It is known as the *populus diversifolia*, the diverse-leaved poplar, so called because its new leaves are small and lancet-shaped, while the leaves on its old branches are heart-shaped, with toothed edges. What surprised Hummel was the open space between the two groves, which rose like two islands out of the desert sea. No single tree grew beyond the bounds of these islands, and all were full-grown. Not one young poplar was to be seen. I felt that this fine forest had no hope of continuing to exist, since wandering camels do not spare a single new sprout.

Most of the trees were at the peak of their strength and beauty. Some were old and only barely maintained their existence. A few had lost their royal crowns but still produced fresh shoots with lancet-formed leaves on their stumpy tops. Others had died, but their roots still kept them up. One rotten tree had been uprooted by a storm and lay on the ground like a fallen hero. The loftiest of the living trees were fifty or sixty feet high. As we moved about beneath them, their trunks and leafy tops seemed like the pillars and vaults of a Gothic cathedral.

Our ships of the desert had landed us on an atoll, where cool clear water awaited us under the sago palms. My first thought was to wait here several days and taste the full pleasure of this little earthly paradise. Thick reeds grew between the poplars, and I observed with pleasure how ravenously the camels devoured them. With their soft, fleshy lips they would work one tender green reed after another into their mouths, easily biting its tough stem, chewing it between their strong teeth, and swallowing it, preparatory to taking a new mouthful which would follow its predecessor half a minute later. One of the greatest pleasures of a long journey in the desert is to see the camels grazing, especially in such a lovely place as Olon-Torog.

After my tent was pitched I took out my writing desk as usual and sat under the thick leafy shade of the trees, looking south over the enormous expanse of yellow barren sand dunes, which seemed to threaten our little oasis like breakers of a stormy sea. Our island was clothed in the peace and rest of the Sabbath, while about us lowered the great open ocean. The most delightful thing of all was the rustling of the tree tops, and especially the rustling of the mighty poplar to whose roots my tent was fastened. Nothing is more charming or more mysterious than the play of the wind in the trees, especially in a country like this. It seems to bring greetings from home and from those one loves.

When I expressed some such thought to Siu Ping Chang, he reflected a minute and replied: '*Vous avez raison. C'est jolie, c'est très poétique.*'

How quickly the hours flew now that the day's march was over and we took our pleasure under the palms of the island of the Phœnix bird. Presently we received visitors in the form of three wandering lamas or begging monks, who had been traveling for five years with their three camels. They had come from Tashatu Khan, a province of Outer Mongolia that lies about due east from Kobdo, and were now returning from Peking, headed homeward.

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They would spend weeks, or even months, in each monastery they passed, and the rest of the time begged their way from hut to hut. Upon these two sources they levied their tribute, which was gladly given.

The day was nearing its end and the sun was sinking in the western sea. In the open place between our tents a huge bonfire had been erected, whose base was built of three mighty logs from one of the fallen poplar trees. A pyramid was then constructed, the inside of which was filled with branches and twigs. When it was dark we formed a circle around the bonfire, which fierce flames devoured. Everyone witnessed this show, even the Chinese, except Siu and Ma, who wandered off on foot among the high sand dunes. At first we expected to have to search for them the next morning, but presently they saw our fire and lit another one of their own in reply.

Our phonograph was pulled out and the old familiar marches, opera melodies, and songs were intoned upon the cool night air. *Carmen*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Madame Butterfly*, *La Bohème* — not one of them was forgotten. But the loveliest sound of all was the rustling of the night breeze in the poplar trees above. The stars winked down through the leaves, and the moon rose above the dunes, climbing over the tree trunks. Then we heard another melody, older than all the phonograph tunes in the world. A big caravan was approaching from the west. Its bells gave forth different tones, and the whole rhythmical effect was utterly charming. Suddenly the noise stopped. Apparently the caravan had halted at the tents of the three monks. Ten minutes later, however, the bells began ringing again, and their sound gradually died in the east.

Serat came to the fireside and told us that the caravan consisted of a hundred camels, thirty merchants, and twenty servants on their way from Hami to Gashun-nor, but that when they were six days distant from their destination they had been attacked by robbers, who had taken fourteen hundred dollars and all their furs. A hundred dollars had been concealed, but it was already exhausted. The bandits had ignored the merchandise, hides, wool, and dried fruits. But there was a comic side to the tragic fate that had overtaken the caravan. One of the merchants had armed himself with a gun, but, having been told by a monk that people should not carry weapons, he had left the weapon behind in the monastery. It was therefore an easy matter for four robbers to terrorize fifty men and treat them as they pleased.

Our fire was burning yellow, red, and green, and when the wood was completely consumed thousands of little sparks rose into the air. Shortly after ten Siu and Ma returned, hungry as wolves, and devoured their evening meal beside the fire. As a result, the rest of us felt our appetites returning, and we all drank tea and had something to eat. One of the young men leaped over the fire and executed Russian dances. His enthusiasm was wild and unrestrained. No one could have suspected that a long, strenuous desert journey lay behind us, and that a still longer one lay ahead of us. Here we rested for a night on the island of the Phœnix bird. The fire cast a red glow on the bats that clung to my tent. Even at eleven we found it hard to break up. Red flames arose from the sunken bonfire like eager hands vainly trying to reach the stars, whose glow the blinding firelight obliterated. But when the fire sank and darkness again settled over the island of the Phœnix bird the stars shone on, clearer than before.

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RITES AND RITUALS OF MOTHER ASIA[1]

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

MONKS AND MONASTERIES

THE Spittug monastery was founded about five hundred years ago, by the reformer Zongkapa; or perhaps we should say that the power of that saintly man brought it into existence overnight. It is situated on a rocky peak high above the Indus Valley, and surrounded by shimmering snow-capped mountain peaks. A lama leads me up through a labyrinth of dark passages and narrow, steep stairways to the top story of the monastery. Here he kicks open a door with his foot. 'Would you like to see our *kushok?* He is ready to receive you.'

An excited little Pekingese dog rushes up to me barking. I find the new abbot of the monastery seated alone and in silence in a little bare room.

He is crouched on a stool that is covered with a carpet, and the setting seems appropriate to his extreme holiness. Before him stands a little lacquered desk, a few brass dishes, some faïence porcelain cups, and a tiny vase of flowers. Everything is tastefully and thoughtfully arranged. A picture of Buddha painted on cloth hangs above a little lacquer cabinet on one side of him, and to his left and right are little windows through which you can see the snow-capped mountains and the green light of the Indus Valley. The kushok bows cordially, even humbly, with some embarrassment. He is a handsome fellow with typically Chinese eyes and delicate, well-cared-for little hands.

The kushok looks like a boy of ten or eleven. Anxious to display his learning, he blushes at every question and clasps his little hands nervously together. For three years he has been the abbot of the famous Spittug monastery, and during this time has but rarely left its precincts. How robust and healthy the little peasant children who take lessons from the lamas appear in comparison with this boy. Nevertheless, he says that the cloister pleases him and that he is happy. Soon he will go to Lassa to pursue his studies further.

He shows me a few photographs in haste and confusion. But presently a number of lamas enter with a few of their students, who crane their necks curiously and begin to laugh and clamor. An old lama hustles them away, but the young abbot does not even smile, in spite of all the noise and laughter.

The little kushok is the reincarnation of the deceased abbot, whose heart is preserved in a silver shrine. A few years before his death this man named his successor. In that year he announced that in such and such a village in such and such a valley he would be born again as the son of a certain woman, and in this way the boy came to occupy his present position.

Usually the successors of the abbots are appointed at Lassa or chosen by members of the monastery. It is said

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily)

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that the last kushok took the unusual step of naming the man who reincarnated him during his own lifetime in order to prevent the man who was the abbot of the neighboring monastery of Trigso from being appointed kushok of the famous Spittug monastery, since this man was well known to be crazy.

When we remounted our horses in the yard of the cloister the little kushok looked at us curiously out of his window, but when he saw that he was observed he quickly withdrew — only to make another attempt to see us.

Poor little kushok! His life will not be an easy one. He will spend three years in Lassa finishing his studies, and then he will have to pass twelve years in complete solitude, giving himself over to prayer and meditation in order to acquire sufficient strength to pursue his high calling. When he dies his heart will be preserved in a silver shrine, and a picture of him stitched in gold brocade will stand beside the picture of his predecessor. And his praises will be sounded on clarinets and trombones.

The country surrounding Leh is rich in monasteries, both large and small. Some of them are situated in narrow mountain valleys surrounded by green fields, but most of them are built on the tops of mountains and upon rocky eminences. Stone walls and statues show the way to them.

All these monasteries are different and each possesses some peculiar beauty, some barbaric charm of its own. Many were built in honor of local gods whose names no one remembers and whose significance even the lamas themselves do not know. Almost every cloister has its own peculiarity to attract believers.

The wonderful gigantic Buddha in the Shey monastery has an unforgettably beautiful and soothing smile. Banners hang from the roof, and between these banners glows the golden face of Gautama. Peace and restfulness emanate from his golden countenance.

'Whosoever has renounced vanity contemplates with a smile the confused hordes of people about him, as the peak of the mountain contemplates the valley.'

Gautama's face is almost six feet high. His head and shoulders fill the temple, and his torso extends down into a cellarlike shaft. Opposite Shey stands the Martoh monastery, on a mountain peak. Here live two lamas who pray and flagellate themselves for months on end, in order to come before the true believers as soothsayers and prophets. In the Shey monastery also lives a wild old lama, whom I visited.

The Lagand Gompa temple is very small and miserable, with hardly room enough in it for four men to stand. The air is mouldy, and at first one draws back at the sight of a white ghostly horse that seems to be riding out of the darkness. This horse wears a terrifying smile, and its red nostrils extend over the burning oil lamps on the little altar. In the saddle sits Dorje Chainmo, scholar and apostle, with a crown over his golden Chinese face.

Mounted on a similar white horse, and wearing the same crown and similar garments, the wild lama of the monastery appears once a year before his flock, who betake themselves here to see him. In order to prepare himself for this appearance he spends a whole month with almost no sleep or food, shut up in the little temple, where he prays before the ghastly white horse. Then he comes forth exhausted with his flagellations and possessed by the spirits that live in the presence of the gruesome horse inside. He prophesies, drives out devils, heals the sick, and answers all questions people ask him.

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'But where is this possessed creature?' I ask incredulously.

'There he is.' My companion the schoolmaster points out an utterly harmless-looking young lama standing in the middle of a crowd of curious peasants and lamas. He resembles the rest of them somewhat, but is perhaps a little less robust. His face seems to be rather handsomer, and his color a little lighter. He is off duty just at the moment, and lending a hand with their harvest.

I ask him whether he remembers what he did and said now that the spirit has left him, but he replies that he remembers nothing. The fasting and prayer in the little mouldy shrine by the white horse exhausted him completely. He had lain unconscious for several days.

The Trigse monastery, a few hours' ride from Shey, is very ancient, and is generally considered the oldest in the country. It stands on a high mountain peak alone and desolate. Once it had room for hundreds of monks, but to-day scarcely twenty live there. The dust of gods and saintly teachers lies sleeping behind the glimmering oil lamps and behind reddish bits of bread the size of one's thumb and little balls of rice that have been left as offerings.

Some of the temples in this monastery are veritable chambers of horrors, and gruesomeness emanates from them like cold air from an icy cellar. They contain weird mounted figures, strange beasts, tigers, and monsters of all sorts. One chamber of horrors is full of black demons, whose wild arms and legs can be seen through the cloths that temporarily cover them. Some of these infernal creatures are two stories high.

The walls are decorated with frescoes painted by some mad genius. No description can do justice to their ghastly terror, for they are indeed the visions of a lunatic. Men and beasts are represented fighting together with their heads half torn off and their hearts and lungs ripped loose. Frequently you can see the blood flowing through their veins. Then there are scenes from the Buddhist Hell. The visitor grows stiff with fear, for he is told that this will be his fate if the lamas do not save his soul. Nevertheless, these lamas laugh good-naturedly when I observe the paintings and turn away.

It may be that these pictures represent some bygone rite of human sacrifice, for they are many centuries old. Beneath the suffering human figures many animals, including lions, tigers, yaks, and antelopes, are represented, all with the same artistic mastery.

I met the prior of this monastery, an old man of seventy-five. I found him praying zealously in a large handsome room of his own. I asked how he felt, and at once two lamas leaped upon him from the right and left and shouted my question in either ear. The old man merely replied with a childlike smile, and continued murmuring his prayer and reading the holy script. During our entire conversation the expression of his face changed back and forth between the friendly, kindly smile of an old man and the eager expression of a devout priest who cannot stop his meditations for a second longer than bare politeness requires.

I took my leave of him, and even as he bade me farewell he bent his head over his book and his words were lost in the prayer he was murmuring. Through the window I could see in the distance the Stakna Gompa monastery on a distant mountain peak. I had been there the day before, and never shall I forget Stakna Gompa. That big old cloister is entirely deserted. Just one lama with three black hairs grow-

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ing out of his chin lives there together with a boy of seven, the incarnation of the last bishop. Ever since he was three years old this child has been sitting in his cell on a high cushion behind a table which bears the insignia of the abbot, listening to the teachings of his earnest master.

'Don't you feel very alone up here?' I ask the young abbot. The boy, a delicate little peasant child, shakes his head. In fact, he shakes his head at every question I ask, and does not say a word. Once he wanted to get up when I was looking at some of the old religious banners hanging in the temple, but his instructor laid his hands softly on his shoulders. The young bishop had sad eyes. Right now at this very minute he is sitting there, and for weeks, months, and years to come he will be sitting on his little cushion, listening to the lessons and warnings of his mighty teacher. From where he sits he can see the Indus flowing, and far below on the narrow red road come the caravans from Lassa.

CREMATING A KING

The automobiles roll up promptly at five o'clock. The French Governor with his gold-ornamented kepi, the members of the Royal Family clad in gold-embroidered raiment, and all the notables of the land, are present. Two bent old Chinese, clad in white and brown silk, with long thin beards, accompany the party. The band plays the Marseillaise. The ceremony has begun.

The rulers are the first to enter the temple, which the late King Sisowath built. Then come ministers, officials, and prominent citizens, all dressed in white. With them is a mingling of yellow-clad priests and monks. The festive procession continues for hours.

On a high pyramid inside the temple stands the urn that contains the remains of the dead King. Steps lead up to the urn, and over these steps the procession of white-clad figures passes for hours. Each one bears a splinter of sandalwood in his hand, which he lays under the urn after making a short prayer. Some merely bow before the urn, but many others kneel and face in all directions. At the foot of the pyramid yellow-clad priests are bent in prayer, and in their hands they hold strings that are fastened to the top of the urn. A crowd surges about the temple, and the temple court is packed with people. Thousands of visitors have come here to attend the last rites of the dead King.

Six months ago the King died, full of years. His corpse was put in the royal urn where so many kings of the same family had preceded him. This last king, however, was a ruler in name only, for the French tricolor had long been waving over his native land.

The urn is golden, and covered with ornaments from top to bottom. The lid is the shape of a spindle, and the whole thing looks like a golden pagoda. It stands less than six feet high. There is not much room inside, for the chamber is only twenty-seven inches high and twenty inches across. But this is enough room for a dead man with bent knees. The dead King sat in this urn for six months, mummifying. The urn was enthroned in a temple on the top of an altar of steps which was decorated with flowers, vases, lights, statues of Buddha, and other costly articles. Day after day the yellow-clad priests offered up their prayers. An orchestra kept playing, for the dead King must not be allowed to get bored in his urn; his soul, hovering in the vicinity, had to be entertained. An infinite quantity of fresh flowers and garlands decorated the altar, and swinging pots with plants in them hung

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above it. It was imperative for the dead King to know that his innumerable sons and daughters, his wives and friends and servants, had not forgotten him. Wax candles burned unceasingly, and smoke kept rising from little brass dishes.

The astrologers reckoned the day, the hour, and the minute when the incineration should occur, and preparations were hastened. A special temple was built for the ceremony of the incineration, and the land about the temple was laid out as befitted the King. A second temple also stood in the courtyard. It was a low building in the Chinese style, and contained one hall for dancing and another reception chamber for distinguished visitors. All this cost money, a great deal of money, but a king must be cremated royally.

The ceremonies had already been going on for an entire week, having opened with interminable services and prayers. After this the golden urn containing the remains of the King was brought from the temple in which it had been placed up to that time into the temple where the cremation was to be held. A festive procession accompanied it. This procession contained about thirty elephants, elaborately bedecked with gold-embroidered coverings that hung to the ground. It had taken weeks for these great creatures to be led on foot from the jungles where they had been hauling teakwood to the capital.

The next few days were again given over to services and prayer. The mummified flesh was scraped off the King's bones and burned in complete silence. The bones were then placed in the special cremation urn and the golden urn was returned to the museum, where it now stands together with the ancient gold-pointed crown of the King of Cambodia and the bejeweled bracelets and diamonds that the French lock up and only lend to the king on special occasions.

The cremation temple is an elaborate and handsome building that rises as high as a tower into the deep blue heaven. It is colored red like an old earthen vessel, and decorated with gold ornaments. The inside is hung with white cloth, which is decorated with more gold designs. Through the four tall, narrow entrance doors the people can see the urn from all sides, standing on a high gold and white pyramid specially built for the purpose. An endless procession of mourners flows past it, bowing and kneeling as they go. The whole affair is well thought out and executed. At this moment a group of women are moving across the gold and white cloth that covers the pyramid. All of them are dressed in white and wear a kind of stocking that stops below the knee and leaves their brown calves and feet bare. All these women kneel before the urn and then silently and meekly file away and merge with the other mourners.

But now the crowd about the urn disappears. Silence and tense expectation prevail. The surging crowd becomes subdued. Suddenly a buzzing noise like the whistling of a shell rends the air and a white cloud of smoke rises from within the temple, almost concealing the entire building. It looks as if the whole structure were about to leap into flames. The smoke eddies about the pyramid and the urn, but still the urn stands there wreathed in gray and white clouds.

The King is burning!

It is indeed true. The remains of King Sisowath are now burning, and the new King Monivong has lit the kindling with a little torch. Cannons are fired, and military bands play in the little decorated galleries that surround the scene. One military band

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plays the Marseillaise, and the gongs and xylophones of some hidden orchestra are also heard.

A group of peasants have thrown themselves on the ground, and they are praying aloud. There is also a thickly packed group of women dressed in white, all of whom, old and young alike, have close-cropped hair. They are kneeling on mats, and a special bodyguard has been stationed about them. They are the wives of the burning King. I count thirty-two of them.

The automobiles with the distinguished visitors roll away, and even King Monivong, a middle-aged man, leaves the temple yard. He is carried on the shoulders of eight men wearing pointed hats, and he sits on a black litter about the size of a mattress. A big black parasol protects him from the sun, and I notice that he is contentedly smoking a fat cigarette.

Two little white towers stand at the main entrance, but I do not know what they signify. Suddenly two white-clad figures wearing white pointed hats appear on these towers and throw sacks of betel nuts and money to the crowd, who mill about opening parasols and forming themselves into groups, until the whole temple yard is shrouded in a thick cloud of dust. Still the cannons thunder.

Night has fallen, and the King burns on. Grayish-white smoke keeps rising from the urn. The grounds about the temple are illuminated by hundreds of electric lights, and the whole scene looks like some exposition. A brilliant display of electric lights has been erected over the main entrance, but the lofty red temple with the smoking urn looks even more festive. It juts up into the night like an enormous block of red transparent quartz. The inside of the temple is so full of thick smoke that it has lost all its worldly aspect and looks like some veiled figure in a dream, supernatural and fabulous.

Now that the soul of the King is set free, why should anyone lament? People are packed together shoulder to shoulder in the big dance hall, and orchestras are playing. It sounds as if a great number of faint bells were ringing in the air. Now the dancing girls appear. Some of them are mere children barely ten years old, and they have charming little figures. Their faces are painted white, their lips red, and their eyes are naturally black. All of them wear the old-fashioned Siamese costumes with pointed hats. They sink to their knees and strike lovely poses with their hands bent at the wrist.

Only a short distance from them stands a small shadow theatre, and a little farther away a crowd of people surrounds a larger shadow theatre where a scene from the Ramayana is being played. This depicts the fight between Rama and Ravan, who abducted Rama's wife, Sita, to Ceylon. Hanuman, the ape god, appears; and we also see military wagons with bow-and-arrow warriors, elephants loaded with soldiers, and the holy Rama himself. The battle lasts for at least an hour. The Siamese silhouettes which depict the struggle are made of leather, and they are perfect in every detail. They are rather less than a foot high, and are manipulated against a white gauze curtain. Behind the curtain a bright fire burns. This is the entire theatre. But the competition of the movies is killing it in both Siam and Cochin China, and performances are only given on special occasions.

The crowd is thrilled, and finally becomes so satiated with pleasure that it begins to leave the temple yard. People stop and look at the altars raised by various monasteries and princes. Some of these altars are very comical and are covered with Euro-

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pean lamps, but most of them are arranged in excellent taste with little tree branches, vases, statues of Buddha, and lights. In the niches of the crematory temple different displays have been arranged, all of them depicting the worldly achievements of the late King. Some show peaceful village scenes where rice is being threshed and sifted. Gigantic blossoms flourish on the trees. One scene depicts a forest where a man is hunting a great snake. There are also imaginary palaces with hundreds of tiny dancing girls on the terraces. The musicians in these scenes are represented as fleeing behind a high rock, carrying their bass drums, clarinets, and kettledrums with them. One niche is utterly modern and contains a toy railway with signals and switches and a little track, just like the sets that are sold in children's stores. Near the station a little steamboat is floating in a basin of water with living fish in it, and the crowd surveys it with amazement.

But within the big temple the ceremony continues with greater festivities than ever. The affair is conducted in the Chinese style, and the celebration is now approaching the main entrance. Here five priests dressed in golden robes have been bent in prayer for the dead ever since afternoon. A gray-haired priest in the middle wears a crown on his bald head. All five of them have been undertaking a really devastating task. They keep their eyes shut almost all the time they are praying, and beat a gong and a drum incessantly.

The Chinese temple is full of the most superb embroidery, pictures, opium pipes, and swinging flowerpots. Dozens upon dozens of papier-mâché figures hang all over the place. There is one collection of belligerent-looking generals, as well as soldiers, peasants, dancing girls, and fabulous creatures. Five women are depicted riding on a kind of flamingo. Other figures represent a splendid little theatre with beautiful dancing girls, an automobile with a chauffeur at the wheel, a four-storied dwelling all equipped with servants, and a three-decked steamer full of passengers. All these things are going to accompany the King into the next world.

A wide white strip of cloth runs from the altar where the priests are praying to an altar that was just erected that evening. Here a Guardian of Heaven, terrible to look upon, stands facing the priests. He too is made of papier-mâché, but he is as splendid as if he were an old piece of Chinese faïence. In front of him stand two fabulous creatures, one of them with a white horse's head and the other with a stag's head.

A gong sounds. A servant brings one of the martial-looking warriors out of the temple and burns him at the outdoor altar. The masque continues, drums beat, and the five women on flamingos are now consigned to the flames. Still the masque continues. The priests are pale with exhaustion, and sway about. Image after image goes up in flames, following the King into the Beyond. About midnight the sound of drums and gongs bursts forth. The house with all its occupants, the steamer with all its passengers, the splendid little theatre with the dancing girls, have been thrown to the flames. The crowd disperses, but still the King burns, alone and silent in his magic temple.

THE BATH IN THE GANGES

One hundred thousand pilgrims have foregathered in three-thousand-year-old Benares. To-day, to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow this Hindu city, the oldest city in the world, will

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celebrate the eclipse of the moon. Swarming hosts push their way through the narrow streets, for whole families, and even whole villages, have come. Peasants are leading their wives and children by the hand, pulling them through the crowd. There are multitudes of pilgrims with long staffs and saffron-red garments, and crowds of beggars, for Benares is the beggars' home. The latter sit in long rows down the whole length of the streets, raising their begging plates to the turbulent crowd. Women give them grains of rice and occasional copper coins.

A column of singing beggars penetrates the crowd like a lance. It is led by two cripples crawling on the ground, for their legs are devoured with leprosy and wrapped in dirty rags. Other unfortunates follow them with decaying hands and arms. They intone their tragic lament of 'Siva, Siva.' A rain of rice and copper coins pours into their platters. Another lame beggar is being carried by two men on a bamboo pole. He himself rests on a little board that is tied to the pole like a scalepan.

The holy city has been in a state of feverish excitement all day, and the noise is deafening. Crowds of mendicants have appeared on the scene, wearing nothing but loin cloths. Their bodies are smeared with ashes, and their faces are painted ashen gray. They sit in rows along the terraces above the Ganges. Many of them are charlatans, living on the stupidity of the crowd just as certain beggars do in Europe, but others are sincerely animated by holy zeal. They have come to bathe in the Ganges like the rest of the Hindus, and also to set an example to the people. They sit in meditation as calm as Buddhas, with their feet curled up under them and their hands in their laps. They do not speak; they do not see the crowd; they do not even see the gifts that women lay before them. To-morrow they will return to their solitary haunts.

The steps leading down to the Ganges are already beginning to be crowded. Here are the ghats — in other words, the baths, stairways, and terraces, many stories high. Behind them rise the palaces of the maharajahs, each one of whom, since he is a Hindu, must maintain his palace in Benares where he stays when he visits the holy city. The bank is three or four stories above the river, and the palaces therefore rise to a height of six or eight stories. Numerous temples, little and big, are scattered about between the ghats.

Along the terrace stand groups of singers celebrating Krishna and Rama, and surrounded by excited, shouting people. They describe how Lord Krishna stole the clothes of the little peasant girl when she was in bathing, how Lord Krishna raised up the mountain to stop the floods, and all eyes gleam, all these brown faces are alight with enthusiasm. It is their Lord Krishna who is being celebrated, their human god who will understand them and protect their cattle and their fields. The faces of the crowd are painted red, yellow, and gray, and all of them wear the sign of their sect upon their faces. Their god is Vishnu, or Siva, or Rama, or the terrible Durga to whom goats are sacrificed in the Durga Temple every day. But in any case all present are real Hindus.

Groups of musicians stand behind the singers beating little kettledrums and long bass drums. The fanatical figure of a prophet arises out of the crowd of shorn heads and begins singing in a loud voice. He used to be a merchant who ran his shop in the bazaar, and everyone knew him, but now he has given himself over completely to religion. The priests are

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bent in silent prayer in their temples. They are Brahmans made rich by copper coins given them by the people, but they enjoy such an elevated position that they do not dare to touch common folk in the streets, for if they do they at once have to bathe and change their clothes. Special streets have been built for them in a few towns in Southern India, so that there is no danger of their coming into contact with the rabble.

Many old people have appeared on the scene — old men and women, centenarians all. A withered old mother was encamped on a bastion over the Ganges for three days with her son. She lay at death's door on a blanket, and the son, a brown giant, held her in his arms all day. She had come to die looking at the holy stream and to be cremated on its bank. Two days later she died, and I saw her brown giant of a son cremating his little mother with the greatest solicitude.

The Ganges shimmers in the distance, and evening is falling. Flowers are floating on the stream, and yellow garlands. Tiny rafts made of woven reeds also drift down the river, carrying little lights that glimmer and flash as softly as the stars. A priest with a pyramid of lights walks out on one of the bastions and raises these lights above him, and they cast their glow upon the dirty waters of the Ganges. He bows down reverently before the holy stream, while the drums beat. He extinguishes the lights by pinching the flames, rubbing his fingers in the smoky little lamps and then applying his fingers to his face. Now all the temple bells and drums begin to sound: It is the hour to pray to Siva. Shouts and yells arise. Siva, sunk in deep meditation, must hear and understand that the crowd has not forgotten him. Nandi, a holy stone bull, kneels in his temple. When the bull is awakened Siva is aroused from his meditation by means of an invisible rope that connects the two.

As night advances the moon climbs higher in the firmament, unaware of the hundred thousand pairs of gleaming eyes that are fixed upon it. Electric lights shine above the terraces.

The crowd is now pressed shoulder to shoulder mile after mile along the steps and terraces of all the ghats. On the jutting bastions lit by electric lights crowds of people emerge, most of them dressed in snow-white garments, with now and then a touch of yellow, green, or orange. In Europe or America you would believe that a world championship heavyweight bout was being held, but we are in India, and it is simply a religious celebration. Where our crowds number hundreds of thousands, here uncounted millions stand along the banks of the Ganges. They have all fasted to-day, and they have come to cleanse themselves body and soul as soon as the eclipse of the moon occurs.

The silver moon climbs ever higher in the starry firmament. A tinge of violet seems to be appearing on the southern edge of the glowing disc. The crowds begin to move restlessly. White garments flutter in the lamplight. The people are beginning to undress.

Now the eclipse becomes really noticeable. A terrific roar like the thunder of breakers goes rolling up from ghat to ghat. The mountainous masses of men begin to break up, and veritable human avalanches pour into the river. Each one wants to be the first to immerse himself in the holy flood. Crowds of people dive into the water, shouting and praying, and bobbing up and down. Without the assistance of the police a catastrophe would certainly occur. In the harbor of Hardwar on the Ganges, where re-

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ligious custom decrees that the bath must take place at a given minute, over four hundred people were drowned in one year.

Bamboo poles have been staked out in the water, and it is forbidden to go beyond them. Boats also help to keep order. The police, assisted by two thousand students from the Hindu University, cleverly sluice the human flood so that only a certain number can enter the river at a time. Old men and women are helped into the river and held while they immerse themselves three times. I saw old mothers and gray-haired fathers of seventy and eighty, dried-up mummies who could hardly move, but who would not think of forgoing their bath. Such people were held fast by their hands on either side, and when the bath was over they climbed carefully back up the terrace in their wet clothes. Young girls stood shivering in the water, pressing their fingers to their ears before daring to immerse themselves three times. Rich people had servants waiting for them on the banks with dry clothes. Many of the crowd plunged into the river wildly, submerging themselves twelve or even twenty times, until they finally had to be pulled out by main force.

The moon is now half darkened, and the wide river is darkened too, but the bathing continues in full sway. A stream of people surge down the steps and back again out of the stream. Water pours down the steps and terraces, and fresh crowds keep coming down the streets. Many people remain seated on the terraces waiting to take a second bath as soon as the moon emerges again. Far from the river the funeral pyres blaze dimly. To-morrow there will be much work to do.

PROTESTANT AMERICA [1]

BY BERNARD FAŸ

Prophets of gloom who are always foretelling imminent catastrophe for the United States or the complete collapse of American prosperity know very little about the varied and infinite resources on which that country's political and economic hegemony is established. They ignore the fact that if the United States underwent a grave crisis its position in the world and the extraordinary energy of its population would permit it to face all difficulties, or even turn these difficulties into profit, and continue from strength to strength, either by reason of some interior reaction or by turning its attentions to the outside world. The power and grandeur of the United States are founded on the density and energy of its ardently individualized crowds, who serve their country with devoted passion. In fact, this condition has even more to do with the country's well-being than its incalculable natural resources. Once this enthusiastic patriotism is unleashed it carries all before it, as we saw during the last war. American politicians and statesmen

[1] From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly)

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know this, and they count on this force as the greatest resource their country possesses. They would go to any lengths to safeguard and develop it.

This great fund of enthusiasm that the United States is able to draw upon at periods of crisis, this spiritual and sentimental unity that suddenly draws a hundred and twenty million individuals together, is too precious to be neglected. This is what American diplomats are jealously protecting and masking behind the Monroe Doctrine, which they wish to maintain intact although at the same time they refuse to belong to the League of Nations. This spirit is also sedulously cultivated by a curious process known as Americanization.

This rather barbaric term is part of the current speech of the United States. Americanization is both a process and a doctrine, thanks to which all citizens of the United States speak the same language, possess the same social and moral discipline, and agree on all essential points. Before the European immigrant can become a real American he must submit to this process, and the American who has sojourned too long in Europe is obliged to readapt himself in the same way if he wishes to live in his native land again.

The State assumes the task of Americanizing immigrants and supervising emigrants. No strict credo is imposed, and no definite prescriptions have to be accepted. Nor does any discipline have to be taught. It is merely a question of dissolving the original unassimilable qualities of the individual and making him capable of accepting and transmitting the social impulses of the majority and of mingling joyfully with them.

In order to accomplish this process a certain sentimental and intellectual attitude is necessary, and this is what he learns: the English language, self-respect, desire to work, a respectful attitude toward morality, and unlimited confidence in the progress of humanity, the future of democracy, science, and happiness. These are the principal elements that constitute the doctrine of Americanization. Thanks to this doctrine, the Russian Jew from Odessa fresh from the ghetto, the son of negro slaves from the Congo, the Basque who has fled France to avoid military duty, are all equals, and are even the brothers of the old Southern aristocrats who owned slaves for two centuries and a half and of the new aristocratic potentates of finance and directors of a complex civilization who dwell in the North. It is also thanks to this doctrine that populations composed of such dissimilar elements can live together without serious trouble. And last of all, millions of poor immigrants used to poverty, filth, ignorance, and blind obedience are adapting themselves to such luxury as the most brilliant aristocracies never knew.

Thus Americanization creates a national and social bond between all the citizens of the United States. It is the most precious and efficacious instrument that this great nation possesses. It corresponds to the Communist enthusiasm of the Soviets, and serves the same purpose, for it imposes social peace and moral equilibrium, just as the Communist doctrines are supposed to do in Moscow. Up till now this system has been more successful than any other like doctrine in pacifying and unifying the nation in which it is employed. Up till now it has also been based on Christianity, which is tacitly recognized as the religion of the United States.

But the social and moral crisis that the war produced in America and all over the world seems to be menacing Christianity. The dogmas, the beliefs, and the moral system of Christianity

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are being attacked in the United States as they have never been attacked before, and more than one judicious observer anxiously finds himself asking what will become of America if Christianity disappears. Religion is now the subject of a bitter intellectual, social, and political struggle in the United States. It is a matter of prime importance for the future of America and of the world.

In the seething complexity of American life it is difficult to keep one's bearings and to reconcile various observers of the American scene who utter completely contradictory opinions. Some people declare that it is amazing how religious Americans are. Indeed, the president of an American college recently made this statement in an attempt to show that religious life emerged everywhere and affected all the activities of his fellow citizens. A house has just been built in Atlantic City over which floats a banner bearing this inscription: 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' It is also worth mentioning the advertisements that you see beside the railways proclaiming 'Christ Is God,' or the automobiles you often meet decorated with similar inscriptions, or the custom that certain not very moral journals indulge in on Sunday when they ask each of the principal ministers in the city for a Biblical quotation to put at the head of their editorial page.

Other observers, however, affirm that 'no nation is more detached from Christianity than the United States, for no nation is more firmly opposed to mysticism and more absorbed by the cares of material life. Soviet materialism is timid compared to that of the United States.' Such brave accusers also add that indifference toward Christian dogma is more widespread in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

The Protestant clergy of America, which is essentially democratic and preoccupied with social and political questions, realizes that it must orient itself. Its members understand that pure religion, which Catholic Europeans like ourselves would define as praying to a personal God, mysticism, efforts to understand, and a code of personal obedience, are closed to them, or at any rate seem more and more dangerous, and therefore they have thrown themselves into social work. This was an advantageous move, for it involved no doctrine, no complicated moral discipline, no liturgy. There was no danger of hurting anybody, and one could develop one's goodness, zeal, and ingenuousness to the utmost by serving the poor and giving the rich an opportunity to be generous and to take out a kind of social insurance on themselves. A reconciliation of all classes may not have been the goal, but at least these efforts tended to produce good feeling.

The first great achievement of American Protestantism was the creation of the Y. M. C. A., whose reputation has spread to Europe, where it has even been imitated. In every big city the Young Men's Christian Association runs an establishment where it receives young students or workers and feeds them, lodges them, and gives them athletic equipment at a very small expense, thus allowing them to amuse themselves without immorality, under a discreet surveying eye.

Encouraged by their success in this field, the Protestant churches then opened the greatest and most serious campaign they ever undertook — the fight for Prohibition. For almost a century the Temperance Movement has played a part in American politics and religions. By 1917 a great number of states had already passed laws forbidding the sale of alcohol, and, encouraged by what they had accom-

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plished, the Protestant denominations, and especially the Baptists and Methodists, — for the Episcopalians were divided on the point, and other sects were less well organized, — undertook to have Prohibition written into the Federal Constitution. They won their fight, and the cause of the Church and of morality triumphed once more. The opposition of most Catholics, of President Wilson, and of a number of political leaders proved fruitless.

In this triumph the Protestant sects showed their strength, their social influence, their desire for the moral well-being of the people, their devotion to the industrial interests of the rich, their modern spirit, and their political sense. It was a veritable apotheosis. People began talking about a great Interchurch World Movement to convert and moralize the globe. It was to be an immense federation of all the Protestant denominations of America. Plans were made for an organization which was to invade Europe. Protestant missionaries were to evangelize Catholic countries. The poor people of the Old World who still clung to outworn religious forms were to be shown what modern religious activity really meant. Protestantism, the social, hygienic religion, envisaged a new era of grandeur opening up before it. Its plans were superb and far-reaching, but certain events ruined them and brought these endeavors to a sudden halt. Instead of being able to spread its benefits all over the world, American Protestantism soon found itself on the defensive at home, fighting for its very existence.

The various American sects included the vast mass of the people, or the lower middle class, who thirsted for concrete religion, and the refined, intellectual groups or upper middle class, who demanded a new morality and insisted that religious law should defer to scientific methods and teachings. It was impossible to conciliate the two points of view or to find a middle course, and the war that broke out still continues. By a strange paradox each of the opposed factions is able to pose as the real heir to the true American Protestant tradition, for they both stem back to tendencies that already existed in seventeenth-century Puritanism, although circumstances and normal evolution have caused them to diverge since.

The Fundamentalists demand an emotional, literal religion of the senses. The Modernists, on the other hand, harbor a Calvinistic instinct that religion should not merely be a private affair, but should fill all one's life, model society, and adapt itself to present circumstances. They are convinced that, since the benefits of this world are a form of divine benediction, they should not be rejected, but accepted with joy and enthusiasm. This attitude I shall refer to as neo-paganism, for want of a better term.

Since 1920 Fundamentalism has weakened considerably. The Ku Klux Klan, to take but one example, has found itself in conflict with too many economic and spiritual forces, and it has therefore renounced its masks, its rough methods, and its robes. Such an abdication is all the more grave and significant since it has occurred on the eve of the presidential election. But there are other signs of the decline of Fundamentalism. One of its most effective means of action took the form of revival meetings. Some of these popular Protestant missionaries won considerable success, especially Billy Sunday, who converted thousands of working people in the Middle West. Lately women evangelists have become more powerful, the most illustrious of these being Aimée McPherson. I recently attended one of her services

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in Chicago, and I shall never forget it.

In an enormous hall in the workers' district of Chicago, Aimée McPherson held a series of meetings in the middle of a hot, damp summer. She was devoting ten days of preaching to the conversion of the great corrupt atheistic city. The enormous hall had been decorated with American flags, and at both entrances pamphlets by the holy lady and signed photographs of her were on sale. A place had been arranged on a big platform for an orchestra, various notables, and the evangelist herself. On the right sat a choir of men and women and another orchestra, and in the rear stood scenery similar to what is used on the operatic stage.

When I arrived the auditorium was almost empty. Many of the little group pressed up against the low platform had burning eyes and tense faces. Others were smiling, and their jaws were executing that mechanical motion that accompanies peaceful mastication of a stick of chewing gum. Workers, little old women, whole families, found themselves cheek by jowl with a few foremen and an occasional intellectual. No one present looked rich or elegant. Here was the seamy side of America, the people who had not made a fortune, and who, being poor, came to seek spiritual consolation from the holy woman, or at least the pleasure of a comic, picturesque, or ridiculous spectacle that would distract them and cost nothing.

Half an hour passed, but the hall remained three-quarters empty. Suddenly a rather large, awkward, not particularly beautiful, but rather nervous and animated woman mounted the platform. The most noticeable thing about her was her brilliant red hair. She wore a blue skirt, a blue shirt waist, and a blue hat like those worn by railway men — for she was preaching for their special benefit that day. In a tense, cracked voice she asked us to sing, and then began beating time with a tambourine, leading the choir, which the rest of the assembly presently joined. In this way we sang a number of sonorous empty hymns that mounted sadly up into the steel and cement vaults of the hall. Seeing the dreariness that had fallen upon her throng, Aimée spoke of her efforts and her sufferings. She spoke of the setback her campaign had suffered in Chicago, and of the ten thousand dollars it was costing every day. Then she cried out, 'But the Devil will not triumph: you are there!' and appealed to her disciples. 'Who,' she asked, 'has come ten miles to get here?' Dozens of hands were raised. 'How many have followed me for ten years?' A few enthusiastic faces emerged. She then had her faithful followers come up on the platform, where she addressed a few words to them and showed them to the assembly, arranging them about her. Slowly she counted them over, and then announced how many there were. After more songs, she began one of her famous illustrated sermons.

On this day her sermon was illustrated by a little toy railway train such as we give children to play with. There was a little cardboard picture of a railroad station with two trains waiting to leave. One line went up to the right over the mountains to a verdant plain, while the other line shot down to the left across a rich countryside, before it went into a tunnel at the end of which was a precipice. Little stations bearing various names were set along the tracks. On the right were Good Will, Good Deeds, Patient Virtue, Pure Life, Christian Death. On the left were Good Intentions, Hesitations, Doubts, Sin, Vice, Perseverance in Evil, Sinful Death.

Holding a lantern and one of those little red flags that are used to an-

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nounce the departure of trains in America, she began talking. She explained that the trains were about to leave. 'All aboard!' she shouted, just like a conductor. 'All aboard for the Hell Express or the Heaven Limited. You haven't a minute to lose. You will go wherever you want to right away. All aboard!' Then she described the easily attained countryside of vice, and the hard path to virtue, with Christ as the supreme end and judge. The little trains departed when she made her gesture, whistling at the stations and the tunnel. Her movements and her words came faster and faster. She pointed to the Devil, who was running the infernal train which finally was engulfed in the pit of Hell to the accompaniment of a tremendous noise. Then in her tired, hoarse voice Aimée McPherson cried: 'Come to me! Come to Christ!'

At this moment a number of people hurled themselves toward the platform and went down on their knees, weeping and murmuring, while a more fervent hymn than ever burst forth. 'Let all who wish to be converted arise!' she shouted. A number of little trembling women got to their feet. A child started to cry, and one woman tiptoed toward the door. 'Christ,' she said — 'Christ is among you!' And the poverty-stricken crowd was touched by her trouble, her woe, her zeal, and her distraction as she leaned against the pulpit. I went out with a number of other people and heard an old woman saying, 'She is a saint.' But I heard a workingman who was pushing his wife along remark, 'Have you got the coffee ready for to-night?'

To a European like myself it seemed that the Devil had triumphed over Aimée McPherson. A few poor people had been distracted or moved, but not fortified. All present had felt the emptiness and coldness of this religion. In its effort to keep in touch with modern times and with the modern mob, Fundamentalism seems to me to be losing ground on every front. Of course, certain fresh, dusty summer evenings in California will still find the tent of the evangelist by the roadside, and his raucous hymns can still be heard. And of course there are conventions, like the one held in Philadelphia in 1927 of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, when the principal speaker was Dr. Cadman, and where Dr. Reisner, the Methodist minister of New York, presided. He discussed the spiritual principles of advertising, and the use of advertising in recruiting Bible classes, showing how the Kingdom of Heaven could be announced by newspaper advertising or over the radio.

But nowadays the various rules and restrictions that the Protestant churches wish to impose on the citizens of the United States are accepted with some irritation. The people of the United States are for many reasons the most sensual people in the world — a fact that makes them difficult to control. Individual wealth, and abundant necessities of life, intoxicate the entire population. Many American immigrants who have suddenly passed from poverty to easy and even luxurious living conditions must be astounded by the contrast.

Moreover, the cult of sport that enjoys such popularity in America not only tends to fortify the muscles, but it develops interest in physical vigor and in the pleasure of nakedness and physical beauty. Sport contains an element of paganism that may be of course negligible, but that may also become an essential element, depending upon the attitude of the people who practise the sport. Literature in the United States, and everywhere else, is going in for the conscious, eager sen-

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suality that characterizes all pagan pleasures. Luxurious clothes are very popular in the United States, where silk has almost entirely replaced cotton. Such hygienic refinements, though praiseworthy and innocent enough in themselves, lead to physical voluptuousness.

Nor must we overlook the importance of the mixture of races. Without hammering this point too hard, it is worth while noting that a region entirely inhabited by white people, like France, cannot conceive of what physical and sexual excitement is caused by the close proximity of white, yellow, and black races. Of course, the United States does possess a remedy to counteract these dangers. It goes in for hard, tiring, excessive work, to which men devote themselves with such zeal from the age of twenty or twenty-two that it calms their ardor. But before they reach this age, and especially during the period between sixteen and twenty-two, it seems that everything is done to encourage them to enjoy their bodies as much and as freely as possible. Moreover, white women do not have this antidote, for they enjoy rest, comfort, and idleness.

America also offers a curious spectacle to any visitor who tries to understand the qualities of the country. You see much less open immorality there, but much more sensuality, than in Europe. Forms of social vice that are tolerated in France and looked upon benevolently by the public officials on our boulevards are severely and expressly prohibited in America. Yet thousands of girls, especially in summer, walk the streets in costumes that Paris itself cannot touch. On spring and summer evenings outside New York and Chicago thousands of automobiles park with the curtains down along a river or a lake or on an unfrequented road. Automobiles can even be hired for a few days, a day, or a night.

It is also significant that divorces are increasing every year in the United States. This particular form of sensuality seems characteristic of the country. Many Europeans have been surprised to see Malthusian publications sold on the streets, and to learn that various states have laws to govern eugenics or to prevent criminals from having children. Some Protestant ministers defend a moderate, methodical form of Malthusianism. Recently a judge in Denver declared that Malthusianism is practised by ninety per cent of intelligent couples to limit their families, and he went on to eulogize companionate marriage, which he looked upon as an essential accessory to Malthusianism.

At the present moment the universities seem to be the chief sources of moral and religious trouble. The beautiful girls and the athletic young men who are cared for so lovingly, so carefully, and so respectfully, who enjoy such extensive leisure and so many liberties, who are accorded all the privileges that God and man can bestow on any creature at the height of his physical and moral career, find no satisfaction, but are always excited by an intoxicating, torturing emotion. The atrocious crime committed in Chicago in 1924 by two young Jewish students, intelligent, rich, and handsome, who killed one of their friends for reasons that were never clearly established, brought these bizarre conditions into the public eye. Since then, and especially in 1927 during February, March, and April, suicides have increased to such a degree in the universities and colleges that university presidents, professors, and all other educators, have been greatly disturbed. All kinds of investigations have been held to discover the reason for these

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suicides, but it seems that most of the young people who put an end to themselves leave some note behind that vaguely affirms their disgust with life but gives no concrete reason for their action.

The investigations undertaken by various newspapers have provided no precise information. Young people who have been questioned on the subject and those who did not succeed in killing themselves replied that this unfortunate epidemic was a result of the war or of the crisis in religion or of changing morals.

Prohibition and the cult of science have gravely upset the moral equilibrium of many colleges. Whatever one's opinion of Prohibition may be, it is unquestionably bad for rich people's children. It does not prevent them from getting alcohol, but has merely made it more difficult, more expensive, more exciting, more dangerous, and more interesting. Many young fellows, and especially young girls, who would never have touched a drop when wine, beer, and whiskey were allowed have begun drinking with real enthusiasm. A young American drinks with the same feeling of pride that a young Frenchman writes a cubist or surrealiste poem. Intoxication at flouting the law precedes and leads to the other form of intoxication. Student dances that used to be eminently respectable have become much more daring. It is by no means rare to see girl students accepting dances only with boys whose pockets are well equipped with whiskey flasks. Last winter at Harvard several hundred drunken students engaged in a great battle with the police, who manhandled them rudely.

Irritation at Prohibition and at restrictions and censorships of every kind is constantly increasing in the universities. The students have nothing but disgust for a Protestantism devoid of nearly all dogmatic, intellectual, and mystical elements, a Protestantism that merely imposes social rules.

In college these young people often find themselves in contact with teachers who are full of militant atheism. At the present moment there seems to be a silent fight going on between most of the professors and the clergy. The latter feel that the faith of youth is tending to be turned more and more toward science rather than toward religion, and therefore they look with suspicion upon the professors. But the professors, either because they are accustomed to the infinite confidence that the naïve students have in them, or because they abuse this confidence, often oppose Protestant churches, and even Christianity. Most professors in the big Eastern universities are hostile to Prohibition, and a good many of them have Jewish blood, so that Christianity seems to them foreign and even absurd. They would have to display rare heroism to resist the appeal and the passionate enthusiasm of the thousands of Americans who are yearning for instruction and fascinated by the miracles of science, such as aviation, radio, wireless telephony, and so forth. The professors are not addressing themselves to a rather skeptical and fairly well educated, or at least up-to-date, public, as is the case in France. They find themselves contemplating masses of human beings who are intoxicated with the desire to learn but are ignorant and awkward in acquiring knowledge. Yet the professors are not discouraged by either the ignorance or the mental shortcomings of the students, since they are upheld by American optimism.

In America to-day many passions and desires are working at cross purposes. It is difficult to be impartial and

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to judge so generous and so idealistic a people — a people that is so strongly attracted by religious fervor, yet so eager to enjoy the voluptuous pleasures of this world. The American adolescent of 1928 looks at religion with an anxious eye. He does not dislike it, he expects a great deal from it — perhaps too much, for he asks it to guide him, to uphold him, and to reconcile all his aspirations, however contradictory they may be. His eager, healthy body thirsts for new delicate pleasures, but he still fears sin, and, if he wants to do something dangerous, unusual, risqué, he prefers night, drunkenness, or darkness, which free him from the necessity of having to judge himself. He possesses a loyal, rather simple, spirit. He is smitten with science, to which the genius of his race has been able to impart such a clear, simple appearance that it seems completely satisfying. In giving him all credit for possessing spirituality, we must also recognize that he will continue to preserve in the centre of his soul a need for emotion, abandon, and fervor that he will always endeavor to appease by some indistinct prayer.

Swept on by society and by his native country, he will readily and unregretfully allow himself to be carried away by the moral and religious movements of the crowd, to which he will devote his time rather than his life, his obedience rather than his personal support. Throughout his existence he will continue to harbor this need for an utterly clear and distinct conception of the world, and this will impel him either toward atheistic science or toward Catholicism. He dreams of a rich human beauty that will lead him toward modern art or to the most traditional Roman liturgy. He desires a morality that is made up of harmonious instincts rather than of discipline, and this will perhaps maintain him all his life in the empty uncertainties of Protestantism, where he will take refuge because he will have no time for anything else, because he will be devoid of love and hate, and because he is really not sufficiently different from his fathers.

ON THE GOLD COAST[1]

BY LAWRENCE G. GREEN

BLUE, white, yellow, and green — these are the colors of 'the Coast.' Blue for the West African sea that has borne the keels of slave ships and fighting merchantmen for centuries. White for the surf, the endless roaring surf; and yellow for the sand it beats upon. Green for the jungle stretching away inland, full of its own dark mysteries, to Sahara. In the days of the swashbuckling sea adventurers there was a three-hundred-mile strip of this sinister coast that lured the hardest and most desperate men. This was the Gold Coast. Portuguese, British, Danes, Dutch, and Prussians from Brandenburg — they ran out their muzzle-loading cannon when they saw each

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly)

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other then. Now they all lie rolling at anchor in the open roadsteads of 'the Coast,' rivals only in trade.

You can still see the white castle built by the Danes as you steam up to Accra. White, with the Union Jack and the green roof of the Governor's residence above the battlements, and the black rocks and the surf below. Christiansbourg Castle, an impressive relic of a reckless age. Eton-cropped women now dance on the time-worn stone where slaves once clanked their chains.

The liner passes on to the jumble of old and new buildings that is Accra, chief port and capital of the Gold Coast Colony. Going ashore on the Gold Coast is still a dangerous affair. There is the 'mammy chair' to face, and after that the surf. In these open bays passengers cannot simply walk down a gangway into a boat and be taken quietly to a wharf. The long swell sweeping in from the south makes that impossible. You must swing over the side in the 'mammy chair' and drop dizzily into the surfboat. It is an ordeal that makes old seamen nervous. The 'mammy chair' is like a swingboat at a fair. Just a wooden box with two seats facing each other. It will hold four white people or ten natives, the idea among ships' officers being that the black races have powers of compression unknown in civilized lands. Fully loaded, the chair rises from the deck with the steam winch clattering merrily. Veritably your life is in the hands of the black man at the winch. You glance up anxiously to see that the steel hooks are not slipping out of the eye in the wire cable that holds you in mid-air. You remember that you have been advised to keep your hands inside the chair, and you grip the seat feverishly.

There is a mad moment as the chair swings out over the vessel's side. Glancing down, the bravest man might shudder. Far below you the surfboat lifts, falls, and bumps against the steel plates of the ship. You have a sudden vision of black, upturned faces in the boat, and white eyeballs. The boatmen are supposed to be catching the ropes attached to the chair so that they may guide you to safety. Actually, they are taking good care that the heavy chair does not descend on them, wherever else it may fall. Now the winchman has seized his chance, the chair is dropping toward the water. Halfway down he changes his mind, and the chair stops. As the ship rolls, the chair crashes against the side, giving you a sick feeling of disaster to follow. It is no use telling yourself that accidents never happen. They do. Many a 'mammy chair' has been smashed, many people have been flung down between the liner and the heavy surfboats. With a final staggering shock the 'mammy chair' drops neatly into the surfboat. In a moment the hooks have been released and the paddlers are thrusting their double-ended craft away from the liner's side. You light a cigarette with deep relief. Then you remember that another ordeal has still to be faced. The ordeal of the surf.

Ten red-jerseyed natives are sitting on the gunwale of the boat, urging it forward with paddles shaped like tridents. Each muscular man has one foot in a thong of leather to brace himself for the heavy task of paddling. Rudders are never used. A superb giant of a man stands in the stern with the steering oar. Safe landing or disastrous capsize depends on him.

I sat in a basket chair opposite a negro shipping clerk dressed, after the manner of his kind, in white topee and starched white suit. The contrast between this easy-living, half-educated person and the straining

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blacks at the paddles was marked.

'Are these paddlers Kroomen?' I asked, admiring the taut muscles and deep chests of them as the boat slid forward.

'No, they're Fula boys from Cape Coast Castle,' he replied contemptuously. I liked the savages much better than the semicivilized product. As they paddled, they sang the long monotonous chant that makes heavy work under the burning African sun so much easier.

'*Ah-a-a-a-ah! Wu Bagata!*' crooned a paddler in the bows.

'*Ah-a-a-a-ah! Wu!*' they all sang wildly, taking up the rhythm so that the boat leaped faster toward the white line of the surf. Their breath went in sharp, loud hissings.

A shout from the stern, and every man flung down his paddle. Up went the stern as a great curling wave caught us and sped us forward in a headlong rush. I could hear the beating of the surf on the sand plainly now, and the noisy welter of spray raining on the boat. The bows touched, the wave passed on. Over the side flashed the ten paddlers. They were up to their necks and dragging at the boat. A few seconds will make all the difference now; another crashing wave will send the boat rolling over and over. But the red-jerseyed men won, the bows were on firm sand. A giant yelled in 'Coast' pidgin, and I realized that he was talking to me.

'Massa! You lib for shore, massa! Come one-time!' I was on his back and on the beach before the next overpowering wave arrived. Also I was extremely lucky. Many hundreds of people reach that beach at Accra gasping and squeezing the salt water from their clothes and wondering how much of their baggage the boat's crew will save from the surf.

Accra beach is a sight for all lovers of tropical romance and African adventure. It was the cocoa season. Sacks of raw cocoa were piled like great barricades in long tin sheds. They say that anything that will grow in the tropics will grow in Gold Coast Colony. These kola nuts, palm kernels, drums of oil, bags of copra, prove the truth of the assertion. The progress of this territory since the war has been astonishing. A railway runs up to Kumasi and down to the coast again to Sekondi. It was strange to watch the heavily shuttered railway coaches moving out on the journey to Kumasi, city of the Ashanti people, in the land of the Golden Stool.

No one knows who made the Golden Stool that cost England so many lives. It was the terrible symbol of King Prempeh, and stood beside the fetish tree in Kumasi where hundreds of slaves and captives were beheaded at the whim of a man who rivaled T'Chaka in his blood lust. Then the British troops sweated up from the coast to dethrone Prempeh and dynamite the fetish tree. The Golden Stool was never found. It is guarded by the peaceable Ashantis to this day. And you can take a train to the city where human sacrifice was a daily event. Nowadays, it is the climate that takes toll of the people of Gold Coast Colony. It was painfully hot where I stood on Accra beach. An English public schoolboy, checking cargo alongside the surfboats and cursing the rain-laden monsoon wind, gave me some idea of life in this insistent heat. There was no pink bloom left in his cheeks. His face was sallow with quinine, lined with illness and worry. 'People in England think that we live easily on the Coast, that the doctors have wiped out all the disease,' he told me wearily, pushing back his heavy helmet. 'That idea hurts us out here — it's all wrong. We are certainly not overpaid, and our

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home leave every two years is not a luxury — it's death to stay much longer. Some men don't stick it for a year.' He told me the facts for the benefit of those who feel the lure of this coast that a novelist once called 'Hell's Playground.'

The newcomer to a trading firm anywhere on the West African coast usually finds himself at work as a 'beachmaster.' He goes down to the beach at six o'clock in the morning, and his boy follows him soon afterward with breakfast — cold eggs and bacon, in a very hot shed. His main duty is to check cargo as the surfboats come in from the freighters in the roadstead. He must have a quick eye for breakages and shortages — and the ingenuity of the black thief is more Oriental than African. Dozens of natives arrive during the day with palm kernels, petrol tins, and calabashes of palm oil. The beachmaster must see everything weighed out and measured. He must supervise the laborers bagging kernels and pouring oil into casks. Always, he must have an eye in the back of his head for the incoming surfboats.

At noon, if he is fortunate, he may stagger up to the mess for lunch; and with equally good luck he may be able to rest for an hour or two. But, when the cocoa season is on, when there are many ships in the bay, he may not get to the mess at all. A sandwich in the shed, which has now become intolerably hot, will have to satisfy him. Leisurely 'chop' during the day is a rare experience for the first-timer in West Africa.

Work goes on unceasingly until six in the evening — sometimes later. The beachmaster's head begins to ache, his eyes are tired and dazzled in the blinding glare of the sun. No tennis at sundown for him. Just time for a hasty shower before dinner. Trading firms recognize no public holidays, and Sunday is often the most feverishly busy day of the week. So much vital work has to be done that the conscientious man dare not even go down with malaria until the fever forces him down.

In return for this unpleasant life, the young man learning to be a West Coast trader may expect a salary of twenty-five pounds a month, possibly a little more. At the end of two years he will receive four months' leave in England on half pay. If he is invalided home before his contract has expired, he is almost certain to lose his job. If he works hard for two years, he may be lucky enough to secure an eighteen months' contract for the next spell of duty and a higher salary. A well-educated young man, ambitious, and with the essential physical endurance, will be making more at the end of five years on the Coast than he would receive after twenty years in England. Or he may still be selling cotton print to hot and odorous black humanity behind the counter in the store.

A career in West Africa is a gamble. You back your character and your body against the most insidious climate in the world. The agents and supervisors, with their thousand pounds a year salaries and their trips to England every nine or twelve months, are the men who have won. The losers, some of them, are dragging themselves along slum pavements in English towns, their drink-sodden bodies in torment and their throats aching for whiskey. I doubt whether any land in the world breaks men more surely and completely than the Coast.

When the white man in West Africa is not eagerly awaiting the distant day of his release from the white man's burden, it is extremely probable that he is looking forward to 'small chop' or 'palm-oil chop.' All food in West Africa is 'chop.' It may be tinned

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salmon or fresh fruit, but, from Dakar to the Congo, white exiles will call it 'chop.' And of all 'chop' the two varieties most enjoyed are 'small chop' and 'palm-oil chop.' Epicures of healthier countries might consider them exotic. To the Coaster they mean a little forgetfulness, which is worth a great deal in places where your best friends die suddenly before lunch and have to be buried immediately afterward.

A 'small chop' party gathers about an hour before the guests have arranged to have dinner in their own homes. If all goes well, they actually sit down to their own 'chop' about three hours late. When I was invited to a 'small chop' party in Accra I wondered whether it meant a dinner jacket. Soon I discovered that there is no formality at all about these friendly and typical West African entertainments.

'Small chop' is chiefly liquid — the sundowner of whiskey-and-soda, and the powerful pink gin by way of appetizer. They do not drink many cocktails on the Coast, because there is not much ice. Between drinks the black servants pass silently from guest to guest with plates of fried ground nuts, — which you call monkey nuts, —little slices of boiled ham, sardines and salad on toast, olives, anchovies, and all manner of delicacies made red-hot with the local pepper.

At such a party there can be little conversational restraint. Wives of officials bleat the most carefully guarded secrets. Traders reveal the most astonishing business achievements. A man's capabilities are unlimited at a 'small chop' party. There may be a little dancing toward the end, but talk and still more talk is the main impression. You remember the voices, but you certainly cannot remember much of what was said.

'Palm-oil chop' is a much more serious affair. It reminded me of what I had read of the *rystafel* in Java. Preparations begin two or three days before the Sunday on which 'palm-oil chop' is nearly always eaten. The host sends one of his servants, a woman if possible, to the native market to buy the dozens of ingredients that go to make the true 'palm-oil chop.' There is nothing European in it, nothing but the food of West Africa.

At about half past eleven in the morning the guests arrive; and on the cool verandah, shaded by green *jalousies*, they pass the time with appetizers and cards until 'chop' is served at one o'clock. From ten to twenty men in white jackets emerge from the kitchen with the strange dishes of this West African meal.

Chicken, hard-boiled eggs, river prawns, and a soft native vegetable called *akraw*, all stewed in the crunched fruit of the oil palm in an iron pot over a slow fire — such is the main dish. Rice, boiled separately and then dried in the sun, acts as a foundation. So far the meal is fairly simple; but presently the servants begin to pass the flavorings. There are dozens of them. Ten minutes go by before you are ready to start eating.

Onions from Kano in Nigeria, chilis, red pepper with such a bite that you dare not take more than a few grains, *fu-fu* from the *kassava* root — all these things and many more you are expected to add to your high-piled plate. You eat with a spoon and fork. When the *fu-fu*, which resembles a doughball, is handed, you must dip your spoon in water and strike the vegetable before tasting it. Then you have put the *ju-ju* on it and followed the native custom.

Beer is the invariable drink at 'palm-oil chop.' You need something like that to cool your scalded mouth

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from time to time. It is a one-dish meal. No one could possibly eat even a mouthful of cheese if he has done his duty by the chief dish. A glass of cognac is the usual liqueur.

It is an immense meal. You realize why Sunday was chosen when you lean back heavily in an armchair after 'palm-oil chop.' Impossible to work, to play tennis, to do anything but sleep. And sleep is thrice-blessed here, for you may forget that you are in sweltering Accra. Perhaps, in fancy, you are on board a black-funneled Elder Dempster boat with the low, misty fringe of the Coast astern. That, according to cynical old Coasters, is the best view West Africa can offer.

AIR PATHS AND POLICIES

MAN'S NEWEST CONQUEST

POLITICS OF THE AIR [1]

RELATIVELY few inventions have determined the social and economic structure of the world we live in, as well as its political life. The colonial empires of Greece, Spain, and Portugal would never have existed if some genius had not invented the sailboat, the colonial system of the nineteenth century was made possible by the steamboat, and the British Dominions and the United States were developed by the locomotive.

It is unfortunate that no one has thought of writing the history of mankind as a struggle against distance, for that is its true essence. Perhaps the most dramatic chapter of all would be the one that we are all of us living through to-day — the chapter of bird's-eye view policies made possible by the flying machine.

Although distance, the chief enemy of human progress, may not yet be completely conquered, it surely will be vanquished soon. Flying routes will be developed, and continents and oceans will be spanned at the rate of two and three hundred miles an hour. The antipodes of to-day will be our neighbors to-morrow, and our present boundaries will be as obsolete as the walls of ancient cities.

We have not yet quite reached this point, but developments are under way, and difficulties that were insuperable twenty years ago are now being overcome. The world is contracting, and world empires of the British type that once seemed about to fall apart are now growing stronger as a result of the flying machine. New economic and political problems have arisen, and a complete change of world politics is in order.

Almost every week ushers in some new development in world flying. Systems of airways are being developed, radiating from a few important political centres. No Great Power with oversea possessions is allowing any portion of its domain to be left unprotected, and every strategic point is being developed and equipped. The struggle to maintain these points is

[1] By Karl Figdor, in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily)

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becoming an increasingly vital element in world politics.

A few examples will clearly show how the development of air traffic is influencing world history and world policies. Hardly more than a night is required for an Englishman to fly over friendly France to the Mediterranean, which is now the aeronautical centre of the British Empire. By far the most important district in this part of the world consists of the triangle formed by Port Said, Suez, and Cairo. In the course of the next few years this triangle will form a part of a gigantic air system by which England will spread its wings over the entire Orient and Southern Orient. Cairo will be more important to the future British Empire than the Suez Canal is at the present time or than the Panama Canal is to the United States.

Three great airways radiating from Cairo are now being developed. They will knit together India, Australia, New Zealand, and the South African Union, to say nothing of the East African Dominion that will be developed from British East Africa, German East Africa, and Rhodesia. On these three lines all the pearls of the British Empire except Canada and Newfoundland will be strung.

The first air line will run from Cairo over Arabia and the mandated territories of Palestine, Transjordania, and Mesopotamia, and across India to Singapore, where the Gibraltar of South Eastern Asia is now being built.

The second line will follow the course of the first as far as Singapore, and then branch to the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand. The third air line will extend southward the entire length of Africa. It is an overland route crossing Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, British and German East Africa, Rhodesia, and the South African Union to Cape Town. Work on this route is already under way, and gasoline depots, landmarks, and landing fields are under construction. The other two routes will be opened as soon as beacons have been erected for the benefit of night flyers. The official flying time on the two eastern routes is fantastically short, and has been estimated at the following figures in hours: —

London to Cairo	35
Cairo to Karachi	33
Karachi to Rangoon	30
Rangoon to Singapore	18
Singapore to Port Darwin	33
Port Darwin to Melbourne	30

British policy in the Mediterranean and the British attitude in the Egyptian conflict are thus made abundantly clear. London will never tolerate a change of the present balance of power in the Mediterranean, and Mussolini's hopes of Italian expansion in the Eastern Mediterranean cannot be realized. If Mussolini would take the time to study the new air policy he would soon discover that all his ambitions in this direction will find themselves directly or indirectly thwarted by England.

It is therefore clear that England can follow only one course in any conflict with Egypt, no matter whether Conservatives, Liberals, or Laborites are in power. The *status quo* in Egypt must be maintained, and even strengthened if possible. All concessions that England will make will be limited by the fact that she requires absolute control not only of Cairo and the Suez Canal, but also of the overland air route to the Sudan and South Africa. Whatever the League of Nations may say, the Egyptians who demand independence will never attain it except by triumphing over the English will to power.

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France is also seeking to consolidate her empire by air. Her flyers have just made the trip from Marseille to Timbuktu in a single day. The Sahara and the Mediterranean no longer separate the old France from the new France beyond the seas, from her black empire in Africa and all its resources of land and labor. Marseille is the great future airport of France, just as Cairo is the great future airport of England. From Marseille lines radiate to Tunis, Algiers, Oran, and Casablanca, and from those points further lines extend into Africa.

Mussolini's dream of a Roman Empire encounters its second insuperable obstacle at this point. Tunis will never be Italian, since it occupies a position on the flank of the French network of air routes over Africa.

In Eastern Asia the Philippines are still fighting for an independence that they will never attain, since the position of the United States in the Pacific Ocean and in relation to China demands more than ever the possession of these islands. The Philippines together with Hawaii form America's future line of approach to the East in both peace and war. Air routes will soon be radiating from this line, and will dominate the entire Far East extending to Singapore, where the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers will join hands.

In South America the Argentine Republic is developing air lines over its wide level plains. Buenos Aires will be the most important airport on the continent.

The time will come when flying machines and airships will cross the Atlantic Ocean regularly, and Ireland will then find itself the chief European port for traffic with the West, and will attain an international importance she never enjoyed before.

The most fascinating element in the air services and air policies of the future has to do with the ocean stopping places. An American company has already been formed to place a number of floating airplane bases across the Atlantic Ocean. The question of freedom of the seas at once arises. To whom will these islands belong? What flags will they fly? Will they be internationalized? Whoever controls them not only controls the ocean and the air, but all the seas that England used to rule.

In spite of our European airways, we Germans are mere spectators. We cannot participate in the great policies of to-morrow, for the World War has reduced us to a continental Power. Who knows, however, if that is not the better part?

SOUTH AMERICAN AIR ROUTES [2]

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* has announced that the last German Aeronautical Mission to South America has just closed its offices in Buenos Aires. Three lines are sufficient to state this piece of news, which marks a serious defeat for German aviation.

We have already commented on the rivalry that has been going on for several years in South America between French and German aviation interests. The great air line between Europe and South America that Pierre Latécoère established in 1918 stimulated our neighbors across the Rhine to attempt a vast intercontinental line from Spanish soil with German material and German personnel. The Spanish Government listened attentively to the proffered constitution of an ostensibly Spanish consortium that would actually be German and that would establish fifteen thousand kilometres of airways to South America as far as Buenos Aires, all dominated by the Reich. As a result of this ambition,

[2] By Georges Bruni, in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily)

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extraordinary envoys paid many visits to the countries of South America, the most famous of these envoys being ex-Chancellor Luther, who went from capital to capital spreading propaganda in behalf of a German transoceanic air line. These efforts have not succeeded. The progress made by the Société Latécoère and its methodic development of land and sea organization have convinced our transatlantic friends that this company alone is able to establish the desired connections with the maximum of regularity, speed, and safety.

The recent return of the last German mission to its native land proves that Germany has abandoned the struggle, and that, although her future may be in the air, South America will not be involved. The success of the Société Latécoère, now known as the Compagnie Générale Aeropostale, is complete. It is an honor to our aviation, for its 12,795 kilometres that comprise the France to South America air line make it by far the longest commercial air line regularly used.

The history of this line's development and the present conditions under which it functions must be familiar to everyone interested in the economic expansion of France. The Toulouse to Buenos Aires route was developed in the following stages: September 1919, Toulouse to Casablanca, 1845 kilometres; June 1925, Casablanca to Dakar, 2850 kilometres; November 1927, Natal to Montevideo to Buenos Aires, 4650 kilometres; March 1928, Dakar to Natal, 3450 kilometres; making a total of 12,795 kilometres. All the land flying is done in airplanes, and the sea is negotiated in amphibians and dispatch boats. Within a year the dispatch boats will be removed and the amphibians that are just being completed will be put into service. At the present moment one trip a week is made. The time taken for the first five voyages, including stopovers, was 374 hours, 431 hours, 380 hours, 305 hours, and 287 hours. Thus the longest of these trips took eighteen days, whereas now the average is ten days, with better time being made each week. Long before the lapse of the six months' period specified in the contract to the Compagnie Générale Aeropostale, the service will be functioning in less than eight days.

When the personnel becomes familiar with its duties, and when the amphibians have replaced the dispatch boats, the time will be cut still shorter. Let us suppose that the ordinary letter takes nearly a month to get from Chile to Paris by boat. It now takes thirteen days by air, and next year the trip will take only six or seven days at the most. These figures are so eloquent that comment is unnecessary.

The personnel that is now required to run this enormous service includes seventy-two pilots, two hundred mechanics, four hundred laborers, forty naval officers, three hundred sailors, thirty radio operators, and thirteen base commanders. The material includes two hundred airplanes, ten amphibians, three hundred motors, six rapid dispatch boats, six watchtowers, three reserve gasoline tanks, and two reserve water tanks.

The recruiting, training, and development of a skilled personnel, the construction and coöperation of such a large naval and air fleet, and the organization of thirteen landing fields have cost millions of francs and have involved an enormous amount of work. The chief difficulties lay between Natal and Buenos Aires. But in spite of everything, a total distance of three hundred thousand kilometres has been flown during seven months, and during the last two months the service has been one hundred per cent regular.

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Is it necessary to add that the number of letters carried is increasing at a formidable rate?

Such is the achievement of a thoroughly French air service organized in a superior way over a space of some years. It is the fruit of determined, intelligent will power, and the reward of prodigious labor. M. Pierre Latécoère and his faithful collaborator, M. de Massimi, have silently, methodically, and faithfully created a marvelous tool whose world-wide importance public opinion is just beginning to recognize.

FLYING ACROSS AFRICA[3]

I LISTENED on Monday to an account by Mr. Gerald Bowyer of his adventures in traveling from Cape Town to London by motor car — the first time a standard motor car has made this trip. Mr. Bowyer refuses to call Africa the Dark Continent; he calls it the Light Continent. He says that throughout his journey he saw but one leopard, a few buck, a couple of hyena, and an odd jackal or two. Roads, whether they are the better roads of the Uganda, the narrower native tracks of Tanganyika, or the very occasional roads that thread the swamps in North Rhodesia, all bring a certain amount of civilization close to them, for civilization follows the path of transport. But in flying over Africa one is unable, much as one would like to, to stick to the safer lines of civilization and roads, and is obliged to get from landing place to landing place across anything that may lie between, whether it be swamp or forest, or craggy mountain ranges with desolate valleys in between.

Looking back on my flight, I am chiefly impressed by the minute scratches human effort has made on the surface of Africa. Over great areas there is no sign of living habitation. The fever and damps of the swamps make life impossible, and in other closely wooded areas there is depopulation owing to the ravages of sleeping sickness. Even in the more highly civilized parts there are great areas of lonely country — mountainous stretches of veldt in South Africa, and still more mountainous areas of desert to the north. But the centre of Africa cannot be called mountainous. From all its coasts Africa slopes upward to a great central plateau, on which are found, far away from the ravages of civilization, the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life. Many pilots have flown this route, and I have heard one of them say that on the whole trip he saw no game or anything alive. I can only surmise that this man did not know his Africa and did not know what the living things looked like when he saw them. The natural instinct of game is to stand stock still when it hears a suspicious sound, and to remain still until it discovers the cause and direction of that which startles it. It is therefore not so easy for one who has not actually walked and shot over the country to distinguish wild life. For my part, having lived in all three of the British East African territories, and having traveled through all our other possessions in that continent, often with a gun in search of game, my eyes were quick to see wild animals, and there was an abundance of them.

As far south as Livingstone — twenty miles south of it, in fact — I saw rhinos in the bush, and flying low over them was horrified to observe the devoted mother of a baby rhinoceros run headlong from her charge when she heard the machine. Other game behaved quite differently. On the Serengati plains in the west of Kenya the great herds of buck, numbering often many thousands, ran like a frightened

[3] By Lady Heath, in the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly)

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herd of sheep from the noise of the engine. But two or three times on the edge of the plains when I passed over groups of lions, either sunning themselves in the morning heat or ranging from place to place, I was surprised to find that they took apparently no notice of my machine. They probably regarded me, as the natives did in various wild places in which I landed, as an 'act of God.' In the Southern Sudan I found the rhinos more quiescent, the white rhino, a creature peculiar to that region, ignoring my presence completely; and the large herds of elephants took but little notice. Of the smaller game hidden among the undergrowth I can say little, the tiny buck, guinea fowl, and snakes being altogether hidden from my view. Other birds than the guinea fowl, such as the great eagles which frequent the granite hills rising out of the forest plains, drifted by with complete contempt, sometimes only a few yards off.

I retain wonderful memories of the beauties of Central Africa. On the Equator itself there is no great heat, owing to the height of the central plateau, and where there is not forest or swamp there are vast rolling plains of agricultural land, which the white settler is beginning to discover and to exploit. As soon as the powers that be help him by laying down transport and postal facilities — for those are the two things necessary to open up Central Africa — we shall have a great storehouse of mineral and agricultural wealth. A railway runs northward from the Cape for five days' journey before it branches off toward the Belgian Congo. Westward a line runs inland through Portuguese East Africa from Beira, and again another line runs from Dar-es-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika. Another line is gradually creeping eastward from Lobito, but in the very centre, where there are gold and diamonds, and that still more priceless possession, a rich virgin soil, there is nothing except impossibly bad roads which cannot be used during the rainy season, from March to October. Never shall I forget the beauty of climbing at nine thousand feet over the ridge of the Rungwa Mountains on the southern side of Tanganyika. The drifting white clouds that held the coming of the rains were flecking the sky and gilding the crest of the next range. Underneath them, intersecting the mottled ground of the valleys, were the silver ribbons of watercourses flowing to Lake Rukwa and the semidry swamp which lies to the north. In this valley there are hundreds of white people finding a living by washing the gold from the rivers. A little farther north a new diamond mine has recently been discovered. Two or three hundred miles still further north, on the shores of Victoria Nyanza, there is an enormous meat-canning industry starting. All these industries are begging for transport facilities to connect them with the Mother Country. Unless the Imperial Government can find means to provide the help that is required these people will have to go elsewhere, and their industries will be lost to the Empire.

From a navigational point of view, flying over Central Africa is child's play. The visibility is wonderful. One can see fifty or seventy miles with the greatest ease, and in Africa things are built on a big scale. A single range as large as the Pennines, a lake as large as Ireland, a solitary hill as big as Vesuvius, are common occurrences, so that one does not have to concentrate on the details immediately beneath one, such as roads, crossroads, railways, and the twists of tiny rivers, as one does in the small area and perpetually bad visibility of the British Isles. An hour before reaching Lake Bangweota the shining stretches of its waters and the

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glittering silver of the bend of the Nile can be seen. The extreme beauty and bigness of things make one forget the possibility of a forced landing.

This danger is really an ever-present one, and it is a danger that could be greatly lessened or altogether removed if the governments of Central Africa would combine to provide a chain of wireless stations such as they have in the Sudan and such as the Italian and French colonies so proudly possess. To my mind, Abercorn is the centre of Africa, and for five hundred miles to the south there is a single telegraph line which lies on the ground for nine months out of twelve owing to the thefts of wire-loving natives or the pell-mell rush of careless giraffes or the ravages of storms. To the north of Abercorn to Tabora there are four hundred miles of forest and swamp over which the trans-African aviator must fly and through which the trans-African traveler must go, and here there is no line for communication of any kind. To herald one's advent or to warn the villages of one's coming means a ten days' job by runner, and one might be lost for weeks in the forest before the country people became aware that it was even necessary to send out a search party. These things must be remedied.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A STATION AGENT[1]

BY H. AND A. DE CURZON

Once upon a time there was a station agent named Panouille — Camille Panouille. He directed all by himself a little station whose responsibilities he alone assumed. He was an excellent man, conscientious and modest, who lived in the fear of God. His superiors had never been able to level any reproach against him, for the simple reason that he was lamentably low-spirited. But 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' as the rest of this story will prove.

Such a polite, humble man was naturally well thought of, and that was why he had been given his tiny little station on a tiny little line where one train a day passed in each direction, with a six-hour interval between. Under these circumstances there was no danger of making a mistake at the switch, and no accidents could possibly be feared. Moreover, there was only one track, and, although the station did possess the regulation switch, the rails of the extra track were devoured with rust, and the switch itself was overgrown with ivy and clematis.

Even so, Panouille could never witness the approach of train Number 153 or of train Number 154 without a certain feeling of apprehension. Long before either train was due he was standing at his post, very excited, with his little red flag in his hand. He was also rather alarmed whenever any traveler who had wandered into these parts expressed the desire to buy a ticket from him even half an hour before the iron monster arrived. But

[1] From *La Nouvelle Revue* (Paris Republican literary and political semimonthly)

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the moment that his heart beat most rapidly was when train 153 had stopped and opened one of its doors, which he would have to close, and an individual of either sex would descend and ask the way out of the station. Such occurrences were happily rare, although Panouille on more than one occasion had been so absorbed in his duties that he had not heard voices on the train exclaiming: 'Why, what a pretty place it is here! Where in the world are we? I must stop here some day.'

The fact is that this model station agent kept his garden and the property about the platform in amazingly good order, having laid out a charming variety of flowers and shrubs. But when the train was passing through, his thoughts were elsewhere. 'Saint Camille de Lellis, my patron, may there be no accident!'

Such an observation is alone enough to make things happen, and it was no doubt on this account that the accident occurred. It had the honor of being duly reported in the newspapers, and the station was promptly removed. What happened was that on one and the same day train 153 was three hours late and train 154 was three hours early. How did this arise? The reason was that certain farm societies had unexpectedly been entertaining a number of visitors, and it had been decided to change the schedule of the trains in both directions.

But had the station agent been warned? Certainly. He had received due notification by telephone. Only telephones always upset Panouille. He hardly heard anything that was said, and would always say yes, without understanding exactly what was going on. The result was that at the fatal moment when train 153 appeared on his left he confined himself to waving desperately his little red flag over the usual track, without ever thinking of throwing the switch (for how would it ever have occurred to him that this was necessary at this time of day?), and without suspecting the simultaneous arrival of train 154, which was approaching full speed from his right. Like train 153, it did not attempt to slow down as it passed through the station.

The result was a double telescoping, with Panouille pulverized in the middle.

But my story has only begun. When Panouille, or rather his soul, regained consciousness, he found himself the stupefied centre of a cohort of other souls, whose surprise and indignation could not conjure up enough reproaches to heap upon his head. Some, to be sure, adopted an attitude of smiling resignation, and only asked to be given access to the path of light whither they felt themselves attracted, and his own soul instinctively mounted with theirs.

But the souls that were destined for Heaven were comparatively few, and those that were too heavy with their sins to be able to rise above Purgatory manifested a just anger at the rest, and particularly at the awkward person responsible for their premature exodus. Panouille, modest as ever, humbly agreed with these outraged people, and admitted that he was worthy of severe punishment. A few others, even more angry, were tugging at his legs, hoping to pull him with them down to Hell. He easily shook himself loose, and followed the others with some hesitation. When he arrived at the gates of Purgatory the angel stationed there stopped him suddenly. 'Your name,' he remarked, 'does not appear on my register, and I cannot let you in. See if you won't find a happier fate at the gates of Paradise. Of course, it is harder to get in, and if you should fail

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just knock at the gates of Hell, for they are always open.'

What a cruel embarrassment. 'Saint Camille de Lellis,' exclaimed Panouille suddenly, 'come to my aid and decide what I must do.'

No sooner had he spoken these words than he felt as if a cope of lead had suddenly descended on his shoulders, and the poor man began falling deeper and deeper. But he also heard a voice murmuring in his ear: 'Fear nothing. Enter Hell bravely. You will not be unhappy there, and I will give you my instructions.'

Thus Panouille presented himself before the guards who stood at the wide gates of the Devil's Empire, with red-hot pitchforks in their hands. The satisfied laugh with which they ordinarily greeted new arrivals suddenly gave place to a kind of stupor.

'What has this fellow got against us?' they said to one another. 'For he gives forth a celestial radiance that prevents us from touching him, and he does not bear the mark of the damned.—Where do you come from?' they added. 'Whom are you looking for all alone, without an infernal guide?'

'I am Panouille, the station agent. They don't want me in Purgatory, and I do not dare to present myself in Paradise, so I have come to seek my fortune here.'

'What a strange imbecile he is,' the guard replied, 'for he can go to Heaven, but does n't dare to. However, that does n't make any difference. Come in anyway. We will lay your case before our master, and take our orders from him.'

When the Great Devil of Hell heard of Panouille's arrival he asked to see him at once, and, although a kind of nimbus whose existence our friend did not suspect made the Devil screw up his face, he was received cheerfully.

'So it's you!' cried the Devil. 'The man who just sent us this potful of sinners, whose anger at you has made us laugh heartily. My compliments. Welcome. You look to me as if you had wandered into my domain without quite knowing where you were headed for. But I shall keep you. If they ask for you up above, there will be plenty of time to attend to that. Meanwhile, since you can't be put to the tortures that make your fellow men cry out in agony but amuse my subjects so much, I will give you the post of messenger between me and the guards at the gate. You will transmit my orders to them and bring back their reports. Go.'

It was not a bad job, but Panouille did not like to look at the abominable torments that he kept seeing wherever he went and that seemed to be a kind of game played by the subjects of the Great Devil of Hell. In fact, he would soon have been fed up with the whole business if an inner strength had not constantly fortified him.

One day, finding himself with the bodyguard that was stationed at the gate, and waiting to take back his dispatches to the chief, he felt a secret impulse to ask permission to stick his nose out a little way and see the surrounding country. 'Granted,' was the reply. 'But only for a quarter of an hour. Just time enough for us to read our orders and reply to them.'

It was easy enough for Saint Camille de Lellis to attract his faithful devotee to a neighboring grove, and there to give him instructions whose result we shall presently see. Panouille returned cheerfully to the infernal regions, and hastily began executing the instructions of his patron saint.

The annual fête of the Great She Devil of Hell was approaching, and the infernal regions were all agog. Celebrations, festivities, games, tournaments, and fireworks were being

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organized, and the damned souls, although they took no active part, benefited a little, since they obtained a certain respite from their tortures. The moment Panouille prepared to execute the infernal master's orders he asked permission to submit a new idea to celebrate this memorable day. He asked to be given assistance to build an enormous railway line that would run all over His Majesty's domains and on which several trains could circulate, at the same time carrying the King and Queen and any invited officials.

The project was smiled upon, and orders were given for all station agents, engine drivers, mechanics, and employees of terrestrial railways to put themselves under the orders of Panouille. They were naturally delighted at this unforeseen leave of absence and at this opportunity to engage in work they understood which recalled the good old days and mitigated their misery. Under the amused eyes of the Devil's agent all these workers labored with a perseverance they had never shown on earth, and constructed a model railroad in a very short space of time.

It had been decided to have the line make a kind of double figure eight through Hell, and two trains were to run at the same time in such a way that they would come to the crossings of the figure eights almost simultaneously, being able to see each other approaching at a distance, all of which would add to the pleasures of the ride. Each train was made up of splendid parlor cars for the authorities and a curious mixture of carriages of various classes and various models reserved for certain invited guests.

The Great Devil of Hell and the Great She Devil began by visiting everybody. They were full of felicitations to the ingenious Panouille and his acolytes, who were invited to drive the locomotives and serve as brakemen on the cars. Everything was prepared as ordered. Station agents were waving their red flags, and metal bridges and switches had been constructed. Panouille, who was put in charge of all the tracks, gave the signal for both trains to leave.

All of them took their places — the Great Devil in one train, and the Great She Devil in the other. The cars began moving, accompanied by the applause and laughter of all present. They started out at a gentle pace, but kept going faster and faster, until they attained the speed of a fast express. One train had already passed the other at several crossings, which had amused the travelers enormously. Suddenly, when they were at the farthest possible distance from each other, Panouille, who was alone and unobserved, manipulated certain levers by means of a switch whose workings he alone understood — and, behold, the two trains were headed at each other, going down the same track at one hundred miles an hour.

What a catastrophe it was. Only the pen of a Dante could describe it in all its resplendent horror. The trains crashed together head on. The heavy locomotives and the parlor cars piled up on one another into a fearful tangle of wreckage. No terrestrial accident could approach the indescribable confusion offered by this unique spectacle, for the most fantastically macabre touch of all was that death could not occur here. What a noise there was! What confusion! What a tempest of angry amazed cries! Hell had never seen or heard anything like it. It was indeed a new form of diversion.

But what did our Panouille do when this unprecedented crisis occurred? At first he took pleasure in the spec-

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tacle, as he well deserved to do, but later, profiting by the absence of the guards at the gate, who had rushed to the scene of confusion, he hastily departed and betook himself to the grove where his patron saint had already agreed to meet him. There he found a luminous ladder, which he immediately began to climb, and presently disappeared. This ladder possessed a property unknown to ladders in this world, for it lost its rungs as fast as one climbed it.

When the Great Devil of Hell found all his scattered members and collected his wits he soon realized that this was the price of having Panouille down there with him. The mechanics and the men in charge of the trains, who had at first been incriminated, also did not hesitate to blame Panouille for the accident; but all search for him proved futile. The guards at the gate vainly investigated the neighboring forest, but the luminous ladder had left no trace. Panouille meanwhile mounted the luminous ladder right to the gates of Heaven. The distance was not so great as you might imagine, and at every step he seemed to lose more weight. Presently he felt as if he had wings, and passed the intermediate region of Purgatory without realizing where he was. In no time at all he arrived at the gates of Paradise.

Saint Peter, who had seen him climbing up the luminous ladder, was rather curious.

'Who is this person,' he shouted, 'whom I do not expect, and who is using such an unusual means of approach?'

'It is I, Panouille, great Saint Peter,' replied our friend from afar — for he had acquired a new assurance.

'Panouille, the station agent?' cried Saint Peter. 'To be sure. I have been expecting you a long time. Tell me why you are so late.'

'Well, my good saint,' replied Panouille humbly, 'I was with some brave fellows who died before their time on account of my awkwardness, and I did not think I could enter at the same time they did.'

'Oh, yes. The accident at your little station. I remember. But I hear that you have been up to some fine games of the same kind in Hell, and I see now why you did not come here sooner. Besides, Saint Camille told me something about it. It was his idea, and how we laughed at it in Paradise. But listen. You were considered a proud imbecile on earth, and your mortal accident proves it. It seems that since then you have repented. Wait a minute. Come into this parlor while I look for your patron saint, who wants to present you to Our Lord. I have just received some pictures of this memorable catastrophe, which I have not yet classified in my photograph albums. You will find them on the table.'

And then he left Panouille, absorbed in these exciting photographs. It was indeed a horrible accident, as he had already been able to see from afar. First of all, the two trains were shown headed toward each other, and you could see the faces of the mechanics, who seemed to be terrified and delighted at the same time. Then the locomotives leaped into the air like two goats and the wagons telescoped. In the infernal confusion that ensued the Big Devil was running after his head, which was rolling along the ground. The Great She Devil was almost reduced to a pulp. Her arms were looking for her body, and her legs were pushed up against her shoulders. It was a scene of incredible confusion. The damned souls were convulsed with laughter as they waited for the anger of their tormentors to be turned upon them. Panouille even saw himself

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working the fatal switch and then fleeing like a sylph and escaping through the doors.

He was still looking at the pictures when Saint Camille de Lellis called him by name and stretched out his kindly arms. Panouille threw himself upon his knees in gratitude. 'Well, well,' remarked the saint as he lifted him to his feet. 'Was n't I right to send you on a little tour through Hell?'

Behold how the spirit enters into station agents.

RUDYARD KIPLING[1]

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

We all know that Mr. Kipling began his career as a journalist. Some critics have realized that he was that rare thing, a great journalist. But I do not think anyone has realized how extraordinarily he has retained the great journalist's attitude to life. That attitude, like all attitudes of any value or truth, involves an apparent contradiction and a balance of opposites. The great journalist knows that almost nothing is really important, and that almost anything is news. He knows that just as a man forgets the contents of yesterday's paper, so the world forgets the events of last century; and he knows that something is always remembered, and that it is his business, if he wishes to be a good journalist, to learn how to 'spot' the events and the people which will be remembered. A good journalist always keeps his sense of proportion, and always appears to lose it; he must write of all news as if it were the most vital and exciting thing that has ever happened, and yet know in his heart that its interest is evanescent. Yet he must never be indifferent (cynicism is not indifference) — he must be excited about the transient; and the more deeply he believes that everything is transient the more eagerly and simply will he welcome the eternal news if it ever comes his way. The curse of the journalist is overemphasis, adopted to impress both himself and others; his blessing is that he never suffers, as do the rest of the world, from that dreadful boredom which is the beginning of spiritual death. At the first symptom of accidie in his soul, the good journalist will start to analyze it; and he will make fresh news, late-press news, out of the mere monotony of a repetitive universe.

How well Mr. Kipling has retained the great journalist's mind can be seen in the address he made when he was presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1926. He spoke about the art of the novelist and literary fame: —

> All men are interested in reflections of themselves and their surroundings, whether in the pure heart of a crystal or in a muddy pool, and nearly every writer who supplies a reflection secretly desires a share of immortality for the pains he has been at in holding up the mirror — which also reflects himself. He may get his desire.

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly)

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Quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past twenty-five hundred years. From a bookmaker's — a real bookmaker's — point of view the odds are not attractive. But fiction is built on fiction: that is where it differs from the other arts.

Most of the arts admit the truth that it is not expedient to tell everyone everything. Fiction recognizes no such bar. There is no human emotion or mood which it is forbidden to assault, there is no canon of reserve or pity that need be respected — in fiction. Why should there be? The man, after all, is not telling the truth; he is only writing fiction. While he writes it, his world will extract from it just so much truth or pleasure as it requires for the moment. In time a little more, or much less, of the residue may be carried forward to the general account, and there, perhaps, diverted to ends of which the writer never dreamed.

Take a well-known instance. A man of overwhelming intellect and power goes scourged through life between the dread of insanity and the wrath of his own soul warring with a brutal age. He exhausts mind, heart, and brain in that battle; he consumes himself and perishes in utter desolation. Out of all his agony remains one little book, his dreadful testament against his fellow-kind, which to-day serves as a pleasant tale for the young under the title of *Gulliver's Travels*. That, and a faint recollection of some baby talk in some love letters, is as much as the world has chosen to retain of Jonathan Swift, Master of Irony. Think of it! It is like turning down the glare of a volcano to light a child to bed.

Mr. Kipling exhibits the traits of the great journalist, which have served to make him the most popular, the most widely read, the best known, of all living English authors who are also ranked high by the critics of literature. It is an odd accusation to make against the man who astonished us in the nineties by the *Barrack Room Ballads*, the *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the collection of army and Indian stories — but I accuse Mr. Kipling, first, of modesty. All good journalists must be modest — they must believe, that is, that what they have to say, what they write about, is more important than themselves. There were many reasons for Mr. Kipling's extreme success; but it was really his modesty, in that age, which was mainly responsible.

He began to write at a time when authors all over Europe were bitten with the heresy of art for art's sake — a doctrine which soon resolves itself into art for the artist's sake. Two great schools had given support to this thesis. There was the æsthetic school, of which the head in England was not Wilde but Walter Pater, who found almost all the interest of their material in its effect on the personality of the artist. It was his nature, his temperament, his moods, his opinions, which were of supreme importance; the world of experience only had such value as was given it by the artist's reactions and reflections. Secondly, there was the school — to which in a sense much of Mr. Kipling's earlier work in prose belonged — that followed the teachings of the great French naturalists. Zola, the Goncourts, Maupassant, the early Hüysmans, professed that the art of the novelist was the art of objective recording; and these men forgot that objectivity was in itself a subjective thing — or, in the modern cant, that extroversion is only a very limited kind of introversion — and that, could he do it, the novelist who did not select at all was, by his very refusal to select, exercising a choice as personal and arbitrary as the most eclectic writer. Both schools, then, attached an undue value to the will and the judgment of the novelist. Now Mr. Kipling, who began writing from a mind exceptionally well stored from boyhood with many kinds of literature, was, except in the matter of style, entirely free from literary *snobisme*. It is the secret of his popularity with men who care little for other modern

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books (except Mark Twain's, also very free from this weakness) — engineers, travelers, business men, sailors, and others; and it is the reason why critics who can divest themselves of the fallacy that literature and the other arts are admittedly more important than any other avocations find Mr. Kipling's work some of the most tonic and delightful of our time.

In reading the bulk of Mr. Kipling's work in verse or prose, two impressions are immediate and remain constant. The author is avidly curious of all aspects of life, and he has the power to see in any person or incident that unique value which does properly belong to it. In method and superficial manner his debt to Maupassant is evident in his early stories; but he has not Maupassant's deep-seated infidelity. Maupassant could be at times a little sentimental and slightly romantic; but we never believe in his romance or his sentimentalism as we do in his cynicism and his realism. For Kipling, the world of Mrs. Hauksbee, of the people in 'False Dawn,' of the Gadsbys, is as real as he makes it for us; but it is not more real than the world of 'Wee Willie Winkie,' of 'The Brushwood Boy,' and of 'They.' Kipling's place as an imaginative reporter is a greater one than Maupassant's; no author since Robert Browning has had quite so great an inquisitiveness into different kinds of life, quite so great a power of finding out the facts, or quite such a genius for telling us about the things he discovers. The early critics were so charmed or terrified by the young Kipling's diabolical cleverness, by his smartness, his air of cocksureness, that they ignored his plain traditionalism. Really, as I said, Mr. Kipling is a modest author. He had, and still has at times, a cocksure, positive manner; but actually he is much less arrogant than such an author as Stevenson. For Mr. Kipling is cocksure, not about what he thinks, or what he believes, but about what he has been told. He annoys many people precisely because of the breadth of his interest, and here again he resembles Browning. Many people who are too mentally and imaginatively fatigued to read Browning sweep him aside because he makes them feel small and limited. Now that Mr. Kipling's smartness is not fresh, his manner no longer unfamiliar, we can ignore them, and we find, if we read his work sympathetically, that what excites and pleases us is the author's excitement and pleasure in so many different kinds of people, in so dazzling a variety of scene as this world affords. We can apply to Kipling the lines Landor wrote to Robert Browning: —

> . . . Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse.

This acute criticism of Browning is valuable because it recognizes the existence of a kind of artist too often confused with another class. Shakespeare, Dickens, Balzac, Tolstoi, are men of great creative imagination. They do not only observe, they make. Their people are often more real — that is, nearer in our judgment to the truth of life — than the characters we meet. Chaucer, Browning, Kipling, are not of that company. They are men of great invention and observant imagination. Their figures rarely — this is not true of Pompilia or the Pope in *The Ring and the Book* — have any reality greater than that of actual life, and they exist in the circumstances and conditions their creators make for them, and not outside these conditions. Take one of Mr. Kipling's best and most heart-rending stories, 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.' Badalia is dreadfully, poignantly alive. She is

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solid and three-dimensional. Mr. Kipling knows her every action, almost her every thought and aspiration, and can show them to us with a precision which not even Maupassant could excel. Badalia, Tom, and Jenny are as vivid as an author of genius can make them. How the speech of the 'second comforter' expresses the whole life of a woman in slum-land, if she lives with a blackguard: —

> Let 'er go an' dig for her bloomin' self. A man wears 'isself out to 'is bones shovin' meat down their mouths, while they sit at 'ome easy all day; an' the very fust time, mark you, you 'as a bit of a difference, an' very proper, too, for man as *is* a man, she ups an' 'as you out into the street, callin' you Gawd knows what all. What 's the good o' that, I arx you?

It is the best story of slum life in English, and it set a fashion both in England and America. Yet, if you turn from these three consummately drawn people, with every action and gesture right, to Charles Dickens's Bill Sykes and Nancy you are aware that you have passed into a higher realm of reality. Kipling's people are the more accurate, the more credible, far less tied to their creator's writing table; but yet Bill and Nancy are more real. While Badalia, Jenny, and Tom are three-dimensional, Bill Sykes and Nancy, and even the bull terrier, are four-dimensional. They exist outside the conditions of the story called *Oliver Twist*. They are free, and not determined. They are more 'types' than Mr. Kipling's people, and yet they are more individuals just because they are more typical. In the last part of Mr. Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, Pygmalion makes two automata who are as human as human beings of to-day, though the people of 31,730 A.D. believe they are only dolls. They are consummately made, completely perfect, beautiful, splendid, and are, indeed, alive; they move and speak and feel. Then one of the Ancients touches them, and faintly into them flows the stream of that higher life after which it is man's destiny to strive. There is the difference between the works of the creative imagination and the inventive imagination. The creatures of the creative imagination may be clumsier, more ill-shaped, absurder, less lifelike, than those of the inventive imagination; but they belong to a higher realm of reality. This distinction is to be found in all the arts. It is even clearer in painting, perhaps, than in literature. It separates Holbein from Rembrandt, Manet from Van Gogh, Hals from Velásquez, Raphael from Michelangelo. It is not, let me insist again, that the creatures of the inventive imagination do not live, but they live on another level.

And on that level how alive they are, and what enormous pleasure they can give us. I am sorry for those who cannot appreciate the great company of artists whose work has this proximate reality. Sometimes their sheer craft is so great that their work passes into the other kind — D'Artagnan sometimes, I think, goes riding with Falstaff; and I believe Mr. Pickwick watched, a little shocked, perhaps, as a certain police stretcher was pushed through the night and dawn to Brook Green, Hammersmith. But I neither understand nor respect the æsthetic Puritanism which will not allow us to enjoy any art which has not an immediate symbolic value. All the world's literatures contain specimens of the pure story-teller's art, and the man who is indifferent to the suggestion of the village fire, or the road to Canterbury, or that low room in which Scheherazade night after night postponed her death sentence, seems to me to have mistaken his vocation if he writes or, indeed, concerns himself about

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literature. There is, I believe, a moral and intellectual cowardice in his attitude. For the supreme story-tellers, if they do not give us life as it is lived in the secret places of the heart, as it is in the dreams of the emancipated spirit, give us something inalienable and irreplaceable. They give us the spectacle of life. They give to those of us who cannot, through circumstance or character, have those adventures of the body and mind by the enduring of which man has learned to desire the adventures of the imagination and the soul a chance of experiencing what those pioneers experienced. To refuse to listen to them is to try to skip a step in our mental development. The man who despises those hazards which belong to the characters in the art of invention is never fit for those higher and more perilous hazards for the sake of which he pretends to belittle the others. Finally, if we are deaf to the cry of 'Let's pretend!' and 'Once upon a time,' we are refusing to listen to an appeal on the response to which depended the very existence of that other art we profess so to value.

Of Mr. Kipling's supremacy in the story of invention I do not think there can be any question. Even Mr. Bennett's virtuosity, even Mr. Wells's intelligence, seem a shade too careful, too considered, beside Mr. Kipling's cool, unhurried, fool-proof ease and skill. It is not possible to say in which tales the normal genius of Mr. Kipling is most obvious; there are too many which are so completely satisfying that they could not be altered without damage. 'The Finest Story in the World' is, perhaps, one in which may be seen at their highest the many and various aspects of his talent; but a critic would choose something less ambitious if he wished to expatiate on the direct force of Mr. Kipling's genius. Wonderful as are *Many Inventions* and *Life's Handicap*, I am not sure that it is not in *The Day's Work* that one can find the stories which display at his height the normal Kipling. 'William the Conqueror' and 'The Tomb of His Ancestors' have a mature mastery which it is difficult to match. If we add to these 'Without Benefit of Clergy' from *Life's Handicap*, 'An Habitation Enforced' from *Actions and Reactions*, we have then, I think, the tales by which an anthologist would represent Kipling's gift at its most characteristic.

Then there is the other Kipling. Some among the great artists of invention and imagination never seem aware of that other kingdom in which they are not masters. There is no hint in Dumas or in Rubens of a desire for any other world than that which they can control and so magnificently present. They are content that their art should be perfect, unheeding apparently, the truth that perfection is something less as well as something more than human. Others — Chaucer is a notable instance — by sheer style carry us into that other country. Browning reached it in some poems by a power of sympathy as strong and more usual than the creative imagination of Keats or of Shelley. In his way, though one would not put him on a level with those poets, a similar event overcomes Mr. Kipling. If I may misapply the last sentence of 'The Brushwood Boy,' it will stand as Mr. Kipling's question to himself as he records the spectacle of life. 'But — what shall I do when I see you in the light?' His question to himself is: 'What shall I do when I see you in my dreams, in the night?' Very early the problem haunted him, often in grim and uncomfortable forms that resulted in stories of horror unequaled outside Poe, but often, especially in his later work, in stories of beauty and longing

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and a tender reverence which are not the less lovely for his boyishness of spirit. A great journalist, Mr. Kipling knows that there are countries the journalist cannot enter — that is the last lesson of journalism, and is very rarely learned; and so, when he is taken there by his spirit of love and curiosity, he abandons the journalist's method, even if he sometimes keeps the manner. He has stated his own attitude in a poem which is unfairly neglected by those who acclaim him as a party verse-maker, and a defender of the West against the East. Long before, in a brief chapter heading in the *Naulahka*, he had shown that he had, above most men, 'two different sides to his head.' It was no ignorant applauder of the sahib who wrote the damaging quatrain: —

Now, it is not good for the Christian's health to
hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles,
and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who tried
to hustle the East.'

And it is the same spirit which is alive in that challenging verse: —

I'd not give way for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King,
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down —
But this is a different thing.
I'll not fight with the Powers of the Air.
Sentry, pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall, 't is the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true!

It is that Kipling who wrote a few poems of exquisite loveliness, certain stories of the Beyond, and those strange tales of a further reality which force us to reconsider a classification which puts Kipling with those authors for whom the visible world and its inhabitants most supremely exist. 'The Brushwood Boy,' 'The Miracle of Puran Bhagat,' most of *Kim*, 'Wireless,' 'In the Same Boat,' 'The Finest Story in the World,' and 'They' — all these stories take me, at least, into the fourth dimension; so does most of the two *Jungle Books*, and at least one of Mr. Kipling's stupendous comedies. 'The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat,' though it has in it a rather detestable taint of cruelty, is comedy of a kind which has not been written since Dickens. It has obvious affinities with that side of Mr. Wells's genius which gave us *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly;* it might be compared to some of Mr. Bennett's fantastic effects, but it has an unearthliness, a proper Aristophanic, Rabelaisian quality, which we cannot find in any other modern author, and only this time in Mr. Kipling. There is not a little of Mr. Kipling's work which shows how well acquainted he is with the men and manners of past time. In *Rewards and Fairies*, in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, I feel, not that he has read about the remote days of the Roman occupation, or of the days of Elizabeth, but that he has been there and comes back to tell us of them. So in 'The Eye of Allah' he writes with an ease which Miss Waddell might envy of the lore and the science of the Middle Ages. He is a supreme interviewer, for he asks his questions with that degree of sympathetic imagination which makes an answer inevitably right. And this gift which in his youth he applied chiefly to the men and women of to-day he has in later days exercised on the men and women of the past. In 'The Eye of Allah' the talk of the monks about medicine and science and art has a tang that brings the men back to their cloisters; and the final speech of the Abbot has, in brief, the same wry wisdom which Mr. Shaw found in the mediæval Scholastics who condemned Saint Joan. In the same terms, for the same reason, the Abbot smashes the

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microscope and pronounces it idolatry: —

He unscrewed the metal cylinder, laid it on the table, and with the dagger's hilt smashed some crystal to sparkling dust, which he swept into a scooped hand and cast behind the hearth.

'It would seem,' he said, 'the choice lies between two sins. To deny the world a Light which is under our hand, or to enlighten the world before her time. What you have seen, I saw long since among the physicians of Cairo. And I know what doctrine they drew from it. Hast *thou* dreamed, Thomas? I also — with fuller knowledge. But this birth, my sons, is untimely. It will be but the mother of more death, more torture, more division, and greater darkness in this dark age. Therefore, I, who know both my world and the Church, take this Choice on my conscience. Go! It is finished.'

He thrust the wooden part of the compasses deep among the beech logs till all was burned.

But it is not this story which is the gem of his last volume. The primacy rests with 'the tale of 1916' called 'On the Gate.' It is a tale of the invasion of Heaven by those who fell on the field of battle. All the characters are supernatural beings, or the souls of the great dead now in Paradise, or the souls of the recently slain. I know no modern story in any language, not even in Russian, in which sacred and deeply moving things are handled at once with such daring and such reverence. I know no story in which Mr. Kipling's deep underlying pity, so often obscured by his cleverness of manner, is so well employed. The guardians of the gate are overworked, and call in others to help against the angels of the pit who strive for the souls of the dead at the very bar of Heaven. The extra pickets include Joan of Arc, Charles Bradlaugh, John Bunyan, John Calvin, Judas Iscariot, and William Shakespeare. Only a long quotation can do justice to the force and vision of the great scene of struggle: —

Meantime, a sunken-eyed Scots officer, utterly lost to the riot around, was being buttonholed by a person of reverend aspect, who explained to him that, by the logic of his own ancestral creed, not only was the Highlander irrevocably damned, but that his damnation had been predetermined before Earth was made.

'It's unanswerable — just unanswerable,' said the young man sorrowfully. 'I'll be with ye.' He was moving off, when a smallish figure interposed, not without dignity.

'Monsieur,' it said, 'would it be of any comfort to you to know that *I* am — I was — John Calvin?' At this the reverend one cursed and swore like the lost Soul he was, while the Highlander turned to discuss with Calvin, pacing towards the Gate, some alterations in the fabric of a work of fiction called the *Institutio*.

Others were not so easily held. A certain Woman, with loosened hair, bare arms, flashing eyes, and dancing feet, shepherded her knot of waverers, hoarse and exhausted. When the taunt broke out against her from the opposing line, 'Tell 'em what you were! Tell 'em if you dare!' she answered unflinchingly, as did Judas, who, worming through the crowd like an Armenian carpet-vendor, peddled his shame aloud that it might give strength to others.

'Yes,' he would cry, 'I am everything they say, but if *I'm* here it must be a mortal cert for *you*, gents. This way, please. Many mansions, gentlemen! Go-ood billets! Don't you notice these low people, Sar. *Plees* keep hope, gentlemen!'

When there were cases that cried to him from the ground, poor souls who could not stick it but had found their way out with a rifle and a boot-lace, he would tell them of his own end, till he made them contemptuous enough to rise up and curse him. Here Saint Luke's imperturbable bedside manner backed and strengthened the other's almost too Oriental flux of words.

In this fashion and step by step, all the day's Convoy were piloted past that danger point where the Lower Establishment are, for reasons not given us, allowed to ply

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their trade. The pickets dropped to the rear, relaxed, and compared notes.

I suppose the conventionally orthodox may be disturbed at Mr. Kipling's vision of the other world: it is not the mythology of the Middle Ages, for here Judas is out of Hell, and, with a bold return to the eschatology of Origen and the earlier Christian tradition, there is hope for the 'Lower Establishment.' I shall not be surprised if in the years to come this story is one of the greatest influences toward popularizing the modern idea of the meaning of eternity. The eternity of Hell is not a matter of duration, but of intensity; Hell can be entered in this life, and its pains are eternal — that is, they have the same blazing quality of reality as the happiness of Heaven. They touch all that is permanent and indestructible in the soul of man. And, just because they do that, they cannot be everlasting unless and except any soul insists forever in remaining obdurate to all the pleadings of God within and without. 'On the Gate' has a wider scope, a deeper beauty, than any other of Mr. Kipling's stories of the other world, and in it he justifies all his previous essays, whether in prose or verse, to snatch for a moment the veil from actual things and show to us the reality that alone supports and informs them.

LIONS AND CROCODILES IN ZAMBEZI[1]

BY PROFESSOR PAUL SCHEBESTA

A BIG horned buffalo walked slowly to the bank of the Zambezi River to quench his thirst. From the opposite shore he was watched by a long-tailed crocodile, who silently and rapidly swam across the river. No sooner had the buffalo's snout touched the cooling water than the crocodile snapped and clung firmly to the head of the unfortunate beast. The buffalo, bellowing in pain, spasmodically raised his foamy, bloody mouth which the crocodile's sharp teeth had mangled. Roaring with all the power of a buffalo in pain, he awakened a lion in the underbrush near by. The king of beasts surveyed the prize, and then, springing with the gigantic strength which only a lion possesses, he landed upon the back of the buffalo, who was killed by the weight and power suddenly thrust upon him. The crocodile, still hanging to the mouth of the buffalo, was thrown against a tree, which was shattered by the impact. Snarling, though contented, the lion now made a meal of his victims. Negroes from the jungle ate those parts of the buffalo and crocodile which the lion left.

This story certainly sounds fictitious, but it is told as fact by the negroes in Zambezi, who relate it to the traveler to-day as they did to the first Portuguese explorer, who, when he came to this land three hundred years ago, was shown the tracks of the buffalo and lion on the very spot where the fight had taken place. Although the whole

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal weekly)

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story is undoubtedly mythical, it shows the strength of the wild animals who inhabit this dark part of the earth.

One morning shortly before sunrise, when the negroes already had their packs on their backs and had started for work at Lazerdonia, the near-by regimental post, I stood on my verandah enjoying the cool, refreshing air. Suddenly I heard a suppressed wail from the direction of the river, immediately followed by loud howling in the distance. I knew at once that either death or some other misfortune had overtaken the village. Some passers-by informed me that a girl had been seized by a crocodile when she went down to the stream to bathe with several of her friends early in the morning, and an all too common tragedy had been reënacted.

Believing that it might still be possible to rescue the unfortunate maiden, since the incident had occurred within the past half-hour, we hurried to the town in a two-wheeled cart. The alarmed Kafirs had gathered on the banks of the river, while jabbering women surrounded the bereaved mother. Men and boys patrolled the banks of the stream and numerous sandy islands, while others paddled canoes in an attempt to regain the prize which the crocodile had captured.

While my attendant ran along the shore, I took a boat and went slowly upstream, keeping a sharp eye on every eddy and whirlpool for the monster's head to appear with the corpse. In all probability the crocodile had dragged his victim under water and swum away, but he was sure to come to the surface somewhere for a second at least. No sooner had the first ray of the morning sun struck the stream than a shot rang out. My porter on the bank had seen the head of the crocodile appear above water for just a moment, and he had fired at it. A hundred shouts arose from the negroes as they hurried to the spot, but the animal had immediately submerged. It then came to the surface near the bank, then in the middle of the stream, and later it appeared close to the opposite shore. We fired at him several times, but the beast was not even wounded, and retained his prize. All hope vanished. After a long and unsuccessful search, we returned home with our duty left undone. As the negroes scattered I once more tried to impress them with the necessity of either digging a well or setting out stakes and long poles in the river and along the bank in order to prevent the crocodiles from devouring them. I had previously repeated this warning several times, but they always replied that the crocodiles would circumvent any device set up against them, and that at any rate there was no use trying, since nobody could avoid the danger. This was the final answer of every native to whom I spoke.

The following morning the unfortunate girl's father, who was one of my customers, came to me bearing the body of his daughter. Two men, who had gone upstream in a canoe, had found it on the opposite shore. He asked me whether I wanted to see the place, but I declined.

In the same year a gigantic saurian was known to be lying in ambush in the vicinity of Chipanga. An unusually keen lookout was maintained, and I once more warned the men to keep watch over their women. I suggested that precautionary measures be taken whenever anybody approached the river. I even hunted the crocodile myself several times in the vicinity of the bathing beach and the near-by sand bank; but the beast was not seen, and quiet once more reigned in the village.

Early one morning about a month later, when I was on the way to the Hiob post with my black boys, we

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learned from a passer-by that a crocodile had captured somebody at Mangohain, a village about a quarter of a mile away. We could imagine the confusion of the negroes there, and how the relatives of the victim were probably bewailing their loss. Soon Mbewa, one of my best boys, came running up to me gesticulating wildly. He had just learned that his own mother was the victim. Shrieking loudly, he ran toward the village, while I followed him in a cart. News was brought to us on the way that the woman had been saved. When we arrived we found a group of natives still discussing the incident, while my boy Mbewa acted as though he were insane. Nobody did anything to appease him as he berated and cursed his grandmother, who he asserted was a witch, and who had sent the crocodile which had snatched his mother.

The unfortunate woman lay under a mango tree — the mother Mbewa so dearly loved. With her smallest child on her back, she had gone to get some water for her household. As she dipped the pail deep into the stream, a crocodile gave her a polite slap with his tail and threw her headfirst into the water. She shrieked loudly, but in a trice the monster had grabbed her hand and dragged her under water. Her shouts soon brought everybody in Mangohain down to the water's edge. The two brothers of the woman hurriedly dashed from their hut with their lances to rescue their sister. Philip, the youngest, courageously dived into the stream and swam with his spear between his teeth toward the crocodile, while the older brother followed him along the bank. When Philip reached the crocodile he struck at him with his lance, wounding the animal so severely that it gave up its prize. Mother and child were brought to shore, where the howling and shrieking soon attracted a great crowd of people. The baby had been very fortunate, having suffered only a slight scratch on its back, but the mother was much worse off. The effort had exhausted her, and she lay on the bank groaning. Her eyes were closed. Her right hand had been badly bitten at the wrist, and the bone, which was shattered, stuck out through the skin.

Immediately upon my arrival I offered to get the assistance of the nearest white doctor, but the natives turned my suggestion down. 'White medicine is too brutal, and we should prefer being treated by our own doctors.' A black physician from the village soon appeared. His name was Njaganze, and he was an old man with long practical experience in the art of healing. The natives, moreover, had a great deal of confidence in him. Upon examining the hand he immediately concluded that the shattered bone must be removed. After taking out an old pair of scissors and a pocketknife which dangled from his girdle, he sent a man to his hut to fetch some simple compounds of herbs. My instinct was to turn away when Njaganze took the pocketknife and commenced sawing at the bone, but the poor woman merely groaned faintly. After a good deal of cutting he removed the bone, and put some leaves, which probably possessed some healing quality, around the open wound. Finally he bound up the hand in a dirty cloth upon which he had wiped his own hands throughout the operation. But the wrist did not heal, and for a month the woman went around with her hand bandaged and unable to move her arm. She refused, however, to listen to any of my suggestions about white medicine.

The lion is indeed a noble beast of prey, and he often appears in Zambezi. When he has difficulty in procuring food, and when the savanna and

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grass have grown high enough to afford him protection, he becomes a fearful menace and plague to the Kafir villages. Several herds of lions ravaged the vicinity of Chipanga when we were there.

The bellowing and roaring of the lions at night in the forest near the village is indeed dreadful. When a lion is known to be dangerously close, a drum is beaten to inform all the natives to take to their huts. For a moment panic reigns supreme, and at sundown not a negro can be found on the streets of the village. The king of beasts moves silently through the neighborhood, growling and snarling as he tries to break into the pigpen, which has been built up in the form of a sugar loaf with heavy logs. As a rule nobody attempts to fight the lion at night, for the negroes feel that their lives are worth more than the lives of pigs.

One stormy night when rain had flooded the streams and the thunder rolled terribly, a huge lion wandered through the streets of Chipanga, mingling his roars with the thunder of the heavens. He halted in front of the pigpen of one of the natives, Chiza by name. The negro, however, had been prepared for this visit and had placed a ladder to the top of his hut. Standing about three yards above the majestic beast, he shot and killed it. The following morning Chiza jubilantly took the dead animal to the regimental post, where everybody praised his marksmanship. It was the biggest lion I have ever seen.

The natives have learned several points from the Europeans. For example, they are now able to keep their windows open day and night and thereby lessen the intense heat — something that was previously impossible because of the danger of wild beasts. The windows in Chipanga have shutters of wooden planking, which may be closed during heavy rains. At other times a heavy screen protects the dweller from uninvited guests. On a moonlight night one of my neighbors, who was asleep in his bedroom, was awakened by loud snarls. When he looked up he saw a lion at the window. He called to a couple of boys who slept on the floor, but the lion, hearing him shout, jumped back and sought safety in the jungle.

The Chipanga wilderness is greatly feared because of all the beasts of prey it contains, and time and again our residence would be surrounded by lions. One night when we went out to hunt lions we saw a gazelle fleeing before one of them down the road in front of our hut. At every leap she traversed but thirteen feet to the lion's twenty-three.

The lion is a much nobler beast than the Indian tiger, and as a rule he does not attack human beings. He stays close to the natives of Chipanga throughout the entire year, and is usually considered merely a nuisance. I myself have only treated two men who were fatally mauled by lions. One was a porter carrying some freight to Angonia. He became separated from the rest of the caravan one morning, and was literally scalped by a lion, who ripped off the top of his head as clean as though the operation had been performed by a hatchet. Upon this occasion the lion had been content merely to scalp his victim.

The Kafirs tell several exceedingly singular but apparently true stories about wild animals. For example, great packs of monkeys are said to go through the forest, sleeping in the branches of the trees at night, but when any of them suspects the approach of their great enemy, the leopard, he utters a loud shriek, and they all jump to the earth and quietly sneak away in the darkness.

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An old native told me that one evening shortly after sundown a leopard had sprung to the planking on a roof to procure a cat on the top of the structure. As the beast approached, however, the cat sprang upon it, causing it to turn and flee.

A shudder may come over the average reader when he thinks of all the people who have lost their lives in the tropics. We continue to live there none the less. We can breathe the cool air of a beautiful moonlight night and dream of our professorial chair and at the same time take proper heed of the wild beasts we hear in the distance. The terrifying roar of the lion, the howl of the hyena, and the chatter of the jackals, mingled with the beating of the tom-tom as the Kafirs sing and dance, blend in a weird African symphony that prevents all sleep. But the tropical moon of Africa, the howling hyena, and the mysterious drumbeat of the negroes are things never to be forgotten.

THE VERSE OF G. K. CHESTERTON[1]

BY J. C. SQUIRE

MR. CHESTERTON'S verse, lost amid the multitude of his miscellaneous writings, has never had its due. Men are, in any event, slow to recognize the achievements in one quarter of the literary field of a man who is constantly popping up in all its quarters. People like clear definition and a label. If a writer produce a little good verse, and nothing else, he is evidently a poet, and will be sympathetically considered as such. He has put on the cloak and the fine frenzy; he has removed himself from the daily dust; he has retired within the temple of the Muses, and the passers-by will doff their hats. Thus some of the greatest have done; though not Shakespeare with his box office, or Milton with his desk in Whitehall, and his tracts about bishops and divorce. The others, until they are dead and removed, have a more uncertain status; can a man be really a poet whom one may encounter at any moment in any street, bar, or newspaper, who cheerfully maintains his family, and will argue with the nearest person to hand about land tenures or the marriage laws? Must not a poet (the illusion dates from the Romantic Revival) be remarkably unlike other men in all respects, unfailingly solemn, remote, ecstatic? Some of the Victorian artists played the rôle well, showing the public little of what was known to their familiars, successfully concealing even their sense of humor. Some of our own contemporaries have achieved the same result, quiet men with no impulse, and no need, to write a line which is not quintessential. But there are others, journalists by profession, or propagandists by calling, who cannot keep out of the market place, and forfeit respect because of the very fullness of their humanity and the very comprehen-

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper)

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siveness of their zest for life. Mr. Chesterton is one of these.

His poetry, as it were, has been hidden by the dust he has raised. And, beyond that, it has not been well presented. His admirers have had to look for it in a dozen small scattered volumes, and in the files of old newspapers. Here at last it is all brought together: all, that is, except the latest, and not very important, little collection. The publisher, who must have been involved in a great labor of negotiation, is to be congratulated on bringing together three hundred and fifty pages of verse from such a variety of sources, and on the imagination which made him wish to publish the book. Better printing, as regards type, space, and impression, would have been welcome; so also a table of contents at the beginning: in future editions, of which there must be many, the physical defects of the book may be remedied. The fact remains that we have here, in the intermittent work of an unflagging publicist and man of letters, a body of good, and diversely good, work which would suffice to make reputations for a dozen small dedicated poets, and a body of less good verse, which remains interesting because only one man and one craftsman could have written it.

A great deal of Mr. Chesterton's verse has serious, though usually not ruinous, faults. He is a very exuberant man. The coupling of complete, and full-blooded, self-expression with fastidious care is unusual. Carefulness normally leads to cramping and timidity, and gusto to carelessness. Mr. Chesterton has always scorned to conceal even his most 'vulgar' tastes, and he has let his genius take him whereso-ever it would. If the pomposity of an undersecretary moves him to compose a metrical squib, he composes, rather rapidly, the metrical squib. Having composed it, he publishes it; having published it, he reprints it. It may amuse others, as it has amused him; it would be hypocritical to pretend that he had not written such things; anyhow, how can they make any difference, one way or the other, to the merits of his love sonnets or his religious odes? The mixture does no harm; it is all to the credit of his honesty in a frightened, neighbor-watching age; it is a great thing that on one page there is to be found a poem beginning, 'A word came forth in Galilee, a word like to a star,' and on the next page one which opens with 'Jones had a dog: it had a chain.' But the fine spontaneity, the devouring zest, the unaffected willingness to engage — for he constantly sees the eternal behind the temporal — in any ephemeral controversy with any obscure combatant, do carry with them a tendency to be content with improvisation, where second thoughts might mean improvement, and to present the public indifferently with fine and momentous poems side by side with trifles that are anything but 'tremendous trifles.'

Mr. Chesterton is very careless and rather undiscriminating; he also has a propensity to rhetoric. Years ago he wrote an essay in which he described his notion of bliss. It was to lie on his back in bed and paint large sweeping fantasies on the ceiling with a brush ten feet long in the handle. For all I know he may now actually do this, at Beaconsfield, every morning. But he has always done the equivalent thing in print. He 'chucks it about' in chunks. The unit is not the word, but the phrase, which is marked by all the stigmata which sometimes captivate, and sometimes initiate, in his prose. The less excellent of his poems are bewildering webs of rhetorical phrases, which roar like cataracts, but convey the vaguest impression of their mean-

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ing, sometimes because their sweep carries one away before one can look at them, sometimes because it has carried the author away before *he* could look at them. He is intoxicated with words, words that blare like trumpets, or reverberate like thunder; the more of them there are together, the merrier he will be; his fine economical felicities come in pauses of the tumult; for the rest it is hit or miss. Metaphors and similes tumble over each other in the eloquent flood; alliterations charm the ear and distract the attention; antithetical constructions superficially titillate the reader so that too often the profound meaning which lies beneath them escapes him: —

The wind blew out from Bergen from the dawning to the day,
There was a wreck of trees and fall of towers a score of miles away,
And drifted like a livid leaf I go before its tide,
Spewed out of house and stable, beggared of flag and bride.
The heavens are bowed about my head, shouting like seraph wars,
With rains that might put out the sun and clean the sky of stars,
Rains like the fall of ruined seas from secret worlds above,
The roaring of the rains of God none but the lonely love.
Feast in my hall, O foemen, and eat, and drink and drain,
You never loved the sun in heaven as I have loved the rain.

His defects are the defects of his qualities; his ear for splendid sound, his intellectual agility, his natural unself-conscious copiousness. Lesser men often have fewer obvious faults; and, were he scrupulously to use the file, something would go besides the clogging epithets, the inaccuracies and superfluities, the pot-shots, the rhetorical counters, the automatic Swinburnian alliterations and the lazy obscurities. Such characteristic weaknesses as he has are chiefly evident in those poems — such as 'Saint Barbara,' of which I can scarcely understand a line — in which he limits himself to the extent of being wholly serious; he is most frequently flawless when the whole man speaks in verses wherein irony covers passion, and religion is wedded to buffoonery, and romance to puns: the challenges of a Falstaffian Quixote and the quips of a Puck in Paradise. The greatest of all his poems, 'Lepanto' and 'The Ballad of the White Horse,' hardly come into this category; they are the work of an artist more impersonal than usual, and engrossed in his theme. Sometimes, when Mr. Chesterton is chivalrously declamatory, one has a feeling that he has braced himself to it. Not so in 'Lepanto,' where his gorgeous vision has entire hold of him; not so either in the quieter, graver tributes and lamentations of 'The White Horse,' in which an old story has served him as a vehicle for all that he most deeply feels about the life of man, and only occasional side glances are thrown at his modern bugbears. But beyond these and a few shorter poems, though many are starred with glorious lines, the most memorable of his poems are of the kind described.

When Mr. Chesterton visited Warsaw recently the papers stated that he was accompanied from the station to his quarters by a squadron of glittering Polish cavalry — a pleasing attention, only his due, and one that I am sure he heartily appreciated. But a thoroughly adequate escort for him would include not merely armed horsemen, but cohorts of magicians, clowns, princesses, priests, kings, vegetarians, Puritans, drunkards, landlords, politicians, millionaires, minstrels, and dragons — all of whom are among the materials out of which he has made the fairy-tale world of his poems. The fairy tales always have a point: it was long ago said that Mr. Chesterton's value as a moralist

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was largely based on the fact that he made virtue amusing. Yet even when he is most vigorously jousting against slimy monsters or caitiff knights his spear usually has a few balloons tied on to it, and can be used, when he tires of the more formal tourney, as a quarter-staff or even a slapstick. His jests are mingled with his protestations of anger and love, as his newspaper magnates are mingled with his mediæval knights. Tom Hood and Hans Andersen meet in him; he has one foot in fairyland and another in Fleet Street — a logical development of which image might lead to the conclusion that this most persuasive of men was a centipede. Consider the series of Ballades and the 'Songs of Education.' Consider the mingling of sheer poetry and foolery, sentiment and irony, golden oratory and extravagant colloquialism, in the songs from 'The Flying Inn,' where the moods flit over the surface of the stanzas like cloud-shadows over the downs: 'The Song against Songs,' 'The Good Rich Man,' 'The Saracen's Head,' 'The Song of Quoodle,' 'The Rolling English Road,' and that intoxicating song about the elusive town of Roundabout, which begins with Guy of Warwick, ends with Lancelot and Merlin, and has for its middle portion this:

Some say that Robin Goodfellow,
Whose lantern lights the meads
(To steal a phrase Sir Walter Scott
In heaven no longer needs),
Such dance around the trysting place
The moonstruck lover leads;
Which superstition I should scout,
There is more faith in honest doubt
(As Tennyson has pointed out)
Than in those nasty creeds.
But peace and righteousness (Saint John)
In Roundabout can kiss,
And since that's all that's found about
The pleasant town of Roundabout,
The roads they simply bound about
To find out where it is.

In many of the political poems, notably the superb Ode to Lord Birkenhead, there is the same unique mixture, chemical compound rather — elements which no deliberate artifice could blend, being perfectly united by sheer force of spontaneity. Tom Hood was mentioned just now. Our fathers were familiar with two volumes, one entitled *Hood's Serious Poems*, and the other *Hood's Humorous Poems*. A publisher who should endeavor thus to divide the Chestertonian sheep and goats would soon discover most of them to be hybrids. Comic poetry is as rare as comic verse is common; Mr. Chesterton has written more comic poetry than any Englishman on record. And, to complicate the achievement, he has contrived to make a great deal of it didactic, without falling into the perils that beset didacticism.

His work, in verse as in prose, will have a definite influence. He expresses many opinions with vigor and an instinctive forensic genius. Many of them, notably those which bear particularly upon industrial civilization, have been expressed by others, and are widely shared, though his remedies are perhaps not as generally approved as his diagnoses. But it is not as a critic of current politics, or of political history, that he is most especially remarkable, great though his gifts may be in these regards. His greatest distinction lies in the hold he has upon the fundamentals of human life, considered both in its social and its metaphysical aspects. In an age of new questions he has reiterated old answers; in an age of skepticism he has laughed at the laughers with a hilarity less hollow than theirs; in an age which tends to excuse baseness, even when it does not explain it away, he has flown the banners of honor, fidelity, and generosity; in an age of mass-regimentation he has stood for the sanctities of the individual soul. And above all, — a fact in whose presence all his levities, quibbles, oc-

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casional injustices, easy assumptions, and prejudices pale into insignificance, — living in a period when the value of life itself has been widely questioned (and, by that very fact, impoverished), he has maintained that 'it is something to have been,' showing the world the spectacle of one man enjoying the thousand miracles of the day, though the sword of Damocles hang over his head as it hangs over the heads of us all. There lies his 'optimism'; not in any shallow Panglossian delusions, either about the present or about the future. In point of fact this self-proclaimed optimist habitually maintains that society has gone most of the way to the dogs, and will probably complete the course. 'Earth will grow worse ere men redeem it, And wars more evil ere all wars cease.' It was his early prophecy, and he cannot have repented it. But still they shall hear: —

> The strange, strong cry in the darkness
> Of one man praising God.

Such a talker makes one talk. I have quoted less than I intended, but can scarcely have avoided disclosing my conviction that Mr. Chesterton is one of the most delightful and fortifying of poets. Those who are already familiar with the corpus of his work will be glad to know that several poems in this volume have appeared in no other. Among them are some parodies and several satirical pieces from the right mint. 'The New Omar' is one, though it is so jovial as not to wound. It opens: —

> A book of verses underneath the bough,
> Provided that the verses do not scan,
> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou,
> Short-haired, all angles, looking like a man.

'O Paradise were wilderness enow' is the conclusion. It must also be mine.

PROPHECY FOR LOVERS[1]

BY GWEN CLEAR

Spring will not walk the windy ways
Ever again, nor tread the sward
As once, when she had Youth for lord.

Spring will not gather sixty days
Into the semblance of an hour,
As once, with all the world in flower.

Autumn will spread a bed of leaves,
Myrtle and bay shall close above:
And you shall sleep, and dream of love.

[1] From the *Spectator*

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PATHS AND PLACES

News from the World's Wide Lanes of Travel — Ships and Sailings — Facilities Ashore — The Student Abroad

Random Travel Notes

ANYONE who passes through Germany before next October, and particularly anyone going down the Rhine, should not fail to see 'Pressa,' more properly known as the International Press Exhibition at Cologne. Ten million visitors are expected before its close.

Forty-four nations and the League of Nations, which latter counts strongly on the press of the world to further its aims, were represented when the Exposition opened in the early summer. There were speeches, banquets, a gala performance at the Cologne Opera, the pealing of the Cathedral bells, and a moonlight boat festival upon the waters of the Rhine. For two months and a little longer the exhibits, gathered together from five continents to give tangible evidence of the power of the printed word, will remain on view — early books and bindings, fine color illustrations, type designs, great modern presses, propaganda displays, newspapers of all vintages in twenty tongues.

Germany, the hospitable host who has been quick to set up special restaurants and assure a plentiful supply of beer for thirsty summer guests, is best represented in modern books and bindings, together with modernistic book advertising from the great publishers of Leipzig and Berlin. The United States figures largely in exhibits of modern newspaper work. Soviet Russia has a popular pavilion. England contributes a unique display of historic newspapers, well worth seeing — the Sill Collection. It includes a copy of what is probably the first British newspaper, dated 1626, and also the world's first pictorial sheet, which contains a seventeenth-century news-picture of 'a prodigious eruption of fire which exhaled in the middest of the ocean sea, over against the Isle of St. Michael.' The French press, thanks to a government subsidy, has an exhibit of unusual interest and variety. *L'Europe Nouvelle*, the Paris international-affairs weekly, notes with glee that its own display, excellent of its kind but not designed to attract the popular eye, stands hard by the booth given over to *La Vie Parisienne*, and benefits by the crowds always sure to gather around the internationally famous journal devoted to things not so serious and not always so respectable.

All this takes place upon what was only a few months ago seventy-five acres of vacant meadowland by the banks of the Rhine across from the filigreed stone towers of the Cathedral — an area now transformed into a busy metropolis of the press. Three great buildings are devoted respectively to the historical collections, to exhibits showing the status and activities of the modern German press, and to the splendid series of displays by foreign nations. Scattered about are cool open spaces, attractively

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landscaped with fresh lawns, trees, and flowers, and dotted with smaller pavilions. Through the heart of the exposition grounds the visitor may stroll along a pavilion-bordered avenue more than a kilometre in length. Overshadowing all stands Cologne Cathedral, which has looked down upon city and river since long before there was a printing press in Europe.

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'In America I heard repeated too many times the statement that he who goes to Italy must carry his bath-tub with him,' says Signor Alfredo Campione, back in Venice after an eight-thousand-mile trip through the United States with a group of other Italian hotel managers who were studying American hotel and tourist methods. This impression, which Signor Campione feels is due to the fact that many of Italy's nonluxurious hotels are in buildings not constructed expressly for the purpose and hence lacking modern conveniences, is bad for business and must be changed. Italy's history, Italy's monuments, and the beauty of the Italian countryside alone are not enough to turn the tide of travel toward Mussolini's country. 'Half of humanity,' says Signor Campione, 'is always uncertain in its decisions on matters of travel, and prefers to follow the crowd. By insistence on reform, we must persuade the uncertain to choose our country.'

So there will be reform, if Signor Campione and his fellow *albergatori* have their way; and first on their programme for encouraging the American to change his dollars into lire, rather than into francs or marks or some other fascinating currency, is the promise of bank loans to better hotel conditions throughout the country. If the proposed reforms are effected, undoubtedly Italy will be rewarded by greatly increased tourist patronage. This was the case after the Dictator's efficient reorganization of the Italian railroad service, an action which made time-tables practical helps to the traveler for the first time in Italian history, and which to many travelers' minds is Mussolini's noblest achievement.

* * *

Alpine climbing as a sport has been waning since the war. Several reasons are offered for this decline in a popular and exhilarating pastime. For one thing, many promising young climbers were killed in battle during the war, and many others who spent their holidays scaling Swiss peaks before 1914 are now too poor to afford such costly sport. Then there are no more new ascents or virgin peaks to conquer. The huts along the way are frequently overcrowded by parties of young tourists who do not climb, and when a legitimate climber wants to snatch a few hours of sleep before rising at one o'clock in the morning for a difficult ascent he finds a group of young people dancing and playing jazz on the victrola. Consequently many climbers have abandoned the sport in disgust. Nevertheless, a few serious Alpinists — most of them more than sixty years old — may still be found around such centres as Zermatt, Grindelwald, or Chamonix.

Mountain climbing is not an inexpensive sport. For a high ascent a guide charges about seventy dollars a week plus expenses. A pair of climbing boots costs at least twenty dollars, and other mountaineering equipment has risen in price from fifty to seventy per cent since the war. Provisions are also more expensive — for example, a roast chicken costs about five dollars.

Walking tours over the mountain paths, keeping at heights of from three to ten thousand feet, have become

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the popular substitute for mountain climbing. Daily excursions can be made from such places as Zermatt, Grindelwald, Saas Fée, and Kandersteg. Particularly beautiful is the walk from Grindelwald to Faulhorn, returning over the Schynige Platte, for the flowers in the meadows are profuse, and many rare and delicate specimens may be discovered. When Montreux celebrated her Narcissus Festival this year, the meadows up the slopes from the town were as white as snow with the Alpine flower. Mountain walking rather than mountain climbing has become the popular sport of Swiss tourists.

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MEXICO every year attracts many American visitors. She wants more — not only tourists, but also students of her language and customs. So, to encourage guests from the North, she has announced that American citizens intending to stay in Mexico less than six months need no passports or visas. A trip to the nearest Mexican consular office with proof of American citizenship and three photographs is sufficient to obtain a tourist card at no expense; and this is the only identification the traveler needs in order to cross the Rio Grande. Mexico at present has a government which shows every evidence of stability; and since Ambassador Morrow went to Mexico City the *gringos* are being more cordially regarded than they were before.

* * *

NOW comes the 'dollar down, dollar a week' method in vacationing. Germany, or at least one small German resort, is trying it this summer. The visitor, upon arrival, makes a small deposit and receives a credit much in excess of the deposit, which may be used for food, lodgings, and entertainment. For the next ten months, after he has returned home and is working at his trade or profession, looking back on the pleasant weeks of the previous summer, he will pay and pay and pay.

Of course only Germans, who remain within reach of the German bill collectors and bailiffs, will be subjected to the lure of this latest extension of the 'pay as you earn' system. Yet one never can tell when the same method will be used by American resorts to entice dollars.

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UNIQUE and intelligent is Munich's brand-new zoo. You do not find every variety of snake in a single reptile house, nor all the birds of the air in one long cacophonous shed. Here each continent is a plot of appropriate size and shape. Bird, beast, and fish are distributed geographically in natural relation to one another. You stroll from Alaska to Australia, from Kadiak bear to kangaroo.

Ships and Sailings

HAIL, stately Olympic, with your four cream-colored black-capped funnels — two of them piled full of deck chairs! And you others — Aquitania, Mauretania, France! You three-stackers also — Berengaria, Leviathan, Majestic, largest ships afloat! How many tarpaulins and coils of rope in *your* false funnels?

The truth is, as a writer in the *New York World* points out, stacks are about one half for the eye of the landlubber. Few coal-burners are left, and the change to oil fuel makes more than one funnel unnecessary. Motor ships like the Gripsholm, Asturias, and Saturnia need none at all. Nevertheless, new ships — motor ships included — display, more often than

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not, one or more impressive funnels, painted according to the colors of the line. Even in these days when impressionable European immigrants to the United States are less in evidence than sophisticated vacationers going the other way, smokestacks are good business, owners find. The traveling public has become accustomed to see them, and likes their appearance.

* * *

Two more cabin liners go into service with the United States Lines fleet within a year. The Monticello and Mount Vernon, which have been tied up since the war, are being reconditioned throughout, even to brand-new boilers. Their names are new, also. Before the war they flew the German flag and were called the Kronprinzessin Cecilie and Kaiser Wilhelm II. Including cabin-class and tourist-third-class staterooms, each can carry over a thousand passengers. Eight days to Channel ports will be their time.

Facilities Ashore and in the Air

'FLIGHT by air,' dazedly remarks the editor of a well-known guide to Europe, 'is nothing else, and it is nothing less, than a revelation.' Travelers should take advantage of it between London and Paris if nowhere else. The Channel trip by air is now as cheap as the first-class rail-steamer crossing. Both British and French air lines run a second-class service for $18.50 one way, the planes leaving early in the morning. The first-class planes leave about noon, serving light luncheon en route; and the fare is reduced from $30 to $24.

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AVIATION also enables you to add to your list of pleasures the once perilous and exhausting ascent of Mont Blanc. From St. Gervais-les-Bains, close to Chamonix, take a plane and climb without effort above the slippery slopes. The Mont Blanc Aero Club manages daily ascents when weather permits. As yet you cannot perch on the summit, but the Club plans a landing place there in the not too distant future.

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MANY air cruises are being conducted from London over the Continent this summer. Eight months ago, when Thomas Cook and Son advertised a luxurious air cruise to the Mediterranean, not a passenger appeared. But now these 'conducted hops' to Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Zurich, Geneva, Paris, and back to London — all in sixteen days — seem to be a great success. Prices include hotel accommodations each night, local motor drives, and English-speaking guides. This sort of inclusive air touring costs, generally speaking, $25 a day per person for a party of four. Such a group of four can tour with a private automobile for about $15 a day; by char-à-bancs for $10; by train for $7 or $8.

* * *

BASEL to Milan in seven hours — it used to be nine or more — is the record of the new Gothard-Pullman Express. Leaving Basel at 7.12 A.M., these blue-and-gold chair cars roll into Milan at 1.55 P.M. The route is mountainous, snowy, impressive. Returning, the express leaves Milan at 4.05 P.M. Greater speed is also announced for the noted Sud-Express between Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon. Through passengers still have to pile out and change trains at Irun, the Spanish border station, since the Spanish tracks are broader in gauge than the French. But

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the customary twelve hours from Irun to Madrid are now eight. A new short cut explains it. Vienna and Munich are linked with a new sleeping-car service leaving Vienna at 10.50 P.M. and arriving in Munich at 8.20 A.M. In reverse, you leave Munich at 9.42 P.M., arriving in Vienna in the morning at 6.50. First-class fare is $6.75, second-class $3.35, for the sleeper.

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AFTER the impatient note concerning Italy's stubbornness on the visa question, appearing in this place last month, it is a pleasure to commend Dictator Mussolini's State Tourist Department for its campaign against hotel frauds. An official guide to Italian hostelries has now been published, and may be obtained in this country before sailing, from the Italian State Tourists Office, 749 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at a cost of twenty-five cents. It is intended that no hotel shall charge an American more than an Italian, nor either more than the price listed in the guide. If you are short-changed or overcharged, protest to the State Tourist Department. When no office of the department is in your vicinity, write to headquarters.

The Student Afield

IN London is about to rise a student hostel which, during the summer, will be limited to Americans and will be free of charge. 'Student hostel' generally connotes a place for students of all nationalities, like Columbia University's International House in New York. R. Kennedy-Cox, English sponsor of the London hostel, differs with this notion, to the extent that, for the summer at least, he wants to entertain Americans who have worked their way through college and who need a European vacation. A stay at the hostel is better for them than attending lectures at Oxford or Cambridge, he thinks, for British students are 'altogether too international' to convey the essence of British spirit.

You may stay only two weeks at the 'International Dockland Hostel,' as it will be called. During that time you will meet an important section of British labor, represented by the residents of the famous Dockland Settlement begun some years ago by Mr. Kennedy-Cox. Sight-seeing will be done in company with people who need your 'New World ideas, full of life and vigor,' as much as you will be broadened and benefited by their interpretations of British conservatism and tradition.

In wintertime the hostel becomes international, taking students from all countries.

* * *

ANOTHER, older effort to stimulate international student visitation has not fully met original expectations. Seven years ago the Association France-Grande Bretagne was organized to place French students between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in English homes for a year, and vice versa. No payment was made on either side. For the first four years of the exchange numbers were about even. Then the number of British applicants fell off. Last year there were three hundred and fifty French students eager to go to England, and fifty English students rather lukewarm about France. Why was this? 'English boys and girls miss the customary porridge or bacon and eggs for breakfast,' said Captain B. S. Townroe, secretary of the Association in London.

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Masefield's Mystery Play

In mediæval Canterbury Cathedral a modern mystery play, *The Coming of Christ*, by John Masefield, has been produced amid surroundings truly appropriate to the dramatization of a sacred theme. The implicit awe and solemnity of the Cathedral's vaulted nave combined with the decorative effects designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts produced an impression which harmonized perfectly with the holiness of the play, which was enacted on the three tiers of steps and platform at the east end of the nave.

The play was performed without intervals, but it naturally fell into certain distinct episodes. The first of these, which later passages failed to surpass in lyric beauty, was a colloquy between the Christ Spirit and four angels called The Power, The Sword, The Mercy, and The Light. Masefield's vivid imagery enriched the verse recited by the angels as they sought to dissuade the Christ Spirit from becoming Man. Noble simplicity characterized the costuming of the Christ Spirit, whose white robe was cleverly designed to increase the natural height of the actor. An impressive contrast was furnished by the four angels in long cloaks with stiff folds. The spirits of Peter and Paul then foretold their own parts in the world, amid the choruses of the Heavenly Hosts.

The three Kings, wearing elaborate costumes of ermine and gold, filled the stage with splendid pageantry. Weary of knowledge, wealth, and power, they sought a true faith. After these characters had marched off with their mailed knights, rustic and simple Shepherds commented discontentedly and topically on the injustices of the economic system.

The most beautiful picture was the brilliant Nativity scene. From this magnificent and dazzling climax until the end of the play the attention of the congregation remained at a high pitch. The great iron gates opened for the last time as the Hosts of Heaven, Archangels, Knights, and Shepherds awaited the coming of Christ. The ermine-clad Kings were ready with gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Mary was then carried forward on a triumphal litter, bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, as the music mounted and rolled with transcendent thunder.

Masefield's task in writing *The Coming of Christ* was no easy one, for he was using a dramatic convention intended to explain the ritual of the Church to an unlettered laity. Employing this medium, he was faced with the problem of appealing to a modern audience without making the play a dramatic curio like *Everyman*. He could not allow himself the crudities of the earlier drama, but was forced to confine his action to extreme simplicity, and to secure unity of impression from the magic of poetry rather than from the construction of the story.

The London *Morning Post* ranked among its more severe critics when it said: 'The good miracle play of the Middle Ages — and those which survive are generally good — moves briskly; the speeches are apt and well turned; the characters cripsly drawn; the whole thing is filled with life and a sense of drama. But this play of Mr.

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Masefield's depends not on dramatic but on literary quality. The characters stand and talk interminably, and there is too much "fine writing." The characters are, for the most part, not so much angels and spirits as literary and philosophical highbrows holding a metaphysical discussion, which we fear may a little weary the good people of Canterbury. . . .' Nor does the Tory journal enjoy hearing the First and Second Shepherds voice Communist opinions, although it reconciles its love for the past and its hatred for Socialism by assuring us that the device is used by Mr. Masefield merely to indicate the restlessness and dissatisfaction of a world which has still to receive a faith and a doctrine of hope.

The acoustics of the Cathedral not only made the spoken words difficult to hear, but increased the problems of musical composition. Mr. Gustav Holst, the composer, wisely avoided any complexities so that the tones should not combine in a confused blur of reëchoing sound. By skillful use of long-sustained pedal points and voices in unison his music constituted a fitting counterpart to the drama itself. A clever effect was produced when he changed from the organ, which accompanied the Heavenly Hosts, to the pianoforte for the Three Kings. A fanfare heightened the dramatic tension at the birth of Christ. Upon several occasions Mr. Holst's music surpassed Mr. Masefield's poetry, though at other times his simplicity bordered on the naïve.

The production of Mr. Masefield's *Coming of Christ* sets the seal of ecclesiastical approval upon the movement to reunite Church and Theatre which began in 1901 with the revival of *Everyman*. The hearts and minds of the congregation are deeply touched by religious plays produced under such appropriate surroundings. In short, there is no reason why the Devil should monopolize the stage.

The London Zoo

One hundred years ago the first visitor to the Zoölogical Gardens of London paid one shilling to see the 'Menagerie,' and, although the price of admission has not changed for the past century, the Zoo itself has been widely augmented, and the inmates may now live in the comfort that behind them lies a long tradition. When the Zoo was first opened to the public it offered the two hundred variegated animals only seven acres of land upon which to disport themselves.

Quite naturally it was Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Java, who first thought of founding a Zoo, but it was Paris, not Java, which furnished him with the germ of his great plan. In 1816 he felt that London should have something like the Jardin des Plantes, and ten years later his dream became a reality. The Zoölogical Society which he organized began with a capital of three living creatures — a griffon vulture, a white-headed eagle, and a deer from Saugor. Some time later the Society moved its headquarters and live stock from 4 Regent Street to 33 Bruton Street. Here it was that the tradition of the Zoölogical Gardens first began to take shape. The guards and attendants still talk about the time that a Wanderoo monkey, with mischievous irreverence for authority and the Church of England, snatched the powdered white wig from the sacred head of a sedate bishop and placed it on his own ridiculous poll.

In 1830 King William IV greatly augmented the collection of the Society by presenting it with all the animals from Windsor Park and the Tower of

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London. The gift included such strange beasts as wapiti, zebras, goats, kangaroos, a wild boar, widow birds, and crowned cranes. Just four years later enough visitors had contributed their shillings and enough members had paid their dues and made their expected contributions to allow the Society to spend five thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars to import the first rhinoceros into England from India.

London was all agog the next year over the arrival of Tommy, a chimpanzee from Gambia, and the first anthropoid to be exhibited in England. He was landed at Bristol, but stagecoach proprietors naturally objected to carrying such a passenger to London. Just as things began to look particularly dark for Tommy and his attendant, two inside seats were secured in the night coach, and he arrived in London in high fettle. He was given a cordial reception, and for six months he was the talk of the town, while thousands went to see him at the Society's Gardens. But the strain of public life was too much for him, and he fell sick. Poor Tommy spent the last few weeks of his life sitting beside the kitchen fire, pensively watching the dancing flames with his melancholy eyes as he rested his head lugubriously on his hands.

The first hippopotamus was acquired fifteen years later, and in order to make his home life complete he was provided with a mate. On November 5 the Society was presented with a bouncing baby girl hippopotamus. Because of her birthday, she was appropriately misnamed Guy Fawkes. She lived for more than thirty years, and she and Jimmy, who was born in 1926, hold the distinction of being the only hippos reared in the Gardens.

The Society had elephants as early as 1831, but it was Jumbo, the first African elephant, who became internationally famous. Apparently the Society encouraged feeding the elephant, for permission was given the wife of one of the attendants to sell buns, cakes, and fruit, to be eaten, not by the general public, but by the elephant alone. One day she sold nine dollars' worth of food, all of which the elephant consumed. Upon another occasion Jumbo spied what he thought was a bag of buns lying in a perambulator. To the frantic dismay of the mother, his trunk shot out and raised the sleeping baby to his mouth. The shortsighted animal realized his mistake soon enough to replace the still somnolent and unhurt infant in the baby carriage. Then Phineas T. Barnum bought the gigantic pachyderm, and three years later two nations mourned when he was killed in a railroad wreck.

Some of the animals have lost their novelty, but to-day great throngs of pleasure-seekers still go to the London Zoo with that same curiosity that prompted the first visitor to pay a shilling to be admitted to the Gardens just one century ago.

Shaw and Voronov

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW made a monkey of himself when Dr. Voronov came to England. At least, such is the belief of the London *Daily News*, which received a letter apparently written by the author of *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*. Mr. Shaw has long been known as a defender of dumb animals, and he signs his letter 'Consul Junior, The Monkey House.' Consul was a performing chimpanzee of international renown.

Dr. Voronov has recently been in England explaining his famous monkey-gland operation for the rejuvenation of senile men, and Mr. G. B. Shaw, who was spending a holiday in Kent with Lord and Lady Astor, could not be

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prevented from expressing his opinion. His letter reads: —

SIR, —

On behalf of my fellow guests of the Royal Zoölogical Society, I must protest warmly against the audacious statement by Dr. Edward Bach reported in your issue of last Saturday.

He declares, first, that 'when the glands of an ape are grafted on to a human being the characteristics of an ape are bound also to be transplanted,' and, second, that 'characteristics possessed in a high degree by the anthropoid ape are cruelty and sensuality.'

The implication is that apes are more cruel and sensual than human beings; and that an operation tending to raise a man to the level of an ape would make him crueler and more sensual instead of less so.

We apes are a patient and kindly race; but this is more than we can stand. Has any ape ever torn the glands from a living man to graft them upon another ape for the sake of a brief and unnatural extension of that ape's life?

Was Torquemada an ape? Were the Inquisition and the Star Chamber monkey houses? Were 'Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel' the work of apes?

Has it been necessary to found a Society for the Protection of Ape Children, as it has been for the protection of human children? Was the late war a war of apes or of men? Was poison gas a simian or a human invention?

How can Dr. Bach mention the word cruelty in the presence of an ape without blushing? We, who have our brains burned out ruthlessly in human scientists' laboratories, are reproached for cruelty by a human scientist!

And the moment chosen is one in which even the iron hearts of men have been moved to protest against the horrors of the orang-outang trade as reproducing all the barbarities of the old trade in human negroes! It is an insult not only to us, but to history and common sense.

We leave Dr. Voronov to demonstrate to Dr. Bach how crudely unscientific is his fear — which ought to be a hope — that men can acquire the characteristics of apes by stealing their glands.

We ourselves are not concerned with what men call science except as mutilated victims; but we are concerned with experience. We perceive that vaccination and antitoxin inoculation have given to men neither the virtues of the cow nor the qualities of the horse.

Man remains what he has always been, the cruelest of all the animals, and the most elaborately and fiendishly sensual. Let him presume no further on his grotesque resemblance to us: he will remain what he is in spite of all Dr. Voronov's efforts to make a respectable ape of him.

Yours truly,

CONSUL JUNIOR

The Monkey House
Regent's Park

Gray's Elegy and Quebec

THE Oxford Union has decided that it would prefer to have written Gray's *Elegy* than to have taken Quebec. It is hard to imagine that body of young men doing either after Mr. Philip Guedalla, who spoke in favor of the *Elegy*, called attention to the fact that no one took Quebec, since battles are lost and never won, and that Oxford was a place where no one ever did anything beyond indulging in that form of loafing called education. Nevertheless, Oxford voted against Quebec, the *Manchester Guardian* reporting the vote as 302 to 174, whereas the *Morning Post* disagrees by reporting 371 to 4. That the Tory paper should have erred in favor of Gray's *Elegy* is still more surprising, since it declares: 'And yet, if the torch were lighted, we may be certain that all these young men would throw down their pens and their gowns and shoulder a rifle or buckle on a sword.'

When Father Ronald Knox spoke in favor of the poet he impressed upon the Union the full flavor of Gray's *Elegy* by quoting his version of the

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first stanza as it might have been written by an inferior imitator of Mr. Osbert Sitwell: —

Bong.
That filthy bell again,
With its ridiculous mauve cadences:
That bell reminds me of a village funeral,
With mutes in top hats sitting under a coffin.
Moo, moo. Oh! Lord, those cows!
Oh! Lord, that filthy, muddy lane!
The whole muddy lane bestrewn
With hind quarters of cows.
Thank God the ploughman is going home, anyhow,
With his red, hairy face;
Going home to beat his wife, beat her
To a jelly by the look of him.
It is all dark;
There is nothing here at all
Except darkness and me —
Me, me —
In the absence of the rest of my family, just me.

The owl stanzas could be written up on the same model, Father Knox continued: —

Boo. Boo. Noo.
That filthy owl again.
A white blob on the battlements,
Looking quite white against the battlements,
Like a temporary stuffing in one's teeth.
The ivy crawls lasciviously round the tower,
Stretching out its dirty fingers towards the owl.
But the owl does not worry about it:
It is resenting my presence even
In the absence of the rest of my family:
It is like an old colonel in my club when somebody
Has taken away his favorite chair.
'That is my chair, sir, confound you.'
Oh! you owl of a colonel. Oh! you owl of a colonel.
Oh! you colonel of an owl.
I shall sit here exactly as long as I like.
Boo. Boo. Boo.'

Celtic Culture

Lloyd George has been campaigning for Celtic culture and Gaelic speech. This loyal and public-spirited Welshman journeyed to Ness Castle with a plea from the Welsh Celts that the Celts of the Highlands stand by their 'great traditions' and their 'task in the world.'

That task formerly consisted in defending Wales, Cumberland, Westmorland, and the Scottish Highlands from the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and other invaders. To-day, Lloyd George declared, the Celts 'are being assailed by a much larger and formidable and insidious empire — the Empire of the Philistines.' Wales, where one million people use the Welsh language and the Welsh harp habitually, supports forty-seven periodicals in the native language. Since printers are not philanthropists, the former Liberal premier insists that the Welsh language is both real and alive. Moreover, 'there is no better poetry written than that by the cultured young Welshmen. . . . We are turning out new literature worthy to rank with the finest literature of Europe to-day.' Whether this dogmatic statement is based upon any sound critical standard we are in no position to say, but we suspect that Lloyd George's loyalty to tradition got the better of him.

Celtic culture seems to be declining in the Highlands, where even the picturesque dress is disappearing. 'There is nothing,' the ex-Prime Minister declared, 'that provides for me better argument for women's suffrage than the fact that women had the sense to annex it for themselves.'

Fearing that his plea for Celtic tradition might be interpreted by some of his audience as an effort to split the British Isles into a number of conflicting races, he gave assurance that the Welsh were 'just as attached to the British Empire as any Saxon, Dane, or Scandinavian.' A variety of colors, each adapted to its native area, lends strength and picturesqueness. 'You don't want a forest of the same trees.' If all the world were the same color we should soon sicken of it. Lloyd George

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seeks variety of color and not of quality, and the most distinctive colors in the British Isles are the Celtic. By making imitation Englishmen out of Welshmen, Irishmen, and Highlanders the Empire is weakened rather than united and strengthened.

It is along this line that Lloyd George pleads for Celtic tradition and culture. It cannot be denied that the old customs are picturesque and that Welsh literature should perhaps be preserved for sentimental reasons. Wild mountain scenery is beautiful, and the virgin forest has its charm. But the Welsh Liberal leader is not very clear as to how the British Empire will be weakened if the Celts absorb English culture. Diversity of language, moreover, hinders understanding, culture, and trade. Lloyd George's remarks may make a strong appeal to the sentimentalist, but the canny Celtic rationalist may take another view.

Operatic Gastronomics

It is strange that gastronomy should be so neglected and abused in opera, sighs Mr. H. E. Wortham in the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph*, adding that many eminent composers and singers were notorious epicures — notably Rossini and Wagner. Yet, upon the rare occasions when the characters in an opera are allowed to dine, they appear obviously uncomfortable.

Scarpia, for example, never had a chance to enjoy a good meal, although he seemed to possess the qualities of a real gourmet. Instead, Puccini makes him keep looking at his watch. Nothing could be worse, although he does show the sense of the connoisseur by shutting the window when the Gavotte from the Palace is heard. He is inconsistent when he wipes his glass Bordeaux fashion and drinks Spanish wine. He exhibits the curiosity of a gourmet, moreover, by expressing the desire to taste as many of the 'opera divina' as possible, although he does not confine himself to food and drink according to the ethics of the honorable gastronome.

Don Giovanni's last meal is another example of the way in which opera ruins the niceties of eating. Genuine hero that he was, Don Giovanni was a gourmand as well as a gourmet — that finest type of gastronome, according to Brillat-Savarin. Don Giovanni does not disguise his enjoyment of food. He exclaims, '*Ah, che piatto saporito!*' which an English translator has mutilated into 'Why, this cream would honor "Gunter"!' Of course, some liberty must be allowed a translator of poetry who must find a rime with 'hungry as a hunter,' but why should Don Giovanni be made to extol cream when the true gastronome finds real enjoyment only in savory things. This is a serious sin against taste. Don Giovanni is a good epicure in that he recognizes the virtue of punctuality in rebuking the statue of the commandant for arriving late to dinner. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether Don Giovanni's last dinner had any real enjoyment in it.

Of all operatic meals, the 'orgia' in *The Huguenots* is perhaps the stagiest. The bottles are obviously empty, the platters are obviously laden with stuffed dummies, and the tune adds to the emptiness of the dinner by hanging to the third note, the weakest in the entire scale.

Mr. H. E. Wortham concludes that Louise's father receives the least harsh treatment. 'He comes home, and kisses his charming daughter in the reposeful key of D flat, he serves the soup to the common chord of straightforward F major, and has four quiet bars, mainly in D flat, in which to consume it — one prays it may not be

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too hot! The ragout enters less invitingly to the key of C major, but by the time the honest father has begun to serve it we have modulated to the minor, and all sorts of harmonic adventures follow before the good fellow wipes his mouth and sucks the ends of his moustache in D flat once more — the key of sound digestion, in which fathers postprandially embrace their daughters. After that one feels that C major is a good enough key to light his pipe in. Louise's father may have been a hardly used proletarian, but at any rate he has been allowed to sup with a comfort vouchsafed to none of the grandees of opera.'

Toller Talks

ERNST TOLLER, the German dramatist who epitomizes the young literary and political revolutionary, has been in London, and has expressed in an interview several opinions which we may assume are those of the enlightened youths of Germany.

Toller's life is a drama in itself. At the age of twenty he was fighting in the German army. Discharged as a war cripple, he organized the Students' League at Heidelberg, and shortly thereafter found himself in a military prison. At this time he wrote *Die Wandlung*. Just before the revolution of November 1918 he was released; and became the leader of the Independent Socialist Party of Munich, and then President of the First Soviet Government of Bavaria. Overthrown by Noske, Toller eluded his pursuers for some time, although a reward of ten thousand marks had been placed upon his head. Upon his capture he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Nieder Schönenfeld, where he wrote the two plays which made him famous — *Masses and Man* and *The Machine Wreckers*. Since then he has written *Hopla! Wir Leben*.

Ernst Toller feels that the tide of reaction has turned in politics with the swing to the Left of not only the workers but also the middle classes. Of course the cartels form an obstacle to Socialism, but with the strengthening of the Left the cause of international peace is aided.

German literature has enjoyed a great revival. A new school of novelists has arisen since the war, and a number of the younger writers are established in the new tradition of fiction. Great progress has also been made in the drama. Plays deal more frankly with social problems and questions concerning the workingman. 'Bold experiments are being tried,' Herr Toller remarked, 'and German actors are the best in Europe except those of Russia.' America and England, however, have invaded the German theatre with sensational crook dramas. None the less, the better drama still exists, and still progresses. In fact, Herr Toller is now writing a play himself.

Bunyan's Tercentenary

BEDFORD and Elstow have been celebrating the tercentenary of John Bunyan's birth. The author of *Pilgrim's Progress* spent his youth dancing on Elstow Green, ringing church bells, playing tipcat on Sundays, and being as irreligious as he was later to become religious. As a boy he had few equals in swearing. All this took place when the King was awaiting execution and the star of Cromwell was rising.

Then this lusty tinker 'lit upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly,' and the couple set up housekeeping with 'not so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them.' His wife, however, exerted her influence upon the active young man, and he was converted. Turning to the

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ways of God, he became a militant Puritan, and put into his religious teaching all the force he had previously directed into more pleasurable channels. John Bunyan, like John Donne, never did things by halves. He came into his prime when the fighting power of Puritanism had almost burned itself out, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, like *Paradise Lost*, was written when the times were hardly propitious. Nevertheless, the book had a strong popular appeal, more than one hundred thousand copies being sold before he died.

Cowper did not dare to praise Bunyan, for fear of ridicule from the scholarly critics of his age. Dr. Johnson used to compare Dante with Bunyan, and to conjecture as to whether the author in Bedford Jail had read Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

As people gather on Elstow Green or at Bedford 'where Bunyan's statue stands, facing where stood his gaol,' they honor a man whose sincerity and literary work has won him recognition for three centuries, a man whose militant Puritanism made him more enemies than friends.

Singing Insects of Japan

IT is during the summer that Japan's lofty civilization reaches its highest peaks, for that is the season when traffic in singing insects becomes most brisk. For a crass American to attempt to analyze the joys of possessing caged crickets on the hearth would obviously involve an exhibition of deplorably bad taste, and we therefore hurry over the æsthetic implications and confine our attentions to the purely commercial elements involved. The largest wholesale insect store in the country offers its customers a rich variety of little singing friends. The *emma-korogi*, or cricket, can be had for the equivalent of a dime, but the *kutsuwamushi*, a noisier creature, fetches a quarter. During the early summer season fireflies cost about a cent apiece, but the price drops as summer advances, and a hundred of the merry fellows can be purchased for as little as seventy-five cents at the present moment.

The chief insect store in Japan maintains three breeding stations in the suburbs of Tokyo, and it prides itself on supplying the Imperial House with its indispensable bugs. *A* really fine insect cage sells for as much as one hundred dollars, occupants and all. Protection of the insects' eggs calls for the highest skill, and under no circumstances are visitors allowed to enter the breeding grounds, whose pampered occupants live on mulberry leaves. One of the leading figures in the insect game made the following important announcement in the columns of the Japan Advertiser: —

> It is not true at all to say that the custom of listening to songs of insects has been going out of fashion. Judging from the amount of business we do yearly, the demand for singing insects has been growing each year. Of course, this may be partly due to the increase of population and the smaller number of wholesale insect stores. But we have been gaining new customers. For instance, when the Swedish Crown Prince visited Japan year before last, we were ordered by the Imperial Household Department to set free singing insects in the garden of the Kasumigaseki detached palace where the Prince made his home while in the Capital.
>
> The true lovers of songs of insects have been growing in number. They know how to take care of insects better than the people of the Yedo period. They are very discriminating about the sound of insect music. During the summer, these people take great delight in listening to various songs in the garden. It is a refined and classical pastime that requires a wholesome poetic imagination.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

Million-Dollar Elections —An Italian Judgment

'In America things are done by wholesale methods or not at all. In economics and business the smallest unit of value is a million — dollars, of course. This is the sum to which the American citizen aspires before he begins to worry about his social position or his future. It is the same in politics. The number of ciphers changes, but the terms do not. It is always dollars and millions; that is to say, millions of dollars. Ideas? Programmes? Principles? Religion and morals? All these are beautiful things, after the million dollars has been secured.'

This is *Il Popolo d'Italia*, the newspaper which Mussolini founded before his rise to power, and which now is not unnaturally his firmest supporter, keying up for an attack on American elections and political methods. The anonymous writer finds the Chicago elections of last spring an illuminating example of American democracy, because, he says, the heads of the party in power cleared a hundred million dollars a year in profits from bootlegging, and hired three thousand gangsters to 'persuade' the people, in the fashion of a true democracy, to vote the right way.

'The moral of that contest,' concludes the Italian journal, 'is to be found in the fight for a mere bagatelle of a hundred million dollars a year divided among only three illustrious gentlemen. Hence we are assailed by an honest doubt whether the single purpose of all such campaigns and of the whole struggle over Prohibition is not merely to make a million dollars, no matter how or at whose expense. This would be, for that matter, delightfully and typically American!' (Exclamation point *ours*.)

'Æ' Discovers America

'What will New York seem after another half-century?' asks George William Russell (*Æ*) in the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin), his own weekly journal. The Irish editor, poet, and statesman spent the winter and spring in the United States telling Americans about Ireland. Now he turns about to tell his countrymen about America.

'Already New York appears the most ancient, ancient of cities,' he says, 'because here alone does an actual architecture soar above the dreams imaginative artists have conceived of the Tower of Babel. One would imagine at night, where a remote light on a topmost story catches the eye, that some Chaldean wizard was there calculating horoscopes for Nebuchadnezzar. Chicago is hardly less impressive — a darker, fiercer, more tumultuous jumble of lofty buildings, and a surging humanity. City after city seems to be going their way, raising man-made cliffs from the flat American plains. Architecture is the great contemporary American art. The railway stations, even, are awe-inspiring. Entering the

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Grand Central or Pennsylvania station, one almost feels the head should be bared and speech be in whispers, so like do they seem in their vastness to temples of the mysteries but for the crowds which hurry about at their secular business. The material foundations of a mighty civilization are being laid everywhere.

'What am I to say of the people? As I met them they overflowed with kindness. It is easy to like them. They are young in their minds. But because there is youth in their nature one must not assume that their youth is not as competent as the age and experience of the ancestor continent. The evidence of competence lies everywhere about. They were no bunglers who built those great cities, whatever graft may have gone to their making. Their education at present tends to bring about a high average competence in the affairs of life rather than a profound subjectivity. They look outward rather than inward. The activity is so tremendous that people are called away from central depths to surfaces. There they achieve marvelous things, and are delighted as children at what they do.

'The women have almost standardized good taste in dress. It is rare to see a woman who offends the artist's sense in color and form. I wish I could commend the art with which so many redden their lips with fierce color. Even lovely girls yield to this hideous fashion. It is the mass mood of youth for the moment. It will probably vanish in another year or two. The girls are so naturally charming that they do not need the arts of the demimondaine, who must conceal the withering of her freshness. I feel at present their intellectual eagerness is like bubbles under water, trying to rise, to come to their own natural air.

'The American man is less effervescent, but, I think, with strong elements of romanticism and idealism, even in those powerful masters of industry. All are lavishly generous. They have discovered the economic applications of that spiritual law which gives to the giver: so that those who pour out to others what is in them to give, whatever there is of love or beauty or imagination or intellect, are themselves perpetually being fed from within. In the sphere of economics this lavish spending of what is earned stimulates consumption and reacts on production. The spendthrift nation is the prosperous nation.'

Nicaraguan Intervention — Argentine Indignation

'THE intervention of the United States in the internal affairs of Nicaragua,' cries the influential, independent *Prensa* of Buenos Aires, 'is an act that from any point of view is contrary to international law.'

The Argentine Republic, sometimes called the Colossus of the South as the United States is dubbed the Colossus of the North, is the defender *par excellence* of Latin-American solidarity, and enjoys playing the part of protector of the small nation against the imperialism of the United States. Events in Nicaragua are grist for any anti-imperialist mill, and this quotation strikes the keynote of a series of editorials in the powerful Argentine daily.

'The people of the United States,' concludes *La Prensa* after discussing the international principles involved in the presence of American troops in Nicaragua, 'are increasingly anxious to avoid the disastrous effect on Latin-American opinion produced by their government when it overstepped the limits of its authority. As a result of this public sentiment, voices have been raised in Congress attempting to justify

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the actions of those who have ignored law and, with solely personal interests in view, have invaded independent countries.' But the facts of the case, the actual occupation of Nicaragua and other small countries, 'speak more loudly than pretty phrases.'

The 'Annexation' of Havana

If we may believe a Swiss journalist writing in the *Journal de Genève* (Geneva Liberal Democratic daily), Havana, Cuba, is in imminent danger of a subtle form of annexation by the United States. This writer compares the Cuban capital to ancient Etruscan Capua, which the Romans used as a pleasure resort and eventually seized. Havana, according to him, is the personal Capua of the North Americans — 'a Capua which is becoming daily more Americanized; in which as much English as Spanish is spoken; where the names of the women — Consuelo, Concepción, Adoración — are gradually giving way to Susie, Mary, and Jane; where electric signs praise, in English, American products; where hotels have roof gardens, ballrooms, and tearooms — a Capua which would submit to a swift and complete seizure by the United States without complaint, and perhaps without even suspecting it.'

'A New Spirit in the Air'?

Are Americans beginning to regret their isolation? Count Carlo Sforza, the tall, suave Italian Foreign Minister who held office prior to the Mussolini régime and is back in Europe after almost a year in the United States, hints the affirmative. Questioned in Paris by a representative of the *Journal des Débats* concerning the attitude of the American people toward Secretary Kellogg's treaties for outlawing war, the Italian statesman said that, while interest was only slight, even passive acquiescence was an indication of a new spirit in the air. 'The United States,' he declared, 'is closer to a profound intellectual and moral crisis than Americans dare admit. The isolation policy pursued in recent years is scarcely spoken of. The people feel vaguely that in pursuing it America lost a unique opportunity to gain real power and prestige' — and his implication is that Americans are now trying to make up for it by a sort of inarticulate support of Secretary Kellogg's plans.

American Coöperation in the Cause of World Peace

'Public opinion has awakened with extraordinary slowness to the absolutely historic importance of Mr. Kellogg's memorable proposition,' says the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper) of the American plans for the outlawry of war. 'When we call it epoch-making, we weigh the word. Why is the American plan bigger than the Locarno policy? Why is it the biggest event since America went out of the League eight years ago? Why is it of more solid and powerful promise than any Covenant unsupported by the United States? The replies to these questions are sun-clear. Nurse Cavell's famous phrase applies to many things, but we cannot use it to express a surer and deeper truth than when we say that the League by itself is "not enough." Without America's definite coöperation in the cause of world peace the League never can be enough. The tendency to rely on Geneva without Washington — or possibly against Washington, as egregious zealots in various countries sometimes speculated — has been in Europe and Latin America not only the most baseless theory, but the most dangerous delusion of the whole post-war period.'

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WAR AND PEACE

Conflicting views on the one great question that vexes all the world, put forward by statesmen, bankers, educators, military men, in many countries. The quotations from foreign-language newspapers are selected from original sources, and are specially translated for the Living Age

If we do not remove the cause by giving Europe something of a common organization, a repetition of the intrigues and the ambitions which brought the Old World to disaster will always be possible. — *Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs*

I am not convinced that in the present phase of inflamed nationalism a better understanding between nations and creeds is desirable. . . . Coöperation so far has been established on hypocritical pretenses, and the truth as to what the parties really think of one another would probably make an end of it and substitute a furious hostility. — *George Bernard Shaw*

Armies and armaments are cancers produced by the malignant development of the patriotic virus under modern conditions of exaggeration and mass suggestion. — *H. G. Wells, British author*

This proposition [the outlawry of war], which a few decades ago would have been criticized as idealistically utopian and not to be taken seriously, is for us to-day a political act of great importance. — *Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs*

I do not think we realize how close we are to the victory over war. . . . A war in the Western Hemisphere is unthinkable. — *Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance*

If we compare ancient history with the history of modern Europe, we notice that war is at times necessary. — *Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian*

No one who looks with an unclouded vision on the history of the world and on the present attitude of the nations toward each other can believe that the day of world peace has arrived or is approaching. — *Assistant Secretary of War Charles Burton Robbins, before the 1928 graduating class at West Point*

The present state of affairs [between Great Britain and Russia] threatens the British Empire with bankruptcy. An agreement with the Soviets has been tried and found impossible, as I always predicted. There remains only war. — *Arnold Rechberg, head of the German potash syndicate*

Cheap war is an absurdity equaled only by the pretension of humanizing war.— *Saint-Brice, in 'La Revue Universelle,' French Royalist semimonthly*

There would be no manufacturing of cannon if there were not first of all reasons to use cannon. — *Jacques Bainville, French Royalist editor*

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Coast of Pleasure, by Grant Richards. Illustrated. London: Cape, 1928. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

[P. Morton Shand in the *Observer*]

Mr. Grant Richards has written a complete and most amusing guide to life on the Riviera which is likely to become a standard work. Anyone who has been there, everyone who hopes to go there, and even disgruntled persons, like the present writer, who hope never to return there, will find entertainment and useful information in this well-written and delightful book. His practical recommendations for enabling a waning Monte Carlo to sustain its former reputation both for modish devilry and placid habitation are so eminently competent that competition for Mr. Grant Richards's professional services will be spirited indeed among the municipalities of our dolorous 'seaside resorts,' should ever the Ministry of Health assent to the appointment of 'City Managers' on the American model. Rather surprisingly, the P. L. M. — dirtiest, most unpunctual, and richest of French railways — is let off comparatively lightly. 'It is,' he says, 'an easy matter to move about on all this coast.' With all due deference, it is not. The best timing of the trains de luxe, red or blue, for the sixty miles or so between Saint-Raphaël and Ventimiglia, on which electrification is years overdue, exceeds two and a half hours.

There is one class of reader who will be anything but appreciative of the author's efforts to increase the Anglo-Saxon population of France, and, thereby, their own cost of living — the hapless British residents in other parts of that country, for whom a franc remains a franc, in spite of its diminishing purchasing power.

Most Frenchmen would be horrified to hear that 'they know how to cook in Provence' — a butterless country. It is hardly possible to 'feed like Lucullus' on the Côte d'Azur. Good cooking — French more than any other — depends on the utmost freshness of its raw materials. Since the Riviera produces next to nothing, provisions have to travel long distances. The *cordons bleus* of its much-trumpeted restaurants would be helpless without tinned foodstuffs. Moreover, fine wines deteriorate rapidly in those cerulean cellars, while not a single drinkable red wine grows on all that littoral. Bellet and Casis, though rarely authentic, are rightly praised among the white. La Croix de Cavalaire (Cavalaire *tout court* is beastly stuff) and the Domaine de la Gabelle of Fréjus are passable *ordinaires*. But in the matter of local wines, Mr. Robson, of *A Wayfarer in French Vineyards*, is one up on the author of *Caviare*, for he has tasted the wine of the Île Saint-Honorat, which will not even bear transport to Cannes; and pronounces it 'a veritable nectar.' The only adequate rejoinder would be for Mr. Grant Richards to persuade the Prince of Monaco to transform the pigeon-shooting ground at Monte Carlo into a vineyard and bottle the 'Clos des Colombes-Martyrs' in the Casino vaults.

The Son of Man, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. London: Benn; New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. $3.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

One needs to overcome a good many prejudices in order to receive any profit from the reading of Herr Ludwig's latest biography. The first prejudice is that created by his impresarios in this country. Herr Ludwig is not responsible for it; but it has to be overcome. The next, for which he certainly is responsible, though translation may have magnified strain into extravagance, is the tinge of melodrama in his thought and language. In the name of psychological insight, contrasts are heightened continually. That there were two periods in the life of Jesus,

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separated from each other historically by the recognition at Cæsarea Philippi, and distinct from each other by a change of emotional tone from gladness to solemnity, has long been recognized by sympathetic historical students of the Gospels. But when the contrast has been exaggerated according to the methods of a 'master biographer,' by a profusion of romantic and cloying adjectives in the earlier part, and by the liberal application of such epithets as 'fanatical,' 'hectoring,' 'overbearing,' 'arrogant,' to Jesus in the latter, most serious students will feel that 'master biography' is more appropriate to cruder material. And these same students will have a good many further prejudices of their own to contend with.

They will read with approval the words of Herr Ludwig's preface: —

> The mishmash which is called a historical novel, caricaturing, as Goethe said, both romance and history, and hardly practicable when the sources are so exiguous, would have been in this case immoral as well. One who would venture to ascribe to Jesus imaginary sayings and doings should be a person at least equal to Jesus in intuitive power.

But when they come to read the narrative itself they will wonder if the preface was written before the book, since it proposes an ideal of reticence which Herr Ludwig finds it impossible to attain. Or can it be that Herr Ludwig does not assign the name of a 'doing' to the psychological details of which he is so prolific?

> By turns he shivers with dread and glows with pride. He hesitates. . . . Signs of strong emotion were to be marked in the prophet when this incident was over.

It reads — and unfortunately it is typical of much of the narrative — like a cinema scenario.

Again, the serious student will be perplexed by the manner in which the author deals with his sources. He seems to have allowed himself a perfectly free hand in the matter of chronological arrangement. The Marcan sequence, which most regard as in the main authentic, Herr Ludwig treats as though it possesses no more chronological authority than the other Gospels. Moreover, he apparently has access to sources hitherto unknown.

> Jesus is growing up now. After the Nazarene fashion, his black hair is parted in the middle. He is in vigorous health, for he often roams the mountains; and in Nazareth, where he does his share of work at the carpenter's bench beside his father, the air is cooler than it is lower down the valley. . . . Joseph dies, and at nineteen the eldest son has to share with his mother responsibility for the youngest children.

That paragraph contains some facts which other students of the same life will wonder how they missed. Then they will be forced to conclude that Herr Ludwig invented them; and will be curious to know how he distinguishes between this method of filling out his picture and the customary 'mishmash called a historical novel.'

We may presume, therefore, that *The Son of Man* is not intended for serious students. The book bristles with unwarranted and unwarrantable statements. We are told, for instance, quite categorically, that in the earlier period Jesus called himself, and was generally called, 'the Son of Man'; while in the later he called himself 'the Son of God.' Such a statement, which no student could take seriously, is likely to impose upon the less instructed reader. It has a deceptive air of simplicity about it; it seems to make dark things plain. So does the resolute exclusion of all eschatology. It may be that Herr Ludwig has given serious consideration to the 'eschatological' view and rejected it completely, though this seems hardly possible if the consideration were really serious; but it is hard to see how he can believe in his own statement concerning the titles which Jesus gave himself. Here he is manifestly neglecting the evidence for the sake of a popular appeal.

This is the source of our profound dissatisfaction with Herr Ludwig's book. He has, deliberately, made things too easy. Just as he completely omits any study of the teaching of Jesus, on the ground that it is too familiar to need exposition, and so deprives his portrait of Jesus of any inward convincingness, so his conception of the psychological development of Jesus is too simple and schematic to have real substance: —

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This good man, the herald of good tidings, has now to encounter furtive adversaries: misconstruction, calumny, and mockery. . . . They drive his self-confidence from its secret recesses, till . . . it becomes overweening. Consequently, his intelligence is darkened; humility gives place to an assumption of royal bearing; and the Son of Man comes to regard himself as the Son of God.

Elsewhere Herr Ludwig has announced that his method in biography is 'to live himself into his subject.' Had he done so on this occasion we do not think he would have dared to write 'his intelligence is darkened.'

Charlotte Lowenskold, by Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma S. Howard. London: Werner Laurie, 1928. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Once or twice, perhaps, we may ask ourselves if Selma Lagerlöf is telling us the whole truth. There is a touch of Hans Andersen in her 'tale of modern Sweden,' and it is quite certain that her aim is to charm. In this she succeeds; it is a long time since we have read so pleasant a novel. The characters are delightful, with the exceptions of the hero, Karl Arthur, and his odious confidante, Thea Sundler. Nevertheless we feel that Karl Arthur is the most faithful study in the book. At first we like him; at the last we detest him, and become extremely uneasy as to whether Charlotte is not destined to remain in love with him till it is too late to escape. For he is difficult, and the subtlety of the author's method of presentation leaves us on tenterhooks till very near the end. This beautiful, unworldly, young clergyman possesses every virtue except charity and a sense of humor. One can hardly even deny him the former, since he is quite capable of sacrificing all he possesses to give to the poor, and in fact has already adopted eleven orphans without any visible means of supporting them. At the same time he is capable of attributing the meanest of motives to others, and utterly incapable of appreciating anything he cannot fit into his own narrow evangelistic creed. He is a prig, rejoicing in his salvation, yet it would not surprise us to learn that he had performed some wonderful act of heroism or inspired a great religious revival. Selma Lagerlöf herself does him every justice, while remaining ironically detached; but it is the condemnation of his saintliness that at the first contact with the rich, generous humanity of Charlotte it begins to shrivel and look ugly. Charlotte, without salvation, is so fine, so faithful, so understanding. Once only do we share something of her feeling for Karl Arthur, and that is when he buys in the unfortunate children who are being sold at auction. For a moment, then, something beautiful in his nature shines out with a bright, clear light before the clouds of fanaticism close about it once more.

The book has been ably translated, in spite of two or three rather trying Americanisms, and it can be recommended as almost certain to give the reader pleasure. Just when it seems in danger of becoming sentimental its intelligence happily saves it.

The Pacific: A Forecast, by Lieutenant-Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. Hessell Tiltman. London: Benn, 1928. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

That the next great struggle will be between East and West, and its scene the Pacific, is the thesis on which the authors of this volume have produced their very interesting analysis of the issues at stake and the possibilities attaching to such a conflict. The countries principally concerned are Great Britain, the United States, Japan, China, Russia, and Australia, and of these the conclusion is that Japan, at any rate, is certainly to be regarded as one of the prospective protagonists. One danger lies in the covetous eyes she casts on an 'empty Australia,' as an outlet for her surplus population.

The eventuality and outcome of a war between Japan and the United States, which the authors appear to contemplate as far from improbable, is very fully examined from the point of view of both Powers, and the opinion is quoted, with supporting reasons, that an alliance between Japan and Russia will be signed within the next five years. But they end more soothingly,

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with the prophecy of a final 'state of truce' between East and West — with the industrialization of the Pacific and Australia as a second United States.

But — Gentlemen Marry Brunettes, by Anita Loos. Illustrated by Ralph Barton. London: Brentano's; New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. $2.00.

[Gerald Gould in the *Observer*]

I MEAN, Dorothy is the only girl I ever really loved. Because those unrefined girls are very intreeging to gentlemen like I. So when I saw that Lorelei had written a book all about her unrefined girl-friend Dorothy, who practically never knew how to behave with gentlemen, I thought it would be very intreeging. But Dorothy in this book does not say so many of those intreeging things like about dirty knees and the Swiss fleet. I mean, a sequel is practically always not the same thing. And then this book is not quite so full of jokes. I mean, when it says, 'I mean, he could not take to drink, because he had already done that for years,' you cannot make that joke, because it has already been made for years. Only perhaps Miss Loos thought of it for herself all over again. I mean, you never know. And some of the jokes are full of culture. I mean about Tony, the waiter, who 'was raised to be a gentleman, because his father was quite a prominent Grecian who also had a son that was legitimate.' Now Dorothy's father was 'in a cronik state of always being intoxicated,' and her mother was 'so undomestic that she could hardly stand anything in the way of a husband.' So of course the poor girl practically had to be unrefined. But then Lorelei is refined enough for two. I mean, she makes jokes about a famous critic of the drama who thinks a play by A. A. Milne for instance is the heighth of drama because it is cute. But it is really quite difficult to make fun of highbrows without being highbrow yourself, which is what all the highbrows find. And Dorothy's story is really quite tradgic. But she makes some good jokes that are rather riskay. I mean, when a stockbroker tells her that New York is a very, very wicked place, she asks him to give her some good addresses. 'So that brought the conversation to quite a halt.' And when Charlie asks her is anything the matter, she says, 'Nothing that a bomb could n't clear up,' which is not riskay, but rather unrefined. But then in Paris it is very riskay again where it says about finding where the demimonde is located. So you must read *But — Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.* I mean, it is not as good as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* But if you are unrefined like I, it will make you laugh once or twice in a dirty while.

Tarka the Otter, by Henry Williamson. London: G. P. Putnam and Sons. *7s. 6d.*

[*New Criterion*]

THIS is an imaginative nature study. It is the story of an otter, *his joyful water life and death in the country of the two rivers.* What we have seen of Mr. Williamson's work we find attractive. He has a firm touch, an unaffected style, and sincere emotions toward the things of the country. He is stern with himself concerning these emotions; there is never a sign of irrelevant emotionalism. For the present his control is only admirable, but we hope there is no danger of his becoming too stern with himself: we look forward to his producing sooner or later a *chef d'œuvre* of considerable interest, but when we attempt to speculate upon the particular personal quality that such a book would reveal we are rather baffled.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

CHESTERTON, G. K. *Collected Poems.* London: Cecil Palmer, 1927. *10s. 6d.*

MASEFIELD, JOHN. *The Coming of Christ.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1928. $1.50.

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VIEWS AND REVIEWS

The Son of Man, by Emil Ludwig. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. $3.00.

To date, Emil Ludwig's biographies have fallen into two classes — the historical and the impressionistic. The Bismarck and the Kaiser books, for all their psychological undertones, contained a fair amount of historical material, whereas *Napoleon* amounted simply to a human interpretation, based on a multitude of first-hand documents. Although *The Son of Man* falls, technically, into the latter category, we know so little of Jesus — in comparison with what we know of Napoleon — that the Ludwig method falls to pieces. Renan's biography, on the other hand, was the fruit of a lifetime of scholarship and thought, and in the comparison that automatically arises the German work emerges a very poor second.

The atmosphere is laid on with a heavy hand, especially in the opening pages, where we are given the literary equivalent of a D. W. Griffith view of Jerusalem. We then make the acquaintance of a nice young carpenter who has a disturbing vision just as he is being baptized by a queer preacher named John. A period of happy activity follows, but the young man becomes embittered, and finally goes to Jerusalem, consumed by fanaticism. Here his rustic wisdom meets destruction at the hands of the cynical, greedy city dwellers. The figure of Christ that finally emerges consists of a blend of Saint Francis of Assisi, Woodrow Wilson, and Harry Houdini.

The Ludwig version of the dramatic climax before Pilate bears a curious resemblance to some of the theories in Spengler's second volume. Both men attribute the crucifixion to city versus country jealousy, and point out that Pilate and Jesus were both sufficient unto themselves. In regard to the feelings of the Sadducees and Pharisees, Ludwig treats us to a few highfalutin interpretations of Hebrew theology which somehow fail to make the expected impression. The miracles he accounts for as a form of hypnotism which science will no doubt explain for us fully at an early date. In short, the whole thing is so very lucid that one feels strongly tempted to go back to the Gospels and get the details.

Jerome, or the Latitude of Love, by Maurice Bedel. New York: The Viking Press, 1928. $2.50.

This year's winner of the Goncourt Prize falls right into the Paul Morand tradition, although the single book it most strongly calls to mind is Thomas Raucat's *Honorable Picnic*. *Jerome* describes the adventures of a modern young French playwright in Norway — one of those self-conscious romantic intellectuals with a flair for the ladies. Before he lands in Oslo where his play is to be presented he falls in love with a healthy young blonde, whose mother turns out to be his translator. The rest of the book is devoted to his pursuit of this ingenuous young animal, and it is through the eyes of the impressionable lover that we see the country. Norwegians, we discover, think no more of marrying a lady than Frenchmen do of seducing one, and divorce has reached a stage that would almost satisfy Ben B. Lindsey. Part of the time the visitor is shocked by the casual frankness of his hosts, part of the time he is bewildered by their innocence, and almost all the time he is enchanted by their exotic views on sex, sport, and society. To describe the plot would be to detract materially from the reader's enjoyment of a highly entertaining though utterly trivial book. For our part, we cannot put it in quite the same class with *The Honorable Picnic* or with Morand's *Nuit nordique*. This particular genre wears thin all too soon, and M. Bedel lacks the gusto and spontaneity of some of the men he imitates, for all his wit and technical skill. We recommend the book as excellent summer

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reading for anyone who wants something a little out of the ordinary.

Bambi, by Felix Salten. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1928. $2.50.

THERE is a certain type of nature lover that will surely enjoy this imaginative little story of a forest deer. It is a work of considerable sensitiveness and genuine charm, and we are convinced that the author has a perfectly lovely soul. But in spite of John Galsworthy's praise, in spite of the manifest sincerity of the whole performance, it left us cold as stone. Perhaps we were annoyed by the conversations between rabbits, squirrels, deer, and owls, even though we did feel that the reactions of these creatures were correctly portrayed. Furthermore, Man is constantly looked upon as the intruder who shatters the peace of the forest, although the fox and the ferret are allowed to run as wild as they please. But the touch that completely ruined the book as far as we were concerned came at the end, where Bambi and the old stag come upon the dead poacher and Bambi suddenly understands that there is a God, explaining the matter in so many words. If the poor creature had been converted to Buddhism or had joined the Ethical Culture Society, the result could not have been more absurd.

The Way of Sacrifice, by Fritz von Unruh. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $2.50.

HAD the publisher laid this book before the American public in the original German, he would not only have saved himself the needless expense of a 'translation,' but he would also have turned out a novel that a few of us, at least, might have understood. For in its present shape *The Way of Sacrifice* is utterly incomprehensible, and to this reviewer forlornly justifies its title. It seems that the author was asked by the German military authorities to describe the activities on the Verdun front, and, if those authorities later came to the conclusion that the author was crazy, we for one are not surprised. The epileptic style must faze even his countrymen, but when the slangy German doughboy is made to refer to his 'tootsies' instead of to his 'dogs,' or some such homely word for 'feet,' we feel that Herr von Unruh has been manhandled — or is it womanhandled? — out of whatever shape he once possessed.

Woman in Flight, by Fritz Reck-Malleczewen. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. $2.50.

THIS wild piece of German melodrama follows the fortunes and misfortunes of a nice young Fräulein who marries respectably, promptly deceives her husband with an obliging brother-in-law, runs wild in Berlin, flees to South America with a dope fiend, consorts with the riffraff of Buenos Aires, and comes home again to meet her fate. The style of the book gives the effect of a great many packs of firecrackers being set off at irregular intervals, and the reader's nervousness is still further increased by the vicissitudes of the unhappy heroine. This nervousness, however, remains a purely superficial affair, for at no time do any of the characters take on the semblance of life. We are quite unprepared psychologically, logically, or dramatically for the young bride's sudden moral collapse, and her adventures leave us fundamentally unstirred. We gather that the purpose of the book is to combine melodrama with the great teaching that Heaven is too busy protecting the working girl to have any time left to guard the frail sisterhood from the evil that men do.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

It cannot be repeated too often that it does not matter any fraction of a brass farthing to Great Britain or to the British Empire whether Republicans or Democrats reign in Washington. — *L. J. Maxse, editor of the 'National Review'*

* * *

It is proposed to hold a great campaign this year to induce the public to drink more milk.
— *Sir John Gilmour*

* * *

I am trying to induce people to drink beer, which seems to be the proper food of a nation.
— *Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane*

* * *

Politicians talk a lot about trade, but what we need is hum, not humbug. — *Sir Oswald Stoll*

* * *

Politicians are not the only pebbles on the beach. It is the man in the street who counts.
— *Sir Granville Ryrie*

* * *

Is it likely, with their English temperament, that the public are going to fall into superstition?
— *Professor H. M. Relton*

* * *

Soon it will be a very ill-informed man who does not believe in ghosts.
— *Sir A. Conan Doyle*

* * *

In spite of our claims to democracy, we [the English] are a caste-ridden nation.
— *G. R. Parker*

* * *

England possesses the most democratic monarchy. — *Ben Tillett*

* * *

Women are getting a little tired of reading about the achievements of single women.
— *Honorable Mrs. Franklin*

* * *

Because a woman gets married is no reason why any special privilege should be given to her over a single woman. — *Sister Mary Ballard*

In these days of severe competition, the effect of damaging, losing, or delaying our clients' goods is a very grave one. — *Sir Herbert Walker*

* * *

I have yet to learn that any competent manufacturer or tradesman suffers by competition.
— *Sir William Schooling*

* * *

There is a great deal of jazz architecture.
— *Walter Tapper, A. R. A.*

* * *

Architecture has the advantage of being utilitarian, as well as beautiful.
— *H. Gordon Selfridge*

* * *

I see no immediate prospect of any considerable reductions in the amount of national taxation. — *Philip Snowden*

* * *

High rates are more crippling to industry to-day than taxes. — *Sir Kingsley Wood*

* * *

I hope to get back to my normal duties to-day. I am about sick of it all. — *Miss Annie Helm, winner of the Stock Exchange Sweep*

* * *

A bust of Disraeli has been accepted by the National Liberal Club. He is the only person who could have made the proper comment.
— *Observator, in the 'Daily Telegraph'*

* * *

It was the merchants who made the old India we knew. — *Sir Harcourt Butler*

* * *

The trouble to-day is that the country is too wealthy in goods.
— *Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy*

* * *

The great need of our time is the urgent and vital interest of increasing production.
— *Sir Kingsley Wood*

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